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THE GRANITE MONTHLY

A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME LXI

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CONTENTS JANUARY—DECEMBER, 1929

VOLUME LXI

POETRY

Save The Yosemite

FRANCES ANN JOHNSON

As the lovely woodland within the realm of the Old Man of the Mountains was saved for New Hampshire and the Nation, so California's privately owned forest land within the borders of grand Yosemite Park must be saved from the lumbermen.

The following poem, winner of first prize in 1929 Yosemite Poetry Contest, written by our own Frances Ann Johnson of Littleton, should be a challenge to us all to do our utmost in helping to save Yosemite.

Save the Yosemite! Sovereign Yosemite!
Temple primeval, where gigantic trees
Stand in imperial, infinite majesty,
Bringing vain, trivial man to his knees!

Save the Yosemite! Troubled Yosemite!
Fearing the selfish dominion of man;
Pleading the patriarch friends of eternity
Bartered for gold in a money-stained plan.

Save the Yosemite! Living Yosemite!
Deep-throated pipes of God's Organ of Prayer,
Chant devout sanctus in shadow-veiled symphony,
Is their Recessional echoing there?

Save the Yosemite! Lovely Yosemite!
Holy Cathedral, Cyclopian, vast!
Valley of Titans, colossal their dignity,
Solemn, imposing, proud Kings of the Past.

Save the Yosemite! Fight for Yosemite!
It shall be done—if the Nation decrees.
Veteran Monarchs, you've earned immortality!
O, we must save you, Yosemite trees!

Governor Charles W. Tobey

New Hampshire News Review

EXECUTIVE

The dawning of 1929 saw the Granite State with a new chief executive and executive council. Charles William Tobey, a Progressive Republican, made his inaugural address January 3 in which he advocated forward-looking measures.

The $8,000,000 bond issue for the construction of permanent highways, which has since passed the House of Representatives by an overwhelming majority, is an administrative measure.

The attitude of the new governor on the matter of most vital importance to the state, hydro-electric power, its development and sale, was marked in his inaugural by an apparent disposition to be amenable to counsel and to hear all sides of the question.

The new governor is forty-nine years of age, is married, has two sons and two daughters, and makes his home in Manchester where he established business headquarters in 1916. He is familiar with the state government, having served two terms in the Legislature House of Representatives, one in the Senate and as a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1918-1920. He has been speaker of the House and president of the Senate and during his latter term of office was acting governor during absences of Governor John G. Winant. He maintains a residence in Temple.

The council is four to one Republican. The lone Democrat is Cyprien J. Belanger of Manchester. The Republican members are Dr. William H. Leith of Lancaster, Harry Merrill of Exeter, Harry D. Hopkins of Keene and Harry L. Holmes of Henniker.

LEGISLATIVE

New Hampshire's Legislature, the largest legislative body in the country, convened in biennial session at the beginning of the year and elected its officers. George A. Foster of Concord, Republican, was chosen speaker of the House of Representatives and Harold K. Davison of Woodsville president of the Senate. Harrie M. Young was re-elected clerk of the House, a post he has held many years.

Some of the major questions before the 1929 session are taxation, the bond issue to construct permanent highways, liquor legislation, power projects, besides the usual grist of less important measures.

The new Secretary of State is Enoch D. Fuller of Manchester.

TAXATION

Total valuation of property in New Hampshire in 1928 was $618,849,939, an increase in a year of $6,383,559, according to the report of the state tax commission.

These figures include property assessed by selectmen and local assessors, and that in unincorporated places on which assessment is made by the commission. The amount of taxes last year on this property was $17,944,011.47, or $296,509.94 more than 1927. The average tax rate is $2.81.

The report of the Interim Tax Commission, appointed by Gov. Huntley N. Spaulding to study taxation problems and bring in a report to the 1929 Legislature, has caused a great deal of interest and is the basis for many of the bills introduced to remedy existing inequalities in the distribution of the tax burden.

Milan A. Dickinson of Swanzey was chairman of this commission and the other members were Robert B. Hamblett, Nashua; Roy D. Hunter, Claremont; John W. Pearson, Concord; James P. Richardson, Hanover; Sidney F. Stevens, Somersworth (since deceased;) Joseph O. Tremblay, Manchester; Laurence F. Whittemore, Pembroke; and George H. Duncan of Jaffrey, clerk of the commission.

One of the most vital recommendations of this commission concerns the tax on standing timber. The recommendation reads:

"Taxation of standing timber in many cases is almost confiscatory and we therefore recommend the exemption of standing timber upon the execution of a contract whereby the owner agrees to pay the fee at the time the timber is cut."

Other important recommendations include a tax on all personal income not now taxed by the tax on the income from interest and dividends; a franchise tax on electric utilities and special equalization fund.

EDUCATION

At a cost of $25,000 the Legislature voted an investigation of the State Normal Schools and University of New Hampshire to ascertain if there is duplication in the matter of teacher training courses.

New Hampshire has more than 15,000 illiterates, if the figures are correct of Mrs. Cora Wilson Stewart of Washington, D. C., director of national illiteracy crusade. Mrs. Stewart appeared before a large gathering of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau, in Concord, and advocated a school at which there would be no age limits or rigid hours for grown-ups who need education.

Tuition at the College of Agriculture at the University of New Hampshire will be cut $75 for both in-state and out of state students. This cut will affect the two-year students only and a reduction from $150 to $75 for in-state students and from $250 to $175 for out of state students will be made under the new rule.

INFLUENZA

An epidemic which has been variously diagnosed as old fashioned grippe, severe colds and a modified form of influenza has run riot in the state for several weeks. Probably the last named disease fits the malady more nearly than any other diagnosis.

The town of Wentworth was so badly hit that an appeal was made to the State Board of Health for aid. As there is no resident physician in the little town two state nurses were sent there to take care of the sick people. They consulted Plymouth physicians by telephone regarding their patients.

LIQUOR

The House and Senate have been in the throes of a battle over liquor bills during the month. A measure sponsored by the New Hampshire Anti-Saloon League which would make the purchaser equally culpable with the buyer started the ball rolling in the House. The Senate passed a bill of its own based on the assumption that a man's house is his castle. The fight is still going strong with a poor prospect of passing legislation strengthening the liquor laws.

WOMEN

Fifteen women grace the legislative halls this session, most of whom are new at the game. They have received good committee berths and one, Mrs. Maude Ferguson of Bristol, a seasoned legislator, was given a place on the judiciary committee, the first time a woman has

occupied a position on this committee in the history of the state.

A bill has passed both branches of the Legislature making women eligible for appointive office in the state. This privilege was denied them through a decision handed down last year by the Supreme Court of the state.

A total of 122 women are now serving as postmasters in the state, according to a report given out by First Assistant Postmaster General John H. Bartlett.

Phillips Academy at Exeter

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

O Exeter, fair Exeter,
Unchanged by time art thou,
The same we knew in boyhood days,
The same thou standest now;
Though youth and years have passed away,
Though far from thee we roam,
You welcome us when we return,
Like mother to our home.

O Exeter, fair Exeter,
Upon thy lawns so green,
Where Phillips planned and Abbott wrought.
Another race is seen;
We know them not, O Exeter,
These youths of later days,
But they, as we, beneath thy care,
Shall learn to chant thy praise.

O Exeter, fair Exeter,
Once more we hear thy bell,
Once more we see each shadow fall
Where years ago it fell,
We breathe the same pure atmosphere
We breathed in days of old,
When life was new and thought was free,
And hopes were bright as gold.

O Exeter, fair Exeter,
Undimmed, forever shine,
And God who watches over all,
Watch over thee and thine;
Though classmates die and customs change,
Traditions fade away,
May thy fair light, O Exeter,
Burn brightly as today.

Taxes---And More Taxes

WILLIAM E. WALLACE

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S tax structure, the inequitable operation of which has been a fruitful theme for our statesmen during several decades, seems fated to struggle along as it is for awhile longer. The high hopes fondly indulged that the Recess Tax Commission proposed by the 1927 Legislature and appointed by Governor Huntley N. Spaulding would work out a solution to the problem that has stumped many able and worthy men before them are slowly vaporing away. Men who are practiced in sensing the drift of the legislative mind are becoming satisfied that the commission's entire legislative program, embracing a dozen or thereabouts of bills, is heading for the scrap heap.

No similar commission was ever more carefully selected and none ever set about a task seemingly better qualified for the job in hand than this same commission. Nor did any body of men charged with an important piece of work ever attend to their duties more assiduously. Their report has received the praise of Governor Spaulding who appointed them and of Governor Tobey to whom the recommendations were made, as a comprehensive document displaying knowledge of the subject considered and deserving of the thoughtful attention of the people of the State.

What, then, is the explanation of the dubiety as to acceptance of the program for improvement of a generally admitted bad state of affairs? The criticism most generally voiced by legislators inclined to discuss the various tax bills before them is a belief that the legislation that has been proposed has for its chief purpose the development of new sources of revenue and offers no adequate provision for relieving property now overtaxed of any material part of the load being carried. It is a manifestation of the old conservatism that has been a New Hampshire characteristic always. The emphasis that has been placed upon the revenue producing measures, that is the utility franchise tax and the general income tax, has been gradually creating a feeling that the actual purpose of the bills is to find more money, not with the object of lightening the tax burden on general property, but to increase public expenditures.

Whether or not this feeling is well founded is not the province of this article, which is intended to point out the situation that seems to have developed in the Legislature regarding the tax measures drafted by the Recess Tax Commission. One feature of the revenue producing bills which has made the conservative legislators hesitant about them is the belief that their passage will mean the establishment of a tax department of large proportions with a tremendously increased state payroll. This feeling is deep-set and unless some substantial evidence is produced that it is erroneous the bills are certain to meet with little enthusiasm when they come from the committee.

The report of the Recess Commission which considered the desirability of abolishing, or consolidating, some of the state departments has had something to do with the prevailing diffidence about creating a new army of office holders. This commission, declaring the difficulty attending getting rid of a state depart-

ment once it is established, contented itself with suggesting the abolishment of one minor official drawing one of the smallest of state salaries; then proposed the creation of a new department which would add to the salary list several times the amount that would be cut off by the removal of the one little fellow. And, at that, the new department that was proposed undoubtedly would be a good thing for the State.

But, as not infrequently happens, the casual confession that it is much easier to create an official position than it is to get rid of one, and that, in any event, the only safe time to think of abolishing a department is when the head of it dies, or resigns, made a stronger impression on the legislators than the meritorious proposal of a new department. Whether rightly or wrongly there is a feeling, quite general, that a serious effort to consolidate the business of some of the state departments, with an eye solely turned on the needs of the state would bring about some desirable changes in the official ensemble. All these things are being bruited around the legislative halls and are having a tendency to give pause to the Representatives and Senators in their contemplation of bills which will create new places on the payroll.

Getting back to the tax legislation program, in addition to the uncertainty about creating a raft of new state employees, another weakness is the interrelation of the numerous bills. There seems a necessity of passing all of them, if one is passed. One of the reasons why amendments to the state constitution have been turned down so consistently has been the insistence of convention delegates to submit a large number of proposals for changes in the constitution. Such a variety of proposals were made that it was next to impossible to concentrate on any of one them, however important it might be, and although more or less pretentious so-called campaigns of education have been attempted, conflicting views of the voters on the different amendments proposed, have usually resulted in a general disposition to vote "No" on everything. That is the state of mind the members of the Legislature appear to be in regarding the extensive tax program.

Perhaps the chief criticism of the Recess Tax Commission was the timidity in relation to the gasoline tax. This is a moot question. There is a radical difference of opinion on it so far as open expressions from those actively agitating highway improvements on a large scale are concerned. One school of thought, apparently in the ascendant among the legislative leaders, has elected to soft pedal it, on the theory that it is unpopular and if it was generally understood a gas tax increase must be had to pay for the larger scale of highway construction in contemplation, the good roads program would fall by the wayside. But those who have given the subject careful consideration are convinced that Governor Spaulding is right in his contention that the gas tax increase can be delayed, but not evaded in the long run, if any extensive road building is to be done. There was disappointment in the Recess Tax Commission's failure to deal with this question in the same constructive and comprehensive manner as the other tax matters were discussed in the report.

Another obstacle the recess commission's program is encountering is the pretty generally defined belief that the income tax has been proposed to provide money for highway construction that otherwise would be raised by an increase in the gasoline tax. No proposed

tax increase evokes popular acclaim from those who are to be called upon to pay it; nor is there any wave of enthusiasm from a class of tax-payers when they believe they are being discriminated against to relieve another class, who should pay the tax under an equitable arrangement. In spite of a quite common assumption to the contrary, there are still a number of persons in New Hampshire who do not own automobiles, even though on the basis of comparative incomes they might afford a car. There is some resentment among the latter over the proposal to tax their income in order to avoid a gas tax increase to be paid by those who are using the hard surfaced highways, and who are the ones demanding the good roads.

Moreover, motorists who have given thoughtful consideration to the proposed income tax are wondering what boots it to them to save a little on their gasoline tax and pay a lot of income tax. There was a notion that the income tax would be attractive to the farmers of the state, who might entertain a theory that it was a practicable method to get at the pay envelopes of city workers, and that the farmers would not be bothered with it. But the memories of the older farmers hark back to that period when there was a great to-do about getting at the city fellows by jacking up the poll tax. Old timers in the Legislature recall how some of the members from the rural sections, fretful over the onerous taxes assessed against their tangible property and the apparent immunity of the person who owned no real estate, were wont to declaim with gusto about the delightful prospect of a five or ten dollar poll tax.

In the course of time there came a five dollar poll tax, levied to pay the state bonus awarded the World War veterans. There was no insistent demand for its continuance when the bonus bonds were paid, for it proved to be just some more added to what the farmers had been paying right along and it bore as heavily on them as it did on city people having small incomes. Hence they are skeptical about the claims that the income tax will merely catch the city workers, without being any drag on their own bankroll. A favorable point about the gasoline tax is the certain knowledge that the amount paid by the motorist is governed entirely by the number of gallons of gas burned up on the highways. And the income tax keeps clicking merrily along whether one is keping his money freely circulating, or is practicing habits of thrifty saving.

The foregoing is a sample of the line of talk being heard around the Legislature, which forces the conclusion that another ambitious attempt to bring about needed changes in the taxing system has gone awry. Improving existing conditions is a slow process, and in view of the present capacity of the public intelligence to absorb things, more rapid progress is likely to be made by going at the problems in piecemeal fashion than by attempting any far-reaching shake-up.

Also, the millenium will be more advantageously approached when the leaders tackle their problems courageously instead of catering to fancied popular prejudices.

Be Thyself

HARRY TAYLOR

I KNEW a boy who used to live in the same street as I when I was a boy. We used to call him little Lord Fauntleroy. His father was dead and he used to live with two maiden aunts. He was never allowed to play with other boys in the street and he always wore a velvet suit just like the original Lord Fauntleroy. Perhaps his mother and aunts thought that he was a second edition of that paragon of all the virtues of boyhood.

When my friends and I used to come home from the woods and moors where we had been having a fine time making fires or damming streams and doing all the things that boys delight to do he would be watching for our return and would look at us over the front or the back gate and there was a world of longing in his eyes.

He was robbed of all the natural joys of childhood because his elders had a ready-made ideal that they thought he ought to fit. They never saw him as he really was and ought to have been; they saw only the little idol of their dreams. And as he grew up he had to fit into their pattern, not into one of his own. He was fitted to be a clerk in a bank, so they thought. That was a nice genteel kind of occupation where he would always be able to look like a gentleman and never mix with dirty and vulgar working men.

He always seemed to me to be a man in disguise; at rare and fitful moments did one perceive traces of the man that he really might have been. There were whole areas of life that he ought to have explored, dozens of people with whom he ought to have rubbed shoulders. He could discover through them the kind of man he was, his likings, his predilections and his preferences and so in the end find his own niche in life and fill it manfully by being himself.

He never married. His mother and aunts lived to be very old and they took excellent care that no designing female should ensnare their precious boy. It is said that he took the reins into his own hands once and started to work in some line of engineering that covered him with grime and grease, but evidently his mother and his aunts were too strong for him for he was not long out of the bank.

Some parents do a great deal of harm by forcing their children to conform to some narrow ideal of life and character. They never realize that God does not make children to fit into the ideals and aims of parents. A philosopher has said that God breaks the mould immediately He has formed a man. That is true. Each person born into the world comes out of a mould entirely his or her own; nobody else could fit into it; nobody else could be the kind of person that other is. The proverb says: "Train up a child in the way that he should go and when he is old he will not depart from it." Too many parents mistake the meaning of that proverb and think that they ought to train up a child in the way that *they* think that he should go. But it is his own way that he should go, and his own way that he should be encouraged to find out for himself. The art of teaching and of training the child, it seems to me, is to provide materials and facilities for the child to find and be himself.

To be oneself is a wonderful thing;

to be oneself wholly and completely is to embark upon the most glorious adventure that life can offer. To be oneself is to gather to one's back all the forces of the universe for to be oneself one fits in perfectly with the universe of which one is a part.

It was asserted not many years ago that men could never fly through the air. But there was a way by which men could fly if they could find it. In order to find it they had to discover how to fit their machines to the laws of the universe. No heavier-than-air machine would ever fly unless it was designed to work with the laws of dynamics and use those laws so that the air lifted the machine instead of allowing it to crash to the ground a broken wreck.

So it is, figuratively speaking, when we try to fly to our ideals and be ourselves at our highest and our best. We have first of all to inform ourselves of the spiritual laws of dynamics and use them in the building of our own character. We have to develop a technique of living that fits our particular personality. "There is one way for thee", says the poet, "but one. Inform thyself of it; pursue it."

How then shall we discover the kind of man or the kind of woman that we really are? First of all, are we cherishing any illusions about ourselves? Are we really doing the work or being the kind of person that we ought to be? If our parents did not set us at the wrong task in life it is possible that we may have set ourselves at it. Even the greatest persons have had their illusions about themselves in this way. It is said that Napoleon thought more about himself as a musician than he did of himself as a general. The Kaiser fancied himself as a sculptor. Louis the Sixteenth of France thought himself a very clever locksmith and misspent the greater part of his time in the smithy when he might have been stemming the tide of bloody revolution that was rising over the fair land of France.

We may be attracted to some art or profession and waste a good deal of time at it when our real talents lie in another direction altogether. We may waste our time singing when we ought to be studying mathematics, or make the night hideous with the discords of our saxophone when we ought to be asleep preparing our body for the more efficient performing of our day's work.

Or again, we may have the very proper notion that we ought to be this or that but at the same time think that we are so good and clever at it that we don't have to spend all the time in preparation that other mortals have to do. There is no profession that I know of, no trade or craft that is of any worth, that does not demand hard and steady study.

Very often the unthinking person will see the ease with which some great artist or craftsman performs his particular work and remark, "How easy. I think I'll do that. I'll be a singer or a painter or a writer." Such a person never stops to think of the long, long years of gruelling hard work that has gone into the production of that easy skill or facility of expression. Sometimes we have to be very severe with ourselves and learn to be our own severest critics before we can even start to become ourselves at our highest and our best.

Then again we lose power by the many masks that we wear. The word "person" comes from the Latin "persona" which means a mask. And sometimes the persona or mask that we wear shows a very different being from the real person. The social mask is so often assumed and people lose power by as-

suming a pose that is in accordance with the style or the conventions of the time even when they know in their heart of hearts that they despise that particular convention. Time and time again, our neurologists tell us men and women break down under the strain of trying to live according to social conventions that they really despise. But they assume the persona or mask because their particular set or clique assumes that kind of pose.

Professional people sometimes do this and lose a great deal of their native worth and power in consequence. A minister tells a story that will illustrate my point. He went back to a former parish in Maine and visited a friend of his who was a member of his old church. "Well", he asked the old lady, "how do you like the new minister?" "Oh," she replied, "I don't care very much for him." "Why? How's that?" he asked. "He's too sanctimonious," she said. "I'm like Maud Royden, I hate religious people. I like folks to be natural."

The minister she spoke of might have been a very fine fellow had he been himself. But he chose to hide himself under a false ministerial pose which repelled more people than it attracted. One of the reasons that people feel uncomfortable and self-conscious in the presence of a minister is because of this pose. When Maud Royden said that she hated religious people she meant just this type of person, the person that wears the persona or mask of religion and is censorious and pharasaical in consequence.

The real minister or religious person does not need to pose in order to show his religion. If he is really religious and has dedicated his life to goodwill and service then people feel it as soon as they come into his presence and are uplifted and strengthened by the contact. But the person who poses or assumes a part for the sake of effect loses power and prevents the result for which they are striving.

Just think of one of these "religious" persons and then think of such a person as Abraham Lincoln and see the difference. If ever a man "was himself" surely Abraham Lincoln was. He dared to be himself and express himself. As a matter of fact he made no profession of religion at all and yet no one could come into his presence without feeling that here was a really religious man. Lincoln dared so much to be himself that people thought him queer and eccentric and yet he would have lost a great deal of his power had he tried to hide himself under some conventional pose.

Many people fail to become themselves because of some quality that they suppress. They may have some ambition that would not harmonize with their family or social group. Sometimes a wife, out of love for her husband, tries to be the kind of person that he wishes her to be and not herself at all. There is always trouble of some kind when this happens. The trouble may not be apparent and the wife may never complain but the fact that she is trying to make herself other than she really is is being registered all the same. The suppression that she has to exercise wrecks her health in some way or other.

In one of George Eliot's novels there is the story of Catherine Furse who for long years was married to a man to whom she could never reveal herself simply because she had not the gift of expression. But at last, by sheer accident, he discovers her as she really is and he is amazed.

It is marvellous how a person may be born anew into his or her real self by a word or a simple deed of love or rec-

ognition. We ought to be very careful that in our walk through life we do not completely suppress some other person for our own satisfaction. It is being done continually. Mothers sometimes do it with their sons or daughters. It may be that the parent is old and alone in the world and leans heavily upon the son or daughter. I knew a case where a man's real self was totally suppressed because he felt that he had to satisfy the needs of his mother and her likes and prejudices. He never had a chance to be himself; he had to appear the man he was not in order to please his mother.

You will remember that Jesus was faced with this situation. His parents wanted him to stay at home and be the orthodox Jew that they knew but he wanted to be something entirely different. He felt that he had a great work to do in life and when he had to choose between being himself and pleasing his parents he had to insist upon himself even though it hurt and wounded his parents very much.

This self of ours is the most precious thing in the world; it is infinitely precious to us; it is infinitely precious to the rest of the world. There are, of course, times when we have to suppress and deny ourselves but in doing that we have to be very sure that we are not robbing ourselves entirely of the right to be ourselves. There comes a time when we must unlock the tender enfolding arms and insist that the dear one stand more alone. We ought to do this if the demands upon our time or our energy or our emotions are such that we are left no time to be ourselves. We ought to do it for a two fold reason; first of all it is very right and proper that we should have the time and the energy to be ourselves within certain reasonable limits; secondly, the persons that are making the demands are not being fair to themselves. They, too, were made, not to lean upon and crush another all their life, but to stand alone as far as it is possible and fulfill their own obligations. There are many exceptions to this rule, of course, and each must judge for himself but in the main it would be better if we insisted upon ourselves and our God-given rights.

I have said that the most precious thing in life is the free and full expression of the human personality. Just think for a moment of the persons who have done most for the world, the men and the women who have their names written in letters of gold on the pages of history. Without one exception they are the men and women who have dared to be themselves and to insist upon giving what they had to give to the world in their own way. Henry Ford is a great man because he has dared to be himself and to insist upon his own way of doing things. Colonel Lindbergh is a great man and beloved of the people for the same reason. He has dared to be himself and dared to remain himself in spite of all the adulation and temptation to be otherwise that has been thrown in his way. Jesus says: 'If thine eye be single then thy whole body shall be full of light." We all like to see single-eyed and single-hearted people, men and women who are giving expression to the light and the power of God in the way that is their own. We all like to meet men and women whose personalities exude strength and magnetism because they are daring to be themselves at their highest and their best.

It is the elusive magic of personality, in all walks of life, that makes men and women stand out and become a force in the world. And personality in its essence is being oneself at one's highest

and one's best. Emerson says: "Who has more soul than I masters me though he should not raise a finger."

It is said that Walt Whitman, upon one occasion, went out with a U. S. official to one of the Indian reservations. The official had a superior pose that he always adopted when in contact with the Indians. The result was that they also put up a barrier and all harmonious relationship was impossible. But when they came in contact with Walt Whitman how different was the response. They felt that he was one of them and that all barriers were down between them. Walt was just his natural self; he did not have to speak to show them the kind of man he was.

I have often wondered at the immense power of Spurgeon, the great English preacher. He had a huge following all over Great Britain and the colonies and his sermons were read and pondered over in almost every village and hamlet in the Empire. And yet the magic of the man did not lie in the written word. Some of the sermons—the greater part of them—were rather poor when read in cold print. One had to hear the man and come in contact with his living presence to understand his power. Here again was a man who had dared to be himself. The rest of the Baptists looked askance at him and, in the beginning, tried to drive him from the denomination. So it was with Beecher. His methods were original and unconventional and shocked many people at first but he also was great because he dared to be himself.

Personality is the greatest power in the world just because God is expressing Himself through persons and whosoever has most of God has most of power. Whosoever dares to be himself becomes a direct channel for the living expression of the Life Force. To be oneself means to develop a power of attention and mastery that is truly wonderful. This comes about through being able to throw oneself, as it were, with all one's concentrated powers on the doing of the thing that expresses oneself.

There is power trying to flow through everyone but very often it meets with all kinds of obstructions. The result is that most people seem to get only forty of fifty per cent efficiency when they ought to be getting eighty or ninety. In order to get this power one has to dare to be oneself, dare to try out this and that until one has found one's right niche in life, dare to appear human and natural at all times and dare, if necessary, to stand alone.

Not Lost Yet

HELEN TUFTS

The sound of wheels on a cold, cold morn,
As they squeak along on the snow,
Is a sound that thrilled the heart of a child
And not so long ago!

It's not a sound of by-gone years,
But one that she still can hear,
For a few wheels still squeak by on the snow
In the wintriest part of the year.

Mrs. Mary D. Davis

Saving New Hampshire Babies

ONE of the most worth while requests for funds that have come before the appropriations committee of the New Hampshire 1929 Legislature is that which comes from the State Board of Health asking for $21,000 to continue the work of the Division of Maternity, Infancy, and Child Hygiene, which was created by an act of the Legislature of January, 1921.

The object of the division was the promotion of maternal, infant and child hygiene. The work was to be carried on in cooperation with the Children's Bureau, Department of Labor, under the provisions of the Sheppard-Towner Act, which provided federal aid to the amount of $12,988.31 annually. The state of New Hampshire met the federal appropriation with $7,988.31, giving a total of $20,976.62 annually for the work of this division.

Under an act of the United States Congress the federal funds under the Sheppard-Towner bill cease June 30, 1929. Unless the New Hampshire Legislature sees fit to provide the funds to carry on the work, one of the most vitally important welfare movements in this state will cease to function.

Under the efficient direction of Mrs. Mary D. Davis of Manchester, who has succeeded Miss Elene Crough as director of this division, New Hampshire has gained an enviable place in the country in regard to its infant mortality rate.

The special charge of the division was to be the expectant mother, the infant and the preschool child. The types of work to be carried on were prenatal, infant welfare, child welfare, health education along every phase of child life and preparation for parenthood.

In a recent report from the Department of Labor, New Hampshire is listed as one of the nine states that has lowered its infant mortality since the establishment of this division.

Mrs. Davis, in her last annual report, gives a clear idea of what is being accomplished in this state through the division.

Mrs. Davis' report of the activities of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene. July 1, 1927-June 30, 1928.

The program of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene of the State Board of Health varied this year to the extent that we rearranged our districts and are now giving to every section of the state an all year round nursing service. The special charge of the division is the expectant mother, the infant and the preschool child. The types of work carried on are:

Prenatal
Infant Welfare
Child Welfare
Health Education Along Every Phase of Child Life
Preparation for Parenthood

More universal and intensive prenatal work has been carried on, more educational work through our hygiene and maternity and infancy class, with a continuation and expansion of our diphtheria immunization for the preschool child.

There is no question in the public mind regarding the value of the maternity and infancy work. This has been proven conclusively by the splendid support of every women's organization in the state, and by the great majority of citizens, men and women. The physi-

cians of the state have given of their time and effort freely. A splendid letter was recently issued to the medical profession of the state by the president of the New Hampshire Medical Society, in which he says:

"As president of the New Hampshire Medical Society, I wish to call your attention to the very important effort which is being made to reduce the maternity and infant mortality of the state. Much good work has already been accomplished through our State Board of Health in helping to educate the public concerning prenatal and maternal care."

We have given and received cooperation from every other health agency in the state, official and non-official.

Nursing Service

The nursing staff consists of five full-time nurses. Each nurse carries approximately two counties. Our nursing service is undoubtedly the most important of our activities. It is a well known fact that the success or failure of any public health program depends upon the personality and knowledge of the nurses employed to carry on the work. Our nurses are mature women of fine training and experience. The majority have had special training at Maternity Center Association, New York City.

Prenatal

Our prenatal program is planned with the view of giving to every expectant mother in New Hampshire the opportunity of knowing the value of prenatal care, good obstetrics and good postnatal care. Any program of economy that does not take into consideration the conservation of maternal life is not fundamentally sound. The home is the foundation of society and the mother is the heart of the home. We cannot afford to lose our New Hampshire mothers.

To our home visiting and educational work has this year been added a very fine series of prenatal letters which are available on application to the office. That we are getting results is shown in the following table showing the mortality rates for the past 6 years.

Maternal Mortality Rates

Rates per 1,000 Living and Stillbirths

1922	6.10
1923	6.88
1924	5.98
1925	6.94
1926	7.71
1927	5.56

Infant Welfare

In our work with the expectant mother, we stress the value to herself and to her baby of breast feeding. There are between eight and nine thousand babies born in New Hampshire each year, and in a recent survey made of infant feeding we obtained the following figures on breast feeding:

Breast fed at birth 57%.

Breast fed at one month 43.5%.

Breast fed at three months 24.8%.

Breast fed at six months 15.1%.

Pediatricians tell us that with only five per cent of mothers is nursing a physical impossibility. Why are not more of our babies breast fed? A breast fed baby has a much better chance of living during the first few weeks and months of life than a bottle fed one.

We contact the home of all new babies through letters, books, diet slips, pamphlets on child training, child management, protection against communicable diseases, etc., from the time the birth certificate is received until the child enters school. The reduction in our infant mortality clearly shows that our educational campaign for parents has brought about results.

Infant Mortality Rates

Rates per 1,000 Living Births	
1922	80.00
1923	93.27
1924	79.36
1925	75.73
1926	78.61
1927	69.72

Conferences

Through our infant and preschool health conferences, we try to teach the value of frequent examinations for physical defects and disease. Properly planned and carried out, the conference cannot fail to arouse the interest of the parents and the citizens in general in community health work.

Health is life's most precious possession, and the value of good health, especially child health and the prevention of disease, is a subject of increasing interest and thought to the great majority of people.

The examinations at our conferences are carried on by the local physicians. We are fortunate in having two health specialists, and many other physicians intensely interested in child health conference work. Every year a great deal of corrective work is done following the conferences—this by private physicians, clinics and hopsitals.

Toxin-antitoxin Clinics

Our campaign of diphtheria immunization has been continued in 13 new towns during the past year with approximately 2,500 children protected against diphtheria. This work has been carried on by the State Epidemiologist, and in many towns by the local physicians.

Our proceeding is to give the immunizing treatment, followed within one year by the Schick tests. The demand for this type of service has been almost more than we could care for. Under the supervision of the State Board of Health, the work has been organized and carried on by local health authorities and physicians.

Class Work

Our class work, or group education, has been carried on with three distinct groups. Our course in maternity and infant hygiene consisting of six lessons is given to groups of women in the various communities, in order that they may be informed and be in a postiion to give helpful and correct advice and assistance when called upon.

Our class work with girls in the high schools is carried on at the request and with the cooperation of the home economic teachers. We are now covering the principal high schools of the state with our personal hygiene, maternity and infancy courses. These classes are given in school hours, and the pupils receive credits for them as with the other studies. It is one of the best received studies in the school curriculum. Papers are corrected by the nurse giving the course.

It is the general opinion of parents and educators that a somewhat similar course should be prepared for boys. Parenthood is the oldest vocation in the world It is surely the most universal, one of the most important. Why have we hesitated about training our boys and girls for it?

Our little mothers' classes include girls from 10 to 16. These are well attended. The classes are usually followed by an examination and graduation exercises, with every child receiving a button admitting her to the Little Mothers' Organization of New Hampshire, and a blue ribbon for those receiving the highest marks.

We hope to extend this class work,

knowing well that it is only through education that we may hope to continue to bring about a continued reduction in our mortality rates.

Visual Education

During the year several new pieces of educational literature have been added to our mailing library.

Home-Making in New Hampshire—this is distributed through our town clerks with the marriage license. In this way we are able to reach the young prospective parents. Formerly we have had no way of reaching the new mothers and home-makers of our state.

Our new prenatal letters—if the mother's name, address and month of pregnancy is sent to the office, a timely, friendly letter is sent each month until the baby's birth. These letters are intended to complement the work of the physician.

Posture—simple exercises and instructions regarding the value of good posture starting with the baby and continuing through the preschool age when good posture habits should be established.

Diet and time cards—a general idea of the proper diet for the baby and young child, together with something on training. Character formation begins a birth, and it is just as much the duty of parents to care for the mental development of the child as for the physical.

The child from 2-6—covering the preschool period with advice on posture, diet, training, play, rest, physical examination, character training and development and prevention of disease.

Publications—a list of our pamphlets and publications that may be obtained on request.

Exhibits—our exhibit material has been universally used. Our prenatal exhibit, layette, Chase doll, posters, miniature house, travel over the state to institutes, health meetings, fairs. The teachers in our home economic classes much appreciate this service.

Books—our cooperation with the National Health Library has enabled us to place several new books in our circulating library.

Permanent Health Committees

It is not hard to realize how impossible it would be to carry on our great volume of work without help. In almost every town of the state we have organized community health committees composed of the men and women of the township interested in child health. These are permanent committees and are trained to aid the nurse and stand ready to help with conferences, classes, immunization clinics, corrective follow-up work, or any health program in their town.

Cooperation

Too much cannot be said in praise of the splendid cooperation received from the state organizations.

The Women's Federation work with us and for us. In the majority of our towns the club women sponsor our health activities.

The Parent-Teachers Association gives splendid assistance. This coming year they are planning to assist in every way with our preschool work, and are organizing with us for self-directed study groups on every phase of child care.

The New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association nurses and the Maternity and Infancy nurses work together assisting each other at conferences and clinics.

The County Farm Bureau through their agents assist with food exhibits and talks on nutrition.

Local officials, city and town, have furnished office room for our nurses, buildings for our clinics and confer-

ences and transportation for our children to and from these conferences. One group of town fathers appropriates $100 each year for our follow-up corrective work.

The public health nurses of the state have rendered splendid services and given wonderful assistance in conferences, clinics and follow-up work. In some towns the Red Cross nurse has assumed the entire burden of the follow-up work with excellent results.

Splendid assistance is also received from the official and non-official social service agencies.

The establishment of the Division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene in New Hampshire has accomplished some of the things it set out to do. The people of New Hampshire are alive to the duty we owe to our present and future generations. We have developed a high state of civilization and we expect these children to carry on, and to be able to do this we must give them every opportunity, but the greatest is mental and physical health. The right to be well born, an equal chance for life, building up health and character in the early years is surely the most essential thing. Education, and progress are vital, but they avail little if a child has not health—physical, mental, moral and spiritual.

Following is the statistical report:

Total number of home visits	11,871
Total number of prenatal cases under supervision	308
Total number of infants under supervision	2,284
Total number of preschool children under supervision	6,607
Total number of inspections to maternity homes	26
Total number of visits to baby boarding homes	44
Total number of conferences held	104
Total number of children examined	3,384
Total number of children having defects corrected	714
Total number of defects under treatment	797
Class Work	
Number of classes for young girls	20
Number of classes for community groups	15
Number of health talks given by staff	416

Nightfall on the Moorlands in Late November

HILDRETH L. ALLISON

The twilight falls, and dusk spreads o'er the moorlands;
Now shadows somber fall on sea and sand;
Bleak breezes scourge the waves to seething anger
And swish the searing sedges of the strand.

The pale new moon appears and climbs the heavens
Where, crescent shaped, she spreads her silvery light
Full, clear and cold on all that lies beneath her,
Day's given o'er the care of Earth to Night.

Statue of Abraham Lincoln on Lawn of High School at Manchester

Some Manchester Recollections of Abraham Lincoln

FRED W. LAMB

THE immortal Abraham Lincoln once came to Manchester and delivered a political address just prior to the canvass for the nomination for President in 1860. He spoke from the platform in old Smyth's Hall, now known as the Park Theatre, on the evening of March 1, 1860. Those who had the privilege of being present state that it was the most inspiring occasion they ever attended.

On the day before the evening upon which he was to speak the city was plastered with great yellow posters announcing: "Tonight Abraham Lincoln will speak in Smyth's Hall." The night was a very bad one, a heavy storm prevailing, but notwithstanding this fact the hall was packed to the doors and many were obliged to stand throughout. The platform, which was then on the west side of the hall, was filled with invited guests and Baldwin's Cornet band gave a most delightful and harmonious concert before and after the speaking, a feature which was much enjoyed.

The notice which had been given was extremely short as it was not known whether he could be brought here to speak or not, he being on a tour of the east and speaking in Concord just previous to coming here. The meeting was characterized by the most earnest attention to the remarks of the eloquent speaker, interrupted occasionally by tremendous applause. His personal appearance was not at all prepossessing, being so tall and angular and his long arms hanging loosely by his sides. All this was soon forgotten, however, when he began to speak.

It is claimed, and it is doubtless true, that his visit to this city marked the first time his name was presented at a public gathering as the next president of the United States. He was introduced by the president of the Republican club, the late ex-Gov. Frederick Smyth, who in the course of his remarks referred to Lincoln as the man who would be the next president of the United States. This fact was later freely commented upon as being a remarkable prophecy.

Most of the well known men in the city were present, among them being George W. O. Tebbetts, the former druggist, Major S. S. Piper, William G. Garmon and Captain David Perkins. The front of the hall on the outside was draped with a large flag, which is still in the possession of Mrs. Marion C. Smyth, widow of Hon. Frederick Smyth. Mr. Lincoln stopped while here at the Old City Hotel, then kept by D. T. Norris and his well known signature, "A. Lincoln" may be seen on the register of the old hotel, which is preserved at the Manchester city library.

Most of those who listened to him received the impression of an old fashioned, straightforward, honest, kindly man, and one firm in his convictions. He reasoned in a calm, unostentatious way, and spoke largely on the abolition of slavery. Once he finished his speech but the crowd clamored noisily for him to continue, and he resumed, speaking from one and one-half to two hours. There was a magnetism about him,

something irresistible in his logic, that was confined to him alone. It was said at the time, that this element of personal magnetism which Lincoln possessed in such a marked degree, was a matter of study on the part of several eminent professors who came to Manchester to listen to him and followed him about from place to place, trying to learn the secret of his power over an audience.

In the course of his speech he made the remark that "he had never seen a disunionist from principle." At this the Rev. Mr. Foss stood up and said, "Sir, you behold one." Lincoln made some remark and then went on with his speech. He made some declarations and then looking at Foss said, "What does my disunion friend think of that?" Foss replied, and this going on for some time, many of the audience began to get uneasy. The late Hon. George C. Gilmore was in the audience and he told a friend if Foss interrupted the speaker again he would shut him up. Sure enough, a minute later, Foss again began to interrupt Lincoln. Mr. Gilmore then shouted, "He's crazy." Immediately there was a great commotion but Foss was prevented from speaking again.

At the close of the speech, three times three cheers were given for Lincoln and three for the Republicans of New Hampshire and then the meeting dissolved.

After the close of the meeting an informal reception was held and many went forward to meet the speaker. A number of his friends accompanied him to his hotel and it is related that among those who did so was one John Sullivan Wiggin, a somewhat eccentric character, who in his day was a famous hatter. This Mr. Wiggin broke in upon the conversation very abruptly by saying, "Mr. Lincoln, after you are elected President, I want you to appoint me postmaster of Manchester." "You shall have the appointment," laughingly responded Lincoln, but Wiggin never held him to his agreement.

It was during his visit to New Hampshire that Lincoln received his first impetus from the east as a presidential candidate. At the national convention at Chicago, which nominated him, New Hampshire was the only New England state to give him a majority of her delegates from start to finish. It is said that she was the only New England state that gave him a majority vote at any time during the balloting. On the first ballot seven of the ten votes to which this state was entitled went to Lincoln and on the second and third ballots he received nine out of the ten and was nominated on the third ballot. New Hampshire was for Abraham Lincoln and the old Granite State did much to bring about his nomination, as this state was located in the belt of states which were claimed to be solidly for Seward.

The next day after delivering his speech in this city, he visited the Amoskeag Mills and called upon Hon. E. A. Straw, the agent at that time. As Mr. Lincoln wished to visit the mills, Mr. Straw sent for a young machinist then in the employ of the Amoskeag to act as guide. This young man was the late Edwin P. Richardson. He tells the story in his own words as follows:

"Thinking I was simply wanted to make some repairs about the machinery, I did not take the trouble to change my clothes, or even to wash my begrimed face and hands. Judge, then, of my surprise, upon entering the private office, of seeing an extremely tall and rugged man standing before me, the very speaker I had listened to the evening before with so much interest. Mr. Straw in-

troduced him to me, but when Mr. Lincoln held out one of his great hands to clasp mine I shrank back saying in a tone that I know could not have been entirely free from tremor:

"My hands are hardly fit to take yours Mr. Lincoln so—"

"'Young man, the hand of honest toil is never too grimy for Abe Lincoln to clasp.'

"You may rest assured that it was a good, long, hearty grip that he gave me, until I felt my hand ache under the pressure of his mighty grasp.

"'Ed,' said Mr. Straw, 'you will show Mr. Lincoln over the mills and explain anything he may wish to know about them.'

"Again I hesitated, stammering: 'I shall be only too glad to do so, if Mr. Lincoln will but wait until I can wash up and change my clothes.'

"Fixing those large, mournful eyes upon me, the future President said in a tone that was not to be misunderstood, 'Young man, go just as you are.'

"The memory of the two hours that followed will never be forgotten by me. Mr. Lincoln seemed very much surprised and pleased at the work we were doing, and I found him an enjoyable companion."

Manchester, in keeping with the rest of the North, observed the funeral of the beloved President, Abraham Lincoln.

Smyth's block, where he spoke when here, was decorated in a appropriate manner. The American flag, draped in black, hung from every window of the structure. Two large festoons of black and white were tastefully arranged around the entire building. The armory of the Amoskeag Veterans in the Museum building was draped in mourning. The Manchester House was finely dressed in flags draped in black. A very large number of the stores and offices in the city were draped in a very elaborate and becoming manner. On the exterior of the private residences of most of the citizens some token of grief was exhibited.

On the day of the funeral, at 11 o'clock, the bells began to toll and minute guns were fired. At this signal, every store and office in the city was closed and in a short time the streets were deserted and a mournful stillness prevailed. The most of the churches were open for religious services and large audiences were in attendance. The Hanover street church was draped in a very elaborate and tasty manner. Upon the wall near the pulpit was hung a very large oval tablet draped in mourning with the following motto, "The crown is fallen from our head. Abraham Lincoln, 16th President of the United States Born February 12, 1809. Died April 15, 1865."

Impressive religious exercises were conducted by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wallace, who gave a short biographical sketch of Mr. Lincoln's life. He was followed by other speakers including Hon. Charles R. Morrison, Rev. J. M. Buckley of Detroit, Mich., and Hon. Daniel Clark. The Franklin street church was tastefully decorated in mourning and was well filled. The pastor, Rev. Mr. Feun spoke there. Almost all the other churches also held services in memory of the fallen hero.

The famous sculptor, John Rogers, who commenced his modeling in clay when he was a time keeper on the Amoskeag Corporation at Manchester was the artist who designed the statute of Abraham Lincoln which stands in the corridor of the Hallsville School at Manchester and the one which adorns the lawn at the Manchester High school.

Mr. Rogers presented this statue, molded in plaster, in the year 1885 and it was originally placed in the City Library building but later removed to the corridors of the High school. By this removal and from other causes it sustained serious damage and it seemed only a question of time when from accident or other causes it would be ruined and destroyed.

It has been pronounced by eminent judges to be the finest and most truly characteristic representation of Abraham Lincoln in existence. Realizing these facts the members of Louis Bell Post, G. A. R., determined if possible to preserve in a permanent manner its future existence. At the meeting of the Post held April 13, 1909, Edwin P. Richardson, a member of the Post, called their attention to the condition of the plaster statue and proposed that the Post should take immediate steps for its preservation by erecting a monument of bronze, which should be a replica of the plaster model, supported upon a pedestal of stone.

The idea met with unanimous approval and a committee of three, consisting of E. P. Richardson, S. S. Piper and Henry Lewis were appointed to canvass the city and ascertain the sentiment of the citizens regarding the feasibility of the project. At the next meeting of the Post on April 28, this committee reported very favorably and stated that the project had been enthusiastically received with many assurances of substantial aid from prominent citizens. This report was accepted and the committee discharged.

At once on motion a committee consisting of E. P. Richardson, S. S. Piper and Henry Lewis were appointed to act as a permanent committee to carry on the undertaking. The committee was organized by the choice of E. P. Richardson as chairman, S. S. Piper as treasurer and Henry Lewis as secretary. The committee established their headquarters immediately in the Sons of Veterans rooms at G. A. R. hall and began the preliminary arrangements for the work.

The first move was to secure permission from the city government for the use of the plaster model from which the casting in bronze was to be made. This request was at once granted. Various designs were then considered, this being no easy task, until the choice of the design adopted was made. The matter of expense then became the next consideration and it appeared to be necessary to raise about $6000 or $7000, to carry the plan through to completion.

Many plans were discussed and suggestions made in regard to raising this amount of money, the Post, itself, not being able to finance the project. Finally, after much thought had been given to the various plans, it was decided to adopt the manner of raising funds which was used by the Bunker Hill Monument Association about the year 1820. This was by presenting a certificate of membership to all contributors of one dollar or over to the fund. In adopting this plan it became necessary to prepare a suitable design for a certificate. After passing on many designs submitted, one was finally adopted and it was worked out by Frank French, the local artist, who took special charge of this feature. It then appeared desirable to organize an auxiliary association to aid in the required work. A call being sent out to those interested in the cause, a preliminary meeting was held on May 19, at G. A. R. hall and a temporary organization was effected. Charles L. Richardson was chosen temporary president and Walter M. Parker, Her-

man F. Straw and some twenty other prominent citizens as vice-presidents.

On August 5, a permanent organization was effected and a constitution and by-laws adopted. The officers above mentioned were elected as officers of the permanent body and Henry Lewis was elected secretary. S. S. Piper, treasurer and an executive committee of six comprising E. P. Richardson, S. S. Piper, Henry Lewis, Gen. Henry A. Farrington, James W. Hill and J. Adam Graf was also elected.

The question of location of the proposed statue was next taken up, many places being suggested, the choice finally falling upon the lawn of the high school as being peculiarly adapted for the monument. It being necessary to secure permission from the city government to place the monument there, the request was made and it was at once granted.

The canvass for funds was pushed most vigorously throughout the whole city, no outside aid however being accepted, it being thought best to confine the honor to Manchester alone. The contributors included persons of all political parties and showed fully the esteem with which their patriotic offerings were made to erect a monument representing their honor and their love for our beloved president, Abraham Lincoln. Feeling that the city should also contribute to the cause, the city government was petitioned for an appropriation of $2500 towards the expenses of the work and on Feb. 1, 1910 such a sum was unanimously appropriated by them for the purpose of furnishing the stone work and its setting. A record of all contributors was kept in the books of the association and each and every one received a certificate of membership.

The financial aspect appeared so favorable by Jan. 1, 1910 that contracts were awarded to the Gorham Manufacturing Co., of Providence, R. I., for the bronze and to the R. P. Stevens Co. of this city for the stone work, all to be finished and in place for dedication on Memorial Day, May 31, 1910. These contracts were successfully carried out at a cost of $4680.21, a balance being returned to the city from the money appropriated of $336.23. The total amount contributed from the citizens of the city was $2716.25 from which sum $2516.44 was expended, leaving a balance in the hands of the treasurer of $199.81.

The monument was dedicated by the New Hampshire Department of the G. A. R., Commander Albert D. Scovell and staff performing the ceremonies. All nationalities joined in a monster Memorial Day parade preceding the dedication, the line of march ending at the high school. The following was the order of the exercises.

Overture—National Airs
First Infantry Band

Opening Address
Mayor Eugene E. Reed

Invocation Rev. A. Francis Walsh

Kellar's American National Hymn
High School Chorus

Poem "The American of His Century"
John Foster, Esq.

Unveiling of the Statue
Mrs. E. Bryant and Guard of Honor from Mary J. Buncher Tent, D. of V.

Statement of Lincoln Memorial Association and Transfer of Statue to Louis Bell Post, No. 3, G. A. R.
Charles L. Richardson

Response
Augustus Wagner, Commander Louis Bell Post.

Selection Hoffman Quartette

Dedication of Statue
Albert D. Scovell, Dept. Commander and Staff
Delivery of Statue to City
Committee from Louis Bell Post and Lincoln Memorial Association
Response Mayor Eugene E. Reed
Oration Sherman E. Burroughs, Esq.
Five Minute Speeches and Correspondence
My Old Kentucky Home
German Singing Societies
Address to the Memory of the Unknown Dead Rev. George E. Hathaway
America
High School Chorus and Audience
Benediction Rev. George E. Hathaway

The Guard of Honor which assisted Mrs. E. M. Bryant in unveiling the statue comprised the following members of Mary J. Buncher Tent, Daughters of Veterans, Mrs. Minnie A. Piper, Mrs. Flora Kendall Edmond, Mrs. Elizabeth Healey, Mrs. Louise S. Johnson, Mrs. E. M. Bryant also being a member. The officers of the New Hampshire Department of the Grand Army of the Republic which performed the ceremonies of dedication were Albert D. Scovell, Department Commander; Past Commander Frank W. Wilson, Acting Senior Vice Commander, William A. Beckford, Junior Vice Commander; Henry E. Conant, S. V. C. Acting Chaplain and Frank Battles, A. A. G., and Acting Officer of the Day.

The bronze statue stands upon a stone pedestal of moderate height and can be described as follows: "A full front likeness of President Lincoln, seated in an armchair. His left leg crossing and supported upon the right one. His left hand holds a supposed war map hanging over the arme of his chair and which he is evidently studying; in his right hand is held a pair of compasses.

The pedestal has four bronze tablets set into the stone. The inscription upon the south face reads as follows:

"Erected Under the Auspices
of
Louis Bell Post, No. 3, G. A. R.
With the Aid of the
Lincoln Memorial Association
And Others of Manchester, N. H.
A. D. 1910."

Upon the east face the inscription is:
"With Charity For All."

Upon the north face it reads:
"The Original Model
Of This Statue
By
John Rogers, Sculptor,
Was Presented By Him
To The City of
Manchester, N. H.
A. D. 1895."

Upon the west face it reads:
"With Malice Towards None."

The plaster cast was afterwards carried to the Hallsville school and set up in the corridor of that building where it is now located.

New Hampshire Men and Matters

Recollections of a Busy Life

HENRY H. METCALF

I was born 88 years ago in Newport, "the Sunshine Town", in a small cottage now gone to decay, in the extreme northwestern portion of the town, near the corner where Newport, Claremont, Cornish and Croydon meet, on the verge of Corbin's or Blue Mountain Park, which encloses my father's ancestral home in the latter town, as well as a goodly portion of the farms once occupied by Croydon's hardy yeomanry, whose descendants are now settled throughout the land.

One of the most vivid recollections of my childhood, in Newport, is of attending a service, with my father, in the Congregational church when the Rev. John Woods was the pastor. I recall the old-fashioned pews and the high pulpit, and more particularly the gray-haired and solemn-visaged occupant of the latter, and the mournful tones in which he urged his hearers to "flee from the wrath to come." That old church—the first that I ever entered—was, and still remains, in exterior appearance, one of the finest specimens of church architecture in New England. It has been more than once remodeled, so far as its interior arrangements are concerned, the last time quite recently and at an expense of more than $30,000, and is, today, not only one of the most stately, but one of the most attractive houses of worship in New England.

My residence in Newport, however, was brief, my family removing in the spring of 1846 to a farm in the eastern portion of the town of Unity. I well remember the removal. It was early in April, yet the roads were dry and dusty, and the farmers along the way were busily at work on the land. What gave me special satisfaction was the fact that a brook ran across the farm, passing under the road a short distance below the house. A brook was something new to me, and I took delight in strolling along its banks and watching its tumbling waters. It was in this brook that I caught my first trout, and, although I never became much of a fisherman, it was with a good deal of satisfaction that I landed this first prize.

I had been sent to school in Newport one summer and winter, but I remember little of my experience there, except that the names of the teachers for the two terms were Caroline Hall and Ellen Putnam. The latter was the daughter of John Putnam of Croydon, and a sister of George F. Putnam, whom many years later I knew well as a lawyer in Warren and Haverhill, a Democratic leader in the state House of Representatives, and chairman of the Democratic state committee. He was a brilliant, able and ambitious man, was chairman of the New Hampshire Delegation in the Democratic National Convention at St. Louis, which nominated Tilden and Hendricks. He aspired to a nomination for Congress from the old Third District which was captured by Colonel Henry O. Kent of Lancaster, who had recently come over to the Democrats, and soon after his failure in this direction he abandoned the state and removed to

Kansas City, where he engaged in real estate and banking business, but died after a few years.

My first term of school in Unity, in the summer of 1846, was taught by a young lady of the district named Experience R. Crossman, a bright and accomplished young woman, who subsequently became the wife of Matthew Harvey of Newport, who was one of the publishers of the *Argus and Spectator*. His partner was Henry G. Carleton. Both were leading Democrats of the town and held various offices. They published the paper for nearly forty years. Both were practical printers, and an interesting feature of their work was found in the fact that they "took turns" in the editorial and mechanical departments each week. One week Carleton would edit the paper and Harvey would set the type. The next week the procedure would be reversed; but when Harvey did the editorial the Democrats got the most satisfaction from the paper, since he was the more aggressive in his attacks upon the opposition. He was a native of the town of Sutton, a member of the distinguished family which produced Jonathan and Matthew Harvey, both of whom were members of Congress and the latter of whom was Governor of the state and Judge of the District Court. Augusta Harvey Worthen, of Lynn, Mass. a noted writer and author of the History of Sutton, was a sister of this Matthew Harvey of Newport.

Speaking of the town of Sutton, birthplace of the Harveys, it may be said that they were not the only natives of the town who attained distinction. Here was the birthplace of General John Eaton, noted soldier and educator, who was the first United States Commissioner of Education. Here, too, were born the Pillsburys, John G. and George A., the former of whom established the great flouring mills in Minneapolis, and became Governor of the state, and the latter of whom was associated with him, after some years in Concord where he was a successful business man and Mayor of the city, later establishing the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital as a memorial to his wife. Sutton was also the birthplace of John H. Pearson of Concord, noted wholesale merchant and flour manufacturer, who built the mill at Penacook now operated by Stratton & Co. and later engaged in railroading, much to the aggravation of the old Boston & Maine management, and greatly to the increase of business in the courts. Here, too, was the birthplace of the woman who did more for the cause of education than any other woman in the country, Lydia Fowler Wadleigh, who started the New York High School for girls, was its first principal, paid for the diplomas of the first graduating class from her own pocket, and later founded the New York Normal College for Women, which has now become the greatest teacher's college in the world.

The town of Unity is not remarkable for any important part it has played in the history of the state or nation, though it is said to have been the camping place over one night of General John Stark's Bennington Expedition. It has furnished no men who have distinguished themselves in our national life, though one of its sons, Jefferson T. Thurber, became Speaker of the Michigan House of Representatives, and one of his sons was for a time private secretary of President Grover Cleveland. It has a strong soil and once had many good farms. At the time of my residence the leading citizens and most successful farmers were Harvey Huntoon, who lived in the east part of the town, in the

same district in which was my home, and whose son Ora M., subsequently a prominent citizen of Contoocook, was my rival in school; and Col. Ezra J. Glidden, who lived near the center of the town. Both were prominent in the Democratic party, and rival leaders therein. Huntoon had been sheriff of the county, and Glidden was active in the New Hampshire Agricultural Society of which he became president.

The adjoining farm to that of my father, on the east, was occupied by a family named Wright. It had been settled by a Revolutionary soldier of that name who was living at the time of our arrival there, and died sometime after, having reached the age of 90 years. I remember having seen him on his deathbed, and the sight made a sad impression on my mind. His son, who was then in possession of the farm, had a large family of boys and one girl. A son named Charles, about my age, became my special playmate. The mother had been a Cornish girl, of the family named Thrasher, a prominent family of the town at that time, and I well remember the visits to the Wright home of an uncle of hers, John Thrasher, a tall, striking-looking individual, but whose life had been rendered a failure by habits of dissipation acquired in youth. He was said to have been a classmate in college of John C. Calhoun, and fully the equal of that distinguished statesman in point of intellectual ability. He had studied law but never cut any figure in practice.

This Wright family, it may be said, is still held in the family, and has been the home of six generations, and the scene of many family reunions. It is one of few places in the state that have been held continually, from settlement, in the same family. The present proprietor, Homer Wright, is an active Granger, and has been Master of Sunapee Mountain Grange at Mill Village in Goshen, the nearest village to East Unity, mention of which recalls the fact that when I was seven years of age I purchased my first spelling book at this place, at the store of Virgil Chase, who was a prominent man in town, and in the county in fact, as he had served as high sheriff and held other important offices at the hands of the Democratic party.

The farm which my father had bought was formerly owned by Ovid Chase, a brother of the Virgil Chase I have mentioned, and when purchased was subject to a mortgage to George B. Upham of Claremont, which my father assumed and was to pay off at the rate of $100 a year, with interest. I well remember accompanying my father at one time to make one of those payments. We were received by Mr. Upham in a plainly furnished room, heated by a box stove, and which had a yellow painted floor. Mr. Upham was a lawyer, and a money lender, and was said to hold mortgages upon scores of farms and other property throughout the county. He had at one time been prominent in politics, and had served as Speaker of the state House of Representatives and also as a member of Congress. When he died his estate was inventoried at more than $400,000 the largest then known in the state. This was before the days of big fortunes and heavy incomes. It will be remembered that John Jacob Astor, who was by far the richest man in the country and who died not far from the same time, left an estate valued at $23,000,000, which was regarded as an enormous fortune, but would be a mere trifle compared with the present annual income of Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller, and

would be regarded as insignificant by Andrew W. Mellon.

Reference to Claremont reminds me of another visit which we made to the town when I was a boy of eight or nine years of age. I accompanied my father on a visit to the Sullivan County Fair, then held in that town. What I remember distinctly about the fair, aside from the sweet cider and gingerbread on sale and the crowds of people, was the great show of oxen on exhibition, said to include 320 yoke in all, a team of 80 yoke coming down from the town of Croydon, under the supervision of Moses Humphrey who was then a leading citizen of the town, engaged in the manufacture of mackerel kits, but who subsequently removed to Concord where he built the horse railroad, became Mayor of the city and was for a long period of years President of the State Board of Agriculture.

I attended both the summer and winter terms of the district school during the six years while we resided in East Unity. The school was a large one, with some fifty scholars in the summer term and about eighty in the winter, including many large boys and girls, some of the former grown men six feet in height. Today, there are not as many people all told living in the entire district, which is one of the largest in the state territorially. One of the larger girls was Mary Sanborn, daughter of Tappan Sanborn, the East Unity postmaster. I recall often going to his home where the postoffice was kept, for the week's mail, which usually consisted of a copy of the *Argus and Spectator* and the *Boston Cultivator*, with, very rarely a letter. This Mary Sanborn was an accomplished musician. She had a piano which was the first one I ever saw or heard, and she occasionally invited me in to hear her play, when I called for the mail. She sometimes sang at the Sunday evening services, held occasionally in the school house, by the Methodist minister from Newport. I never saw her, after our removal from Unity, until many years later, when I went up from Concord to address an equal suffrage meeting arranged by Dr. Amanda Kempton, who was the leader of the suffrage movement in town. She was in attendance, and I was her guest over night. She had married one John Fall, who had studied law and practiced to some extent in Newport, but also managed the old Sanborn farm in East Unity, which she had inherited from her father. Right here I may say that during our last winter in Unity I attended, with my father, the dedication of the Methodist church in Newport, Prof. King, of the Newbury Vermont Seminary, delivering the dedicatory sermon.

In the spring of 1852 my father, finding it necessary either to build a new house or purchase another farm, decided, unwisely as I think, to pursue the latter course. He accordingly sold the Unity farm, (which now by the way is owned and occupied by one Wallace W. Hall, a Grand Army veteran) to one Francis J. Newton and bought a small farm in the town of Lempster, situated a short distance from the Marlow road, in near the base of Silver Mountain and adjacent to the farm of Benajah A. Miner. It contained about fifty acres, half in woodland, with a small amount of pasturage, some sandy tillage land and a little muck swamp. The greatest asset to the place, as it seemed to me, was a cold spring near the house, from which bubbled the finest water I ever drank; but as "man cannot live by bread alone" neither can he subsist entirely on water, as my father learned in the course of

a few years. The farm was shortly supplemented by the purchase of a 20-acre pasture, situated shortly above, on the mountain side. We moved to Lempster about the first of April, and my first recollection, in connection with the removal, is that, on the day after, there was a heavy fall of snow, to the depth of not less than foot. As I have said, the farm was situated at the base of Silver Mountain (so-called in recent years) which is the southernmost activity of the Sunapee range, and, although not of formidable height, seemed to me a wonderful mountain, and my first great ambition was to make its ascent. On a fine day in June I set out upon an expedition to the mountain top, accompanied by my sister and brother, both younger than myself, who had insisted upon going with me, and charged by my mother to be sure and not get lost, and to go no farther than the summit. The climb which would be regarded as a slight affair to a grown person, included the crossing of only four large pastures after our own farm was left behind. It was quite a task, especially on account of the smaller children, but was accomplished in due season, with several stops on the way to view the broadening landscape, which filled us with increasing delight.

The wonderful view greeting us upon our arrival at the summit, was indeed awe-inspiring. Far away to the west was the long range of the Green Mountains, with Ascutney looming up in the northerly foreground, and a wide stretch of field and forest between. Sand Pond, now Echo Lake, spread its charming surface to the southeast, beyond which rose the Stoddard Hills. To the east were the Washington lakes, surrounded by forests, and beyond the Francestown mountains, while the great mass of Lovewell loomed up in the near northeast, and the long mountain range to the north, culminating in Mount Sunapee, filled the eye in that direction. It was indeed a wonderful sight for one who had never before stood upon such a lookout. Since then I have climbed other mountains and seen far more extended landscapes. I have looked down from Monadnock upon the broad panorama spread out in southwestern New Hampshire and central Massachusetts, with the fifty lakes and numerous mountain ranges brought to view; I have stood upon Croydon or Blue Mountain, in the midst of the great park for which it was named, and gazed down upon beautiful Newfound Lake from the summit of Cardigan; I have climbed Kearsarge more than once, and enjoyed the comprehensive view of central New Hampshire which that splendid outlook affords; I have been on Moosilauke many times, where by common consent the most extensive scenic view in all New England is to be had; I have stood upon Lafayette and Washington and beheld all the mountain grandeur and broad expanse of view presented therefrom; I have looked down upon Winnipesaukee from Belknap, and the lower Merrimack valley from the Uncanoonucs, but never have I been so impressed with the beautiful and grand in nature, as on that June day in 1852, in the little town of Lempster.

And in this connection may I digress to say that no man in New Hampshire is more delighted to know that the Granite State is becoming more and more the mecca of the summer tourists and the pleasure seekers looking for recreation amidst the beauties of nature, more abounding here than anywhere else in the land. It is a satisfaction to know that the state in which we live is attrac-

tive to the people of other states, and that they delight to travel up and down amidst its mountains and lakes, and through its enchanting valleys. We hope to see the great highways, leading around these lakes and up to, and through, these mountains, made better and safer and more satisfactory to the tourist; but we do not wish to see the state become a mere pleasure ground and recreation resort for outsiders. We do not wish to see the rural regions, the "back towns", so to speak, neglected and abandoned. We desire to see a prosperous farming population, maintaining a place in the midst, and that cannot be, unless there is greater consideration by the "powers that be" for their rights and needs and their general welfare.

"Good roads" are as essential for the country people as for the pleasure seekers from the great cities of other states, more so we believe. Not concrete or cement highways, of course, as those would be impracticable, but good, well kept gravel roads, kept open and passable, winter as well as summer Without these life in the country is scarcely endurable, and will not continue long as the situation now is. In the early days much land was cleared that should have been left to forest, but there are tens of thousands of acres in the state, already abandoned, and tens of thousands more that soon will be unless living conditions are made more satisfactory, that are susceptible of profitable cultivation under favorable conditions. I would like to see the pleasant hillsides and the beautiful valleys in the rural regions of New Hampshire occupied by the homes of an intelligent and prosperous yeomanry, as in the days of yore, with fields of waving grain and ripening corn, and thriving flocks and herds, but I, or those coming after me in the years of the future, will see this to less and less extent as the years go by; and as time passes it will no longer be said of the state that in New Hampshire the chief crop is MEN, notwithstanding the permanence of the great sign hung out by the Almighty in Franconia Notch, preserved for the delectation of the tourists by the aid of the New Hampshire women; for it is in the country towns and on the farms of the state that the men and women are reared who accomplish most in all the fields of human effort, and if our farms are abandoned our people will deteriorate as a whole and we shall cease to contribute to the progress and prosperity of the nation.

We lived in the town of Lempster five years. I worked on the farm in the summer season when the district school was not in session, for the first three years, and continually after that, but attended school each winter. The teacher for the first winter was a man of marked ability, and thoroughly devoted to his work. I remember him more distinctly than any other district school teacher whose instruction I came under, and he exercised a stronger influence upon my mind and character than any other. His name was Nathan Morse, Jr. He was a native and resident of the town of Stoddard. He was fitting himself for college, and had been attending Tubbs Union Academy in Washington for the purpose. He was a Democrat in politics and Universalist in religion, and although such matters were not supposed to be discussed in school, he dropped occasional remarks that led me to think along those lines and to fix my convictions. I did not see him again for years, except on the occasion of a brief visit that he paid the school in the following summer, because of an attachment he had for the teacher. He entered Amherst College in the follow-

ing autumn, graduating four years later, after which he studied medicine and located in practice in Salem, Mass., where he became successful in his profession and active in politics, and was long chairman of the Democratic city committee. Many years after his settlement in Salem, where he was the head of the Pilgrim Fathers organization which was holding a gathering in Concord, and I was editor of the *People and Patriot* in that city, he called on me at my office and we recalled the days of old when he was the teacher and I was being taught some things which I found he had forgotten.

I have no vivid recollection of any other teacher of the school during my attendance, though I remember well that the teacher for the second winter was one George S. Thompson, a resident of the town, who later settled in the town of Claremont, where he was a respected citizen and a member of the Universalist Church. I remember him particularly because he endeavored to impress upon my mind the fact that I ought to go to college.

As I have said, my father's farm in Lempster adjoined that of Benajah A. Miner. "Uncle Ames" he was usually called. He was a man of strong mind and athletic body, and could do the work of two ordinary men without difficulty. He was a Republican of the Free Soil variety in politics, and an ardent Universalist in religion. He had no influence upon me in the former direction but not a little in the latter. He had one son and four daughters. The son had become a noted Universalist minister, the Rev. Alonzo A. Miner, D. D., and was pastor of a Boston church at the time when we moved to Lempster. He was a man of remarkable ability, and though not himself a college graduate was for twelve years President of Tufts College, though at the same time holding his pastorate. He was regarded as the ablest Protestant minister in Boston and was chosen by the body of the clergy in that city to publicly defend the Christian religion at the time when Agnosticism was most rampant and Robert G. Ingersoll, then in the zenith of his career, was assailing Christiantiy in a most aggressive manner.

His oldest daughter, Amanda, was the wife of William B. Parker, a prominent citizen of the town and district, one of whose sons was Sylvester A. Parker,who later became a Universalist preacher and was long settled at Bethel, Vt. Right here it may be said that Lempster was noted as the town which had produced more Universalist ministers than any other in the country. The second daughter, Emma Eliza, married William Spaulding, an intelligent farmer who resided in the district, and who had one son, William Waldemar, who ultimately graduated at Tufts College, taught school several years, subsequently became a successful shoe manufacturer in Haverhill, Mass., and is now, and has long been, President of the Haverhill Savings Bank and a Trustee of Tufts College.

The third daughter, Rachel, was the wife of one Edwin Tenney then living in the district who soon removed to Wisconsin, while the fourth and youngest was Fanny, who had married a man named Booth, and they were living with her father and mother. Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding and Mr. and Mrs. Booth were all good singers, and constituted the choir in the little Universalist church at East Lempster which I began to attend during the third year of our residence in Lempster, upon invitation of Uncle Ames Miner. During the first year of

our residence there I had attended the Congregational church at Lempster Street, which was the church of my father's preference. In the second year I had attended a Methodist church at East Lempster which was my mother's preferred church, but I had come to views of my own in accord with neither and went my own way.

The Universalist church was not strong financially, but the people were earnestly devoted to the cause, and they could pay for a preacher for only one-fourth of the time, but they maintained services every Sunday, one or another of the members occupying the pulpit and reading a selected sermon on each occasion when the minister himself was absent. Prominent among the lay readers were Hiram and Hosea W. Parker, Lucius A. Spencer and Duren S. Honey. This Duren Honey was a bachelor farmer, whose sister, Eliza, was his housekeeper. He was a well educated man and a fine speaker, and served for a time as superintendent of schools for the town. He and his sister together saved quite an amount of money and on their decease left $20,000 to the New Hampshire Universalist state convention—a substantial demonstration of their devotion to the cause. The regular preacher during the first year of my attendance was Rev. Nathan R. Wright, father of Col. Carroll D. Wright, the noted statistician, who, by the way, was the first pastor of the Universalist church in Concord. In the second year the preacher was Rev. Lemuel Willis, one of the strongest of the old time preachers. He was the grandfather of Arthur L. Willis, the first motor vehicle commissioner of New Hampshire. During the third year of my attendance, which was my last year in Lempster, the preacher was Rev. Joseph Barber of Alstead, a sound and solid, though not especially eloquent exponent of the Universalist faith.

In the fall of 1856 I was enabled to attend a term of select school taught by Miss Dency Hurd, an accomplished and successful teacher of the town, in order to do which I walked three miles every day, each way, which I cheerfully did for the sake of the advantage afforded. It was a prosperous term so far as my studies were concerned, although it was in the midst of an exciting political campaign, in which I first became deeply interested in politics. This was the famous Buchanan and Fremont campaign in 1856, when the Republican party made its first entry into the national field. Every afternoon, at the close of the school exercises, several of the students, myself included, used to gather on the outside steps of the house and engage in political discussion, the debate generally becoming quite heated. I presume I had as much to say as any of the scholars, but I remember most distinctly two who took opposite sides, George E. Dame, who championed the Republican cause, and Louise Huntoon, who was equally vigorous in the defense of the Democracy. It is a somewhat curious fact that, years afterward, Miss Huntoon became Mrs. Dame and Mr. Dame became a strong Democrat. He was later for many years clerk of the Superior Court for Sullivan County.

I have said that Lempster was noted for having produced more Universalist ministers than any other town in the country. Prominent among these, next to Dr. Miner, was Dr. Willard Spaulding, a brother of the William Spaulding whom I have heretofore mentioned. Dr. Spaulding preached in different places in Massachusetts, but was sometimes heard in New Hampshire, and not always at religious meetings.

The only occasion on which I heard him was at the dedication of the new town house which had been built at East Lempster, after a long contest, that village being really near the geographical center of the town, and the old building at the Street becoming unsuitable and the location inconvenient for the town at large. The dedication was a great occasion for the town and the services were largely attended, the house being crowded to its capacity. The oration by Dr. Spaulding was the most eloquent and inspiring affair of its kind that I had ever heard up to that time, and I remember quite clearly the thrill which it gave me.

It was not alone the production of Universalists, or other ministers (and there were several of other denominations that went out from the town) that Lempster was noted for. Many able men in other lines of service had their birthplace here. Hosea W. Parker of Claremont, lawyer, Congressman and publicist was born here, as well as Homer T. Fuller, D. D., prominent educator, President of Worcester Institute of Technology, and later of Drury College, Missouri. Many prominent physicians were Lempster born, among them Dr. A. P. Richardson of Walpole, Dr. Yorick Hurd of Ipswich, Mass., Dr. Carl A. Allen of Holyoke, and Dr. Abram W. Mitchell, still in practice in Epping, and former president of the New Hampshire Medical Society. And here, too, were born two of the most noted dentists in New England, Dr. Levi C. Taylor of Springfield, Mass., and Dr. Charles A. Brackett of Newport, R. I., the latter for fifty years a professor in the Harvard dental school, and who left a large fortune for its benefit.

Another Lempster boy of note was Bertand T. Wheeler, a civil engineer, who died recently, after long service as chief engineer of the Maine Central Railroad, and still another was Arthur Butler, a well-known engineer in Chicago, son of Dr. J. N. Butler, for fifty years Lempster's beloved physician.

(*To be Continued*)

Cowardice

RICHARD JOHNS

As one who bore a mint of pain
You turned yourself to Man;
Craving one word of sympathy
A scale of woes you ran.

Strong youth that was, long years ago,
Where is the image now?
There was no strife with outer foe;
Yours was an inner vow.

Too weak to meet life face to face
You lay down with a will,
Content with a few conclusive sighs.
You knew that life would kill!

Amos T. Leavitt of Hampton

Sponsor for the New Name "New Hampshire"

IT IS peculiarly fitting that the new name, NEW HAMPSHIRE, for the old state magazine, THE GRANITE MONTHLY, should have been first suggested by Mr. Amos T. Leavitt of Hampton. Hampton is one of the oldest towns in the state and the Leavitt family progenitors were numbered among the earliest settlers of New Hampshire. And the GRANITE MONTHLY is the oldest state magazine in the country.

It was in 1638 that the Rev. Stephen Bachiler with a small group of followers sailed up the Hampton river in a shallop and made the first settlement in the historic town which has given Hampton Beach to New England and the nation as a shore playground which is unsurpassed. In the following year the Leavitt family came to Hampton and it has been represented there ever since.

Amos T. Leavitt was born in the Leavitt Homestead at the North Beach, Hampton on July 23, 1869. It may truthfully be said that he was of "good old New England stock" for his paternal ancestors came to Hampton the year after it was first settled and on the maternal side, the Godfreys, his mother's family, became residents of Hampton in 1649. He was educated in the public schools of the town of his birth and graduated from Hampton Academy in 1887.

While still in the grammar schools, at the age of twelve, young Leavitt caught a turtle of the black snapping variety on the shell of which were the initials "Z. B." which stood for Zachias Brown with the date 1854 and the initials "J. W. D." which had been carved in the turtle's shell by J. Warren Dow and he also carved the date—1866. To this queer record, young Leavitt added his own initials and the date 1881, and turned the turtle loose, little thinking that nearly half a century afterwards he would be called upon to pose with "Winnicummett", as the turtle was called, before a queer machine which recorded both sight and sound and to relate the episode of the capture and recapture of this ancient creature. But more of that later.

In October 1897 Mr. Leavitt entered the employ of Silas Pierce & Company, wholesale grocers of Boston. In 1900 he became a managing director of this well-known firm and continued as such for a quarter of a century when ill health forced his retirement in 1925. Since that time Mr. Leavitt has been taking things easy and enjoying life to the utmost. He spends the winters at Altamonte Springs, Florida and the balance of the year he lives at his attractive bungalow near the North Beach in Hampton where he takes real pleasure in entertaining a host of friends.

While in business Mr. Leavitt's favorite diversion was fishing and the folks up around Lake Waukewan in Meredith all remember the reputation which Mr. Leavitt achieved as a bass fisherman. In those days he spent every day possible on this beautiful little lake in central New Hampshire. Nowadays he has taken up golf and his ability in this direction almost equals his fame as a fisherman for he has won the annual Altamonte Springs Golf Tournament for a number of years and is down there

now getting in shape for another championship.

Last summer "Winnicummett", the turtle, was captured by Phillip Blake, who immediately turned the ancient creature over to Mr. Leavitt, who is considered by the townspeople of Hampton to be its owner. It was the first time it has been captured since 1905 and the third time that it has been "dated" by the Hampton man.

The Fox Movietone people heard of the fame of "Winnicummett" and sent a representative up to Hampton to get pictures and a talking record of the turtle and its owner. Mr. Leavitt is naturally of a retiring disposition and he consented to pose and tell the story only with the understanding that his face should not show in the picture. This was agreed to by the operator, but the camera slipped into proper focus and recorded not only the picture of Mr. Leavitt and "Winnicummett" but also the story of how he captured the creature as a boy in 1881.

Mr. Leavitt's wife died some time ago and he has one son, Amos T. Leavitt, Jr., who is a junior at Bowdoin College. Mr. Leavitt is a trustee of Hampton Academy and a director of the Hampton Cooperative Bank. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity.

When a representative of the GRANITE MONTHLY called to present Mr. Leavitt with a check for twenty-five dollars, the prize for suggesting the most appropriate name for the state magazine, he was not at home. In fact he was due to arrive that day in Altamonte Springs, Florida, for his winter vacation.

But the magazine representative did find Mr. Frank Leavitt, the genial president of the Hampton and Hampton Beach Chamber of Commerce and brother of the subject of this sketch. It was from Mr. Frank Leavitt that we learned a few of the facts in connection with the life of his brother. In view of the man's modesty as evidenced by his experience with the Fox Movietone people it is fortunate that Mr. Amos T. Leavitt was in Florida, else the state magazine would probably have been unable to present any facts relative to the New Hampshire citizen to whom it is indebteded for its new name—NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Longing

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

He said, "dear,"
In a low voice like the echo of the sea.

"Yes," she answered
In the voice that flowers have lost.

"Will you come with me
Down the world-path where the heart leads?"

"No," she answered
In the voice of the singing stars.

Would he have longed so greatly for her
If she had answered—yes?

Miraculous, Wonderful, Strange and True

(A True Story from the Early History of Cornish, N. H.)

LILLIAN HILDRETH

WHAT would be your reaction to be referred to always as Wonderful or on the other hand as Strange? I asked myself this question in all seriousness when I first heard these queer names.

About one hundred and fifteen years ago, not far from what is now Orchard Kiln, perhaps a mile over the hill, lived a family named Whitney. To them were born four babies and they gave them the names of Miraculous, Wonderful, Strange, and True.

To give birth to four children was in itself a thing to be long talked of, but a person bearing a name like any one of these would never be forgotten. The little children seemed too heavily burdened to go on through a long life, and one by one they died in childhood and were buried in a little cemetery on this hillside farm.

When next I visit my old home in the Cornish Colony, I shall make a pilgrimage in search of the graves. The account of their birth and burial, I found among old diaries and papers handed on to me from my ancestors. The facts were stated concisely, but meagerly; and I wonder if anyone else has among old papers a more detailed account of these children.

They must have been healthy indeed to have lived through babyhood with the absence of so much that tends to decrease infant mortality. Today we marvel when triplets live through infancy and we have incubators and ways of feeding unknown in those days.

I was talking with a very old lady about these quadruplets and she gave her theory much in this manner:

"Four children at once are a lot. But a mother in those days was just as much a mother as they are now and a lot more resourceful. Why, I bet they were wrapped up in clean, soft, carded wool and laid on a syrup can filled with hot water, and a little feather pillow on it to make it soft and a nice woolly blanket over baby, can, and the whole business, to keep 'em warm. And as for feeding —young, weak things used to be fed by dipping a clean linen rag in warm milk and putting it in their mouths.

"You say it must a took a long while. Of course it did. But mothers in those days had time to feed their babies. They weren't gallivanting off to parties all the time. I'll admit there were a heap of things they didn't know, but they were faithful and resourceful; and if their babies died, it wasn't from lack of care of the best kind they knew how to give."

That set me thinking,—"the best kind they knew how to give"—. Isn't that what we are doing today and won't our ways seem as inefficient to those who live three or four generations from now?

Then those names,—we would think it was a wonderful event to give birth to four babies at once, a miracle they were spared to us, and strange that God should send so many little babies to a modest farm home, and then we would look at them and say, "But it is true."

Now, probably, this little mother so

far away on this hill farm thought all this and much more as she went to the door of the tiny house and called, "Come, Miraculous, take Wonderful by the hand and go down to the orchard and tell Strange and True to come to dinner." And I like to think she added, "Thank God they are mine."

New England Bells

HELEN BLANCHE FOSTER

'Tis Sunday morn, in Portsmouth town,
Old Portsmouth by the sea;
And from her many church spires,
The bells ring joyfully:
Ring out their invitation,
So clear, and sweet, and strong;
"Come! worship in His temple,
Come, all ye people, come!"

Their iron tongues in unison,
Fling bravely to the air,
The message of the waiting church,
Calling her sons to prayer:
They break the Sabbath stillness,
With their eloquent appeal;
"Come! render thanks unto Him
And in His presence kneel!"

O dear New England church bells,
We love thy tuneful sound;
O, dear New England churches,
We love thy hallowed ground:
And when in far-off lands,
Our feet are called to roam;
A temple in our hearts, we'll keep
For thee: O bells of home!

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Editorial

THE 1925 session of the New Hampshire Legislature authorized the appointment of a committee to study the taxation problems of the state. This committee reported to Governor Spaulding who appeared to approve of the findings and passed them on to the incoming administration. The report is supported by several bills introduced in the House of Representatives and now a subject of controversy. To start the ball rolling rightly, and to furnish a tempting bait which the agricultural districts were expected to snap at voraciously, the committee proposed doing away with tax on growing timber. Thus the farmer vote would be won over at the outset. Then the committee proposed to tax the incomes of individuals and corporations along much the same lines as the plan of the Federal income tax law. Following this line of thought it might happen that the agricultural districts, who profess to have very little net income, would quickly jump at the opportunity to levy a tax upon the net incomes of their city cousins and uncles and aunts. Whether this line of reasoning occurred to members of the recess tax committee is unknown, but whether or no, it appears that the bills framed with so much care are not meeting with any great degree of popularity in the agricultural districts where it was assumed that they would find considerable support. Should the bills be enacted into law it would create in the office of the Tax Commission, the largest Bureau in the state—an expensive Bureau. Examine one of the bills and this fact is not apparent. Individually the bills are innocent enough, but collectively they spell expense with a capital "E." It seems, too, that any line of reasoning which puts farmers in a class having no net income, or very little, is erroneous. Farmers have their ups and downs but to infer that they do not have taxable incomes is to betray a knowledge of the fact that the farmer is not to be fooled into believing that he will escape not only a tax on his trees but payment of income taxes as well. It was only a short while ago that this tax commission had to fight to keep itself from being abolished. Here now it pops up with a scheme to make itself not only a nuisance but a *Bureau* with a large staff of clerks and field agents. Just another expense, just another scheme to secure more money to spend. That the legislature will give the bills a nice, quiet sleep appears certain.

What can be done to dispose of billboards? Lovers of New Hampshire scenery are perplexed. It matters not what move is made to drive the unsightly signs from the roadsides, their numbers grow with surprising rapidity. Some one has said that legislation driving out the billboards cannot be enacted because of the reason that so many legislators are benefited by the moneys paid for the use of the land on which the signs are erected. Some day a legislature will be convened which will place New Hampshire interests and value of unobstructed landscapes above the love of individual gain.

* * * *

Speaking of billboard advertising. How truthful some of it really is. Take, for instance, the cigarette advertising. One of the manufacturers claim that the smoker of his brand would "walk a mile" for that particular cigarette. Quite true, if not quite exact. The cigarette smoker, the confirmed cigarette smoker, will walk a mile for a cigarette, not necessarily any particular brand. He walks a mile for his cigarette for exactly the same reason as the drug addict walks a mile for his cocaine. "Ask dad—he knows."

* * * *

Government reports emanating from Washington show that New Hampshire had the lowest death rate in 1928 from Tuberculosis in all of the New England States. This is an accomplishment of which the state may be proud. It is an accomplishment that must be gratifying to the New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association and its hard working, efficient, sacrificing executive Secretary, Dr. Robert B. Kerr. In view of all the work that is being done to eradicate tuberculosis it is strange that on the same day in the legislature an appropriation asked for tuberculosis work was cut from $25,000 to $10,000, and a quarter of a million dollars voted for new buildings at the State Hospital. It is right to provide for the unfortunates at the State Hospital—also that we stamp out Tuberculosis.

* * * *

Mr. Deschenes of the Manchester Finance Committee threw a bombshell into the Queen City official group before he departed these shores on a trip to European climes. Mr. Deschenes claimed that the city budget could be reduced $300,000 but did not follow up his claim with any constructive program. Later it developed that he had an idea that the salaries of the school teachers, fire department, etc., could be reduced to a sum sufficient to enable the saving he had mentioned. He also, it appears, entertained the opinion that Chief Healy, of the police department, had passed beyond the stage of usefulness. Queer thing about critics of Manchester affairs. Always it is quite noticeable that the critic attacks the Amoskeag Mills and Chief Healy. Manchester people have become so accustomed to these attacks that they cease to be interesting. It is the way of the small critic to attack something big, therefore it is not at all strange that Chief Healy who is rated as one of the most efficient police heads in the United States is coupled with the Amoskeag Mills, the largest manufacturing establishment of its kind in the world, in the minds of these same small critics. Mr. Deschenes, himself a good business man, could expend his time to better advantage in devising a plan to consolidate certain works of the departments and save the city of Manchester considerable overhead expense, but even then he could not point out a saving to the amount he claims.

New Hampshire Necrology

HERBERT B. MOULTON

Herbert B. Moulton, born in Lyman, N. H., July 5, 1846; died in Lisbon, December 26, 1928.

He was the son of James and Betsy Bigelow (Titus) Moulton, and a descendant of Thomas Moulton who came from England in 1637 and settled in Newbury, Mass. He was educated only in the district school, and was reared to hard labor on the farm. When he was 17 years of age his father was killed by a falling tree, leaving a widow with eight children; but young Moulton stood loyally by his mother in carrying on the farm work and keeping the home, of which in later years he became the owner. He commenced business on his own account while living on the home farm, as a cattle broker, and during his entire life took much interest in cattle and in farming generally; but became active and prominent in important business enterprises.

Upon the reorganization of the Parker and Young Company of Lisbon, after its plant had been burned in 1891, he became a director and was subsequently elected treasurer and general manager of the company which conducted one of the most important business enterprises in northern New Hampshire. At the time of his death he was president of the Company, which owned extensive properties in different parts of the county, including the great plant formerly owned by J. E. Henry and Sons, at Lincoln. He was also president of the Lisbon Manufacturing Co., and of the Lisbon Savings Bank and Trust Company, of which he was an incorporator. He had resided in Lisbon in the later years of his life, had built a fine hotel and conducted many lines of business, and gave many generous benefactions. He left the bulk of his large fortune in trust for the towns of Lisbon and Lyman.

He was a Democrat in politics, and while living in Lyman served one term as a member of the House of Representatives, and later two terms from Lisbon. In 1872 he was chosen a member of the Executive Council, serving under Gov. John B. Smith. He was active and prominent in the Masonic order.

Mr. Moulton married first, Caroline L. Foster of Littleton, who died in 1922. A year later he married Nell T. Lang of Bath who survives, as do two brothers, Albert G. of Littleton, and Harvey of Long Beach, California.

MARY GRACE CALDWELL

Mary Grace Caldwell, born in Concord, May 6, 1867; died in Wellesley, Mass., December 12, 1928.

She was the daughter of Henry and Mary L. (Brown) Caldwell, and was educated in the Concord high school and Wellesley College, graduating from the latter in 1895. She taught Latin for a time in the Concord high school, and later in Plainsfield, N. J., after which she was associated with the teaching staff at the celebrated Dana Hall school in Wellesley, remaining through life, where she was held in the highest esteem and commanded the affectionate regard of all connected with the institution.

She is survived by her mother who resides in Wellesley, and by an uncle, Edmond H. Brown of Penacook, where was her home in youth and where she retained her membership in the First

Baptist church. She was treasurer of the Wellesley Teachers' club and a member of the Angora Society of Wellesley College.

EVA BEEDE ODELL

Eva Beede Odell, born in Meredith, November 28, 1852; died in Sandown, December 13, 1928.

She was the daughter of John W. and Caroline Frances (Fogg) Beede and was educated in the Meredith schools, Tilton Seminary and Wellesley College. She spent many years in teaching in Tilton Seminary, Montpelier and Poultney, Vt. Academies, Kent's Hill, Me, and the Centenary Collegiate Institute at Hackettstown, N. J. She had travelled extensively in this country and Europe, and lectured much upon her travels, and was the author of two charming little volumes of folk-lore and a volume of poems. She was a member of the New Hampshire's Daughters Society of Boston, and a frequent writer for newspapers and magazines.

On November 21, 1906, she married Rev. Willis P. Odell of Sandown a prominent Methodist clergyman (now chaplain of the House of Representatives) who survives.

JABEZ H. STEVENS

Jabez Howes Stevens, born in Newmarket, July 26, 1857; died in Durham, December 22, 1928.

He was the son of Nathaniel and Elizabeth T. (York) Stevens, and was educated in the Durham public schools, Franklin Academy, Dover, and Bryant and Stratton's Commercial College, Manchester. He was engaged in the hay trade for some time in Durham, but for many years past had been a traveling salesman for the International Harvester Co., of America.

He was a Republican and active in politics in town and county affairs. He had been tax collector, selectman (chairman of the board) Representative in 1895, deputy sheriff, and for two terms, from 1898, Commissioner for Strafford County. He was a member of the Masons, Odd Fellows, Elks and Patrons of Husbandry. He married, first, Ada J. Drew of Strafford, N. H., Feb. 10, 1879. She died October 24, 1903. On November 2, 1904, he married Marguerite M. G. Thompson of Portland, Me., by whom he is survived, with one daughter by his first wife, Mrs. Walter J. Dunlap of Portland, Me.

FRANK H. BROWN

Frank H. Brown, born in Claremont, Feb. 2, 1854; died there December 21, 1928.

He was the son of Oscar J. and Lavinia (Porter) Brown and was educated at the Stevens High school in Claremont, Dartmouth college and Boston University School of Law, graduating from the latter in 1876, in which year he was admitted to the bar in both Massachusetts and New Hampshire. After some time in Concord, he settled in practice in his native town and there continued. He was organizer and counsel for the Claremont Railway and Lighting Company, and counsel for various corporations. He was a Republican in politics and served as moderator, member of the high school committee; member of the House of Representatives in 1901, 1903 and 1905, and was solicitor for Sullivan county from 1899 to 1907 and from 1909 to 1913.

He married, October 9, 1887, Susan Farwell Patten of Claremont, by whom he is survived, with one daughter, Mrs. Harmon Newell of Claremont.

MRS. MARY C. WOODS

Mrs. Mary C., widow of the late Hon. Edward Woods of Bath and daughter of the late John L. Carleton, also an eminent lawyer of Bath, died on December 12, having just passed her 85th birthday.

Her death removed the eldest representative of four of the leading families of Bath, Goodall, Hutchins, Carleton and Woods. She had passed most of her life with her late husband in the old homestead of her father-in-law, the late Chief Justice Andrew L. Woods. Her mother was a daughter of Ira Goodall, and a sister of the late Mrs. Julia Carpenter, wife of Chief Justice Alonzo P. Carpenter. She had resided of late in the home of her daughter, Mrs. Amos N. Blandin, Sr., and had been in apparently good health up to within a short time of her decease. Her funeral brought together a notable group of her kindred, the bearers including Thomas Smith Woods, her eldest son, treasurer of the Bingham Mining Co., of Boston, Representative Amos N. Blandin, Sr., her son-in-law, Amos N. Blandin, Jr., of Concord, a grandson, Justice George Hutchins Bingham, a nephew, presiding judge of the United States Circuit court of appeals of Manchester, and Paul Glover, treasurer of the Indian Stream Corporation, a grandson-in-law.

ABIAL ABBOTT

Abial Abbott, born in West Concord, October 17, 1843, died there in the home of his daughter, Mrs. Robert Henry, December 21, 1928.

He was the son of Simeon and Mary (Farnum) Abbott, and a descendant, on both sides, of leading families among the first settlers of Concord. He was a Civil War veteran, having served in the Fifth N. H. Heavy Artillery, and was the last surviving member of W. J. Davis Post, G. A. R. of West Concord. He was one of the oldest firemen in New England, having enrolled as a member of Cataract Engine Co., of West Concord, sixty-eight years ago, of which company he had been captain. He was a Mason and a member of the West Concord Congregational church. Aside from his daughter and five grandchildren, he leaves a sister, Miss Rebecca C. Abbott, and a brother, Andrew C. Abbott.

JOHN G. M. GLESSNER

John G. M. Glessner, born in Chicago, Ill., October 2, 1871; died in Concord, N. H. January 10, 1929.

He was the son of John and Frances (Macbeth) Glessner, and was educated in the Chicago schools and at Harvard University. He came as a child with his parents to New Hampshire as a summer visitor, and was later associated with his father, who established an estate known at "The Rocks", and where he himself had his home for more than 20 years past. He entered into the business life of the community, and engaged actively in politics as a Republican, representing the town of Bethlehem several terms in the State Legislature, first in 1913 and last in 1927. In 1915 he was appointed a member of the Board of Trustees of State Institutions, and served as Secretary of the Board.

He was a trustee of the Littleton Savings Bank. He was also a member of the Passaconaway and Wonolancet clubs of Concord and the St. Botolph club of Boston.

Burial was at Bethlehem, where the funeral was held on Monday, January 14, the services being conducted by Bishop John T. Dallas of the Episcopal church. Burial was in the village cemetery.

He is survived by his wife, who was formerly Miss Alice Hamblin, and at

one time Republican National Committee woman for New Hampshire; three daughters, Elizabeth, Frances and Emily, and one son, John G. Glessner.

CHARLES W. GARLAND

Charles W. Garland, born in Rye, N. H., April 6, 1843; died in Madera, California, December 12, 1928.

He was the son of John C. and Elizabeth (Speed) Garland, and in early youth went to Atchinson, Kansas where he engaged in the printing trade, but soon went to Salt Lake and later to California. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he enlisted with the First Oregon Cavalry and served through the war. Subsequently he went to Colorado, and later to Texas, where at Jefferson he established the *Jeffersonian* newspaper, served in various county offices and became a major in the militia. He studied law, was admited to the bar, and became assistant district attorney. Subsequently he practiced law and published a newspaper in Arkansas City, Arkansas, where he was also judge of probate. He removed to Oklahoma when the state was opened to settlement, where he served in various official capacities; but removed to Madera, California, a few years ago.

He is survived by a widow, a daughter, a grandson and great-grandson.

JAMES O. GERRY

James O. Gerry, born in Stewartson, January 9, 1845; died in Madison, January 17, 1929.

He was the son of George W. and Mary (Mooney) Gerry and removed to Madison in early life, where he was educated in the public schools. He was a farmer, merchant and lumberman, a Democrat in politics, and long one of the leaders of the party in Carroll county. He served in various town offices, in the House of Representatives—the last time in 1927—as deputy sheriff and register of deeds, and in the State Senate in 1911. He is survived by a widow, with whom he celebrated their 52nd wedding anniversary, March 20, 1928, and by three sons, Edwin J., Bertwill P. and Leon O. Gerry, the latter being deputy N. H. bank commissioner.

MARY G. THORNE

Mary G. Thorne, born in Tremont, Ill., April 8, 1852; died in Concord, N. H., January 19, 1929.

She was the daughter of Nathaniel G. and Lesia Jane (Lovejoy) Nichols; was educated at Normal University, Bloomington, Ill., and married Deacon John C. Thorne, July 8, 1873, since which time her home has been in Concord, and she has been most active and prominent in religious, charitable and civic life. She was an active member of the First Congregational church; was for some years president of its Woman's Board of Foreign Missions, and organized its Young Peoples Missionary Society, as well as its Y. M. C. A. Auxiliary and aided largely in raising funds for the Concord, Y. M. C. A. building. She was for many years president of the Ladies Social Circle of the church; was president of the Concord Female Charitable Society from 1902 to 1905, president of the Concord Women's Club, from 1915 to 1917, and a life member and trustee of the New Hampshire Memorial Hospital for Women and Children. She was largely instrumental in the organization of the Concord Chapter of the American Red Cross, and of the Concord Friendly club. She represented the Concord Woman's club at the Thirteenth Biennial Convention, in New York and

was a member of the Forestry Committee of the N. H. Federation. She was a member of the N. H. Historical Society, the conference of Charities and Correction, the Society for the Protection of N. H. Forests, the District Nursing Association, the W. C. T. U., and the charity organization now the Family Welfare Society.

She had been in ill health for some time past. She is survived by her husband, Deacon John C. Thorne, and an adopted daughter, Mrs. Elsie Thorne Noyes.

Man Lives

DOROTHY LORD

Did you ever look in the heart of a rose
In the later part of June?
Did you ever look at that same little flower
When the frost has come too soon?
Did you ever stop to think of its life,
And how it strains toward the light?
And when at last it reaches its prime
It's struck by a cruel wintry blight.
Its life is the same as that of a man,
In the early life—the bloom—
And then the frost like evil that comes
And hurries him on to his doom.
But the man has his God and the love centered 'round,
While the rose has nothing and falls to the ground.

Firelight Reveries in Old New England

HARRY ELMORE HURD

There is something about a fire running out its tongue,
Like an angry adder hissing in a smutty cave,
That brings the dear dead days that were to mind again
When North Storm, wrapped in his white cloak, came down the road
And pressed his thin blue nose against the frosted pane,
His chapped cheeks puffing out in noisy gusts of breath
But without power to cool the love within the house.

There is something about the drowsy voice of lazy flames
Like old contented cats who reach the purring point,
Or like the whirring songs of busy spinning wheels
Treadled swiftly to the mother-melody
That tucked the world's hope in his trundle-bed,
A tune that lingered like a tempting sweet
Upon the lips of one who worked with joyful heart.

There is something glad about up-leaping yellow flames,
Commingled with the violet shades of early dusk,
That calls to mind the homespun tasks of men,
The hours when farmers strain warm cans of creamy milk
And lower them into the icy depths of wells,
Then swing the barn door bar together with a whang,
While stanchioned cattle shake their chains like galley slaves.

There is something about the moon on leafless lilac tops
Beyond the magic circle of a ruddy hearth
That makes me wish to drag a stiff old ladder-back
Up to the flames, while someone reads the worn, brown Book
And talks to God about life's little family things
Before the last sconced candle's light is snuffed
And only stars remain to cheer the darkened world.

M. Gale Eastman

Education and Agriculture

M. GALE EASTMAN
Professor of Agricultural Economics, University of New Hampshire

NEW HAMPSHIRE is a small state in many ways. Geographically it lacks five places of being the smallest in the Union. From the agricultural standpoint only a comparatively small proportion of its land is in farms with a smaller percentage, still, of the farm land susceptible to tillage. Its twenty thousand farms are indeed a small number out of nearly six and one half million in the United States; or even in comparison to ten times as many in states like New York and Iowa.

From such a situation there arise difficulties in the administration of an agricultural college. Like churches in communities of too small potential congregations, roads through territory of too few taxpayers, and doctors whose patients would have to be all sick all of the time to afford them a reasonable excuse for claiming a livelihood, the agricultural college may suffer in serving a state of few farms because a normal contribution of students may be a smaller number than seems desirable from the institutional standpoint. And yet the farmer does more than his share in contributing to public expenses, and lives under conditions where the pleasures and satisfactions to be derived from a changed civilization may accrue less timely if at all. Electric current would relieve the farm home of much drudgery in caring for poorer kinds of light while eliminating some of the inefficiency in lighting and use of eyes, and in the barn would provide not only less hazardous lighting but power for small machines, so effective in doing monotonous jobs which are peculiar to the farm business. And yet the farmer is seriously handicapped in getting the use of this servant. The city man provides fixtures to get the use of current but the public is content so far to let the farmer buy a whole long line back to the nearest village or city. Some day we shall have more public spirit.

Much progress has been made during recent years in equalization of expenses in education so that a reasonable elementary education is not prohibitory or its source practically unavailable to the rural boy and girl. Surely we must guard against further handicaps to our rural population, already subject to little danger from over-inspiration, by making sure that those who wish may secure an adequate college training at our State University.

The adjustment of organizations to meet decreasing registrations is not peculiar to New Hampshire or to other small institutions although the disadvantages may disproportionally outweigh the advantages in a small college as compared to a large one. The personnel of our State Agricultural Colleges has usually devoted a part of its time to research and service work in the Experiment Station and this has made possible the maintenance of more specialists on the teaching staff than might otherwise have been feasible for a given sized student body.

But supposing we actually need more agricultural students in our university in order to maintain an efficient and economic organization. What can or should be done about it? Certainly we must be guided by two fundamental principles: (1) The institution exists for students;

not students for the institution. We must not use the argument, nor let it cloud our thought, that the institution needs a student regardless of his best interests. (2) So long as we have a single student at the Agricultural College, he has a right not only to sit in the presence of a reasonably well trained group of instructors but to receive from them the best they have to offer. If we cannot offer better or cheaper training, and preferably both, than the student can get elsewhere; then we must fail in our function.

Theoretically a small institution may give the best of direction to students in its close and personal contacts between the one who tries to give and the one who should receive, but there are some dangers. Too many and too varied courses may detract from the inspiration of the teacher. Reckoning by cost per unit of service we may be influenced to curtail unduly the expenditure for personnel. Preparation for teaching five students may take as much time and possibly be more irksome than for fifty.

Again in comparison with some fundamental subjects, agriculture is dynamic —subject to change, and changing. The one who teaches must also be a student. We sometimes introduce the science of agriculture as young and the art as old. Whether we differentiate clearly between art and science at all times is not so clear as the fact that some phases, at least, of agricultural development are extremely remote in origin. Farm animals were domesticated before the advent of historical records, excepting perchance the turkey, indicating that experience in animal husbandry is far from novel with the human race. But recent developments in machinery, production methods, transportation, communication, etc., have evolved changes in agricultural activity scarcely less than revolutionary. As farmers, we are all in the midst of this maelstrom. For example, our own nation in something like a century has changed from nearly all farmers to the liberating of two thirds of our people to perfect and finish, to tend and serve, while one third produces more from the soil, seemingly, than is warranted by demand. All of which means that a teacher, even in the most elementary agricultural subjects, must be keenly and consciously up to date.

With additional funds for research, especially the Purnell, some institutions have attempted to meet the exigencies of the situation by allowing a man to teach only a few courses for a fraction of the year and devote the remainder of his time to research along similar lines. First hand contacts in this way with practical problems in the field must contribute much to the teacher's stock in trade for directing student endeavors, and possibly some crystallization of ideas and lessening of monotony may accrue to the research man from occasional discussions with students. Insofar as an attempt is made to divide the year rather than the term beween research and teaching it seems logical to hope for some success along this line in bringing better and more varied personnel to the agricultural teaching staff than might otherwise be justified.

It is of interest to compare our own registration figures with those of some other similar institutions in the country. In the first place Table I indicates that the decrease in registration experienced in New Hampshire is not an isolated case. The registration of all four-year agricultural students in the country at similar institutions had decreased following the depression which started in 1920 until it had lost one-fourth its

number by 1925-26. Our registration nearly doubled from 1914-15 to 1919-20 and then fell off only 5% in 1925-26. However, the New Hampshire registration has fallen this year to 75% of the 1919-20 number while the United States figure is not yet available. Without trying to analyze these figures too critically it is significant to note that our declining number of students is not an isolated or peculiar case. Between 1914-15 and 1924-25 New York State College at Cornell reduced its quota of agricultural students by just about one half.

TABLE I

Registration of Four-Year Agricultural Students

	1914-15		1919-20		1925-26		1928-29	
	No.	Pct.	No.	Pct.	No.	Pct.	No.	Pct.
United States	14,985	101	14,791	100	11,127	75		
New Hampshire	71	56	126	100	120	95	94	75

Furthermore, the registration at New Hampshire in proportion to farm population and farm property when compared with other states does not indicate any serious trouble with either the University or with the people's desire for agricultural training. As compared to the whole United States, New Hampshire has over three times as many students per 1000 farm people and over five times as many in proportion to its farm property. It is not surprising that the United States suffers in comparisons, for states like New York, Pennsylvania, even Iowa, as well as North Dakota and California, and Florida, some of which, if not all, we might expect to show up differently, fall considerably or markedly below the quota of New Hampshire. These sample figures are shown in Table II.

Such figures are offered in order that we may take account of stock and not feel too pessimistic in the belief that ours is an unprecedented case, an institution not at all adequately meeting its obligations or satisfying the needs of its constituents. From here we may pass to the question of who ought to take an agricultural course, and it seems necessary to emphasize the fact that the purpose of this article is not to advocate an agricultural course, necessarily, or farm

TABLE II

Enrollments in Agriculture Courses in Proportion to State Agricultural Resources

	Average Enrollment '19-'20 to '23-'24	Enrollments per 1000 farm pop.	Enrollments per 1000 farms	Enrollments per $1,000,000 worth farm property
United States	14,097	.53	2.55	.19
New Hampshire	126	1.66	6.15	1.07
New England*				
Maine	108	.54	2.24	.40
Vermont	63	.50	2.16	.28
Massachusetts	457	3.84	14.27	1.52
Connecticut	251	2.70	11.10	1.11
Rhode Island	42	2.83	10.40	2.25
Average	184	2.08	7.63	.91
New York	812	1.01	4.21	.43
Pennsylvania	612	.65	3.05	.36
Iowa	1,102	1.12	5.16	.13
North Dakota	82	.21	1.06	.05
California	557	1.08	4.73	.16
Florida	114	.61	2.78	.37

*Agricultural Colleges in New England, particularly Massachusetts and Connecticut, include in their registration figures many students which render these comparisons of doubtful value. For example, the Class of 1928 at the Massachusetts Agricultural College had 95 students in such courses as Landscape Gardening, Chemistry, and Rural Social Science, so that only 25 out of a total class of 120 were taking the courses directly associated with farm production.

life even, for every farm boy. My strongest statement in this respect would be to urge that everything possible be done to take away all stigma of shame or inferiority from one who might have a special aptitude or desire to farm and who otherwise through false pride, or shame, or lack of faith in his job might spend a lifetime elsewhere of less service to his fellowmen and of less satisfaction to himself.

Why don't farm boys take the agricultural course? At least, why shouldn't they if they go to college at all?

There have been some disillusions. Education is no royal road to agricultural prosperity. It helps as with most businesses but it does not guarantee.

Education hasn't always sent a boy back to the farm. It may do the opposite, and in that fact may be its justification. For surely, if there are seven sons not all can expect to find employment with the father on the home acres. And if there are unprofitable situations in the state emphasized by changing economic conditions, must we assume that no student ever originates there, or that having been born there he can never be taught the disadvantages? In other words, education, per se, does not improve the farm the student was brought up on—it may teach him to use his energy to better advantage than in trying to improve it. Would you risk it, if you had a boy?

Education doesn't seem to change economic conditions. We have just produced too many potatoes the third year in succession; and the acreage in potatoes is a comparatively easy thing to control. The beef tide of over and under production not only continues to ebb and flow with consistent regularity, but every time it gets high in price it gets higher than it ever was before and every time it strikes bottom it drives the bottom down a little farther. But civilization is changing, more farm products have to be transported and at greater distances to reach the consumer, and transportation per unit of distance costs more. Perhaps education does make the fluctuations less than they otherwise would be and it is only in spite of education that they change as they do.

TABLE III

Land and Buildings

	Values per Acre			Index Value		
	1910	1920	1925	1910	1920	1925
United States	$39.60	$69.38	$53.52	100	175	135
New England	36.45	54.00	57.11	100	148	157
New Hampshire	26.44	34.56	38.30	100	131	145
Middle Atlantic	56.56	73.99	74.68	100	131	132
New York	53.78	69.07	70.95	100	128	132
East North Central	75.25	126.87	97.77	100	169	130
Ohio	68.62	113.18	87.57	100	165	128
West North Central	49.92	95.22	66.64	100	191	133
Iowa	96.00	227.09	148.87	100	237	155
Pacific	42.28	83.16	82.85	100	197	196
California	51.93	104.67	114.57	100	202	221

And then, it takes a lot of educating to change human nature. We are prone to believe that things as they are today must always so continue. A glance at Table III indicates that farmers in Iowa thought in 1920 that grain prices had got the habit and would always remain high, for they bid the price of land up to 237% of its pre-war price. Had they realized that corn might change between two sea-

sons from over 200% to less than 100% of the pre-war price, their offers for land would have been less active and the 155% level of land prices in 1925 would have been a less painful result.

So, when farming is prosperous, students take the agricultural course. A depression period reflects much on college registrations, partly because education for farming is deemed hardly worth while and quite as much because farm money is scarce for such purposes. And when beef cattle are so plenty that the business is a poor one because of low prices, the farmers do not invest energy or money in the beef business. Then, of course, beef gets high, and because no one is prepared to put much on the market it gets higher. About this time city people and the newspapers and magazines begin to take a sudden interest in agriculture—at first critical, then solicitous. "What's the matter with American farmers?" "If the farmers can't control the situation, let's legislate in their behalf." For the majority of our people are especially interested in over-production; the railroads, because they get so much per unit for transporting big crops; the consumer, because things can be bought cheaply; the middleman, and especially the retailer, because when the product is plenty and low in price, each takes a larger margin of profit per unit sold. "We never miss the water 'till the well runs dry" and the well begins to run dry in agriculture when the conditions are such that they favor the farmer. Then prices, instead of being ruinously low for the producer, start going up and consumers take account of the fact that they are dependent on farm products and begin to wonder what can be done to help rural conditions. This is just the time when consumers should worry least; for every farmer knows how to produce more crops, and stimulated by high prices will bend every effort to spoil his market by over-production.

Agriculture is a pretty important business. The farmer feeds the world. How trite! Up to a century ago the world had a population, as nearly as could be determined, of 850,000,000 people. Malthus had published his essay which attempted to explain an apparently approaching food shortage by stating that peoples tend to increase in geometric ratio, 2-4-8-16 etc., while the food supply increases only in arithmetic ratio, 2-4-6-8, etc. This met with severe criticism because kingdoms, either on earth or in heaven, depended for their success presumably on numbers, either to fight for or to inherit. Since then the world has become smaller in many ways which need not be enumerated here, but not in population. Our calendar is nearly 2,000 years old; we have a little recorded history that goes back some 10,000 years; and we have geologists who tell us about "ice ages", one some 52,000 years ago, a second one 100,000 years previous, still further back some 250,000 years another one, and others too. Somewhere back in "geological time" there seems to have been unearthed the jawbone of a man, which leads to the conclusion that the only thing we know concerning the time when man first stood up on his hind legs to reach for food is that it was a long time ago. It is significant to realize that down through the ages up to about the year 1800 his offspring had increased and multiplied to something less than eight times the number of people in the United States today and that in the short space of one hundred years later the number had been practically doubled. The explanation lies perchance in such characteristics of civilization as medicine, sanitation, and food supply.

Our "Middle West" has made the most phenomenal contribution to the larder that the world has ever experienced. We knew there was a middle west more than one hundred years ago but had not learned to use it. We had no machinery to develop it on a large scale. We had no railroads. Some armchair philosopher had made certain statements about the iron plow that were disconcerting. We were fearful lest it might "poison" the soil. And similar folklore indicated that a prairie country could be developed at best into nothing but pasture or hay land—it could never be induced to support a high type of cash crop farming. After struggling with agriculture among the hills and valleys of the Atlantic seaboard until we had literally burned, girdled and hewn enough of the forest into subjection to afford a sight of the level, treeless plains to the west, we could not trust our own sense of sight. Even appearances must be deceitful. And as late as 1862 when the Homestead Act was passed by Congress our greatest concern as a nation was to get people on this land as dwellers there. Land was advertised and given away; the only restriction being that the recipient should try to live on it.

But a people can learn and change much in a hundred years. Our attitude toward the Middle West has changed. We have used it, developed it, even to the extent of building cities there. We have built many cities, and rebuilt them, until only about one-third of our people are directly concerned with agricultural production. A little handful of the world's producers do we represent and yet what a contribution is ours. Of all the agricultural laborers in the world the United States comprises only about four per cent, one-twentieth. Its contribution? Not less than 70 per cent of all the corn produced in the world annually, 60 per cent of the cotton, 50 per cent of the tobacco, 25 per cent of the oats, and hay, 20 per cent of the wheat and flax and so on. Only in rye and rice does its production of 2 or 3 per cent fall below its proportion of workers. We also produce about 23 per cent of the hogs in the world and the increase alone in cattle in the United States for twenty-five years following 1867 was equal to all the cattle today in the United Kingdom, France, Italy, Australia and Canada combined.

We live in a wonderful country. Agriculture, even, is a phenomenal business here. Like many another development of civilization it is complicated too, and takes all the brains "out doors" to keep it in any kind of adjustment for the good of mankind. With the advent of the 20th century we have revived our discussion of the Malthusian doctrine. We have discussed Alaska and the tropics as possible areas for exploitation. But if we as eaters are catching up with ourselves as producers, how can we have depression periods in agriculture and everybody lay it to over-production? China could not understand it, never yet having had enough to eat. There would be difficulty in convincing the government of India that a country can suffer from over-production in these times. All the food, clothing, shelter, and other comforts, as well as pleasures, that the average Indian shares in a year can be bought in America with United States money for about seventeen dollars. There are doubtless many farmers in New Hampshire who seldom, if ever, get their labor incomes out of the red, but to find one who lives on seventeen dollars a year is quite another problem. If our agriculture suffers it is in comparison with other businesses in this country, not

with living conditions in other countries. We have difficulty in believing that half the world goes to bed hungry every night.

But we had a world war which upset even the "best laid plans o' mice and men." There were depression periods following the Napoleonic wars in England, the war of 1812 and the Civil war in America. The only peculiarity of the present situation following the Armistice of 1918 is its intensity and seriousness. The general trend is almost identical with that resulting from the Civil war. One time and another more countries have been affected and price discrepancies have been more distorted, due largely, in agriculture at least, to the results of advancing civilization, the concentration of population in cities, the longer hauls of bulky food products, the increased costs of transportation. Let us look at the price levels in Fig. 1. It does not take a skilled statistician to interpret the fact that if prices were reasonably normal before the war they were not only profoundly affected during the war but in the decline since have developed serious discrepancies in relationships. Of course farm prices went up rapidly and had a tendency to lead all other groups of prices so that farmers got a temporary advantage in this way, largely due to a lag in wages. When the government pegged the price of wheat as a war measure it recognized the danger of soaring farm prices for the consumer, but in seasons since when corn in Iowa has averaged less than its cost for at least a couple of years there has been no sufficient excuse for government aid to the producers. In 1925 retail prices recovered considerably, indicating some adjustment in supply and demand, presumably a decrease in visible supplies, and have held up until at the present time they are practically equal to the cost of living index at about 170. This suggests that supply and demand functioning to register a retail price are fairly well adjusted; that the consumer in response to the present supply is willing to take food at about the same price he pays for other costs of living. This adjustment has taken place largely through the farmer's efforts in slowly but surely curtailing production and through a gradual increase in population. It will continue in the same direction. The farmer receives, at any given time, the retail price less the cost of processing, handling, and transporting. Due to the high cost of transportation, the farm price of food products is only about 50% above pre-war, while taxes, wages, machinery and other things the farmer buys are higher. A poor crop year, which occasionally results from drought or other natural conditions might bring this adjustment immediately. Under any conditions it will doubtless eventually go too far. Then we shall have very high prices for retail food, a greater measure of prosperity for the farmers and much concern among the majority of people as to what can be done to acquaint our farmers with better methods of production. About the only justification for a McNary-Haugen bill or other emergency farm relief would seem to be in preventing a natural corrective from going too far. Any general aid to insure farming against depression periods, rather than cure them after they have happened, should be welcomed at any time in the should be welcomed at any time in the interests of consumers as well as producers.

In the light of all this, very briefly, what about our attitude toward agricultural education? Does it pay?

All education pays and for the farmers as well as for others. Education pays

dividends in satisfaction, and it pays in dollars and cents. There are exceptions enough to prove the rule, perhaps. Brains are not made, they are only cultivated. Education is one of the few things in which realization suffers little by comparision with anticipation. The preacher wishes he had been a teacher; the blacksmith wishes he had been a dentist. Other jobs than mining fail to "pan out" experimentally as good as the theoretical picture. We do not see the disadvantages of the other fellow's job until we try to make a living at it. But few are the people who are sorry they got an education. Their regret is not that they got too much, but too little. Seldom indeed can a question be formulated that brings unanimously as favorable a response from the rank and file of human beings as the one in relation to schooling.

TABLE IV

Education and Labor Income in Jefferson County N. Y.

	Dis. School	High School
Number of Farmers	292	112
Average Age	51	49
Av. Labor Income	$464	$761

That education pays dividends in dollars and cents has been indicated statistically in many ways and under many conditions. There is little confusion in farm surveys—they point decidedly to the advantages of an education. Some four hundred farms in Jefferson county, New York, are shown in Table IV sorted by the school attendance of the owners. The high school group was not all graduates but all had attended for a term or more. Many similar tabulations have been made in different parts of the country. The high school group indicates a net increase of some $300 over the group with less schooling. This is equal to $5000 invested at 6% for the working years, at least, of the ones concerned, or it can be multiplied by twenty as a probable number of years that the farmers will actively carry on the business. Another widely quoted tabulation is from some cost accounting records for New York farms. These farms were, of course, highly selected, for only well trained and very ambitious farmers will keep complete cost account records for even one year. These were divided into three groups: agricultural college graduates, winter course students, and those having no agricultural college training. (This last group did have some graduates of other colleges than agriculture). The results are shown in Table V. Whether greater success comes from the selection of better farms or from better organization of the farms selected or from some other factor, there is little reason to doubt that education plays some part in shaping the results. The figures submitted in Table V hardly indicate that capital was a deciding factor.

New Hampshire may be named as an average state in certain characteristics. Our farm incomes as a whole will not always compare favorably with the best in other restricted areas of the United States, nor do we rank among the poorer sections. The fact is our showing as a matter of averages would be much higher in the scale of prosperity if we did not insist on farming so many poor farms. If we look at some of the so-called abandoned farms which were being tilled a generation ago we wonder at the possibility; doubtless some still remain in cultivation which would look less attractive if we could get far enough away from them to get a proper perspective. Let us hope the new forestry tax exemption bill may make it possible to find a more attractive use for some of this land. There may be difficulties in settling a

new country, both social and financial, but they wane into insignificance in comparison with all the hardships a larger group of people will endure, the sacrifices they will undertake, and the opportunities they will forego to preserve the acres of their youth. But not always is this the case. Occasionally a poor farm is a good fit, commensurate with the ambitions, standards of living, social desires, and, consequently, needs of its inhabitants. If a man deliberately chooses such a state, there is no argument for change unless possibly that he is contributing to a poor environment for his own or neighbor's children. Table VI shows a few comparisons particularly for incomes and investments between New England farms and Iowa farms under normal conditions previous to the war. The first group of data in this table indicates the condition in respect to nearly half the farms which are the most usual type in each region. The last group of data refers to all the farms.

Considering the capital involved, the most usual situation in regard to labor incomes, and the extreme possibilities both for minus and for plus labor incomes, where, under normal conditions, had you rather exercise your grey matter agriculturally? Then refer again to Table III and note that land values in Iowa have been shifting pretty badly and not always for the best. New England investments in land are still improving*. We shared but nominally in the upward swing of farm prices during the war; we scarcely realize there has been a depression since. Near markets, and the production of milk and eggs which participated little in storing and shipping for the emergencies of war, coupled with the consumption of western grain for their production, helped not only to equalize supply and demand, but profits as well on eastern farms.

TABLE V

New York Farms on which Cost Accounts were kept for the Year 1919

	Agricultural College Graduates	Winter Course Students	No College Training in Agriculture
Number of Farms	10	12	17
Average Capital	$22,225	$24,917	$20,993
Average No. of Cows	18	23	18
Average Labor Income	$3,395	$2,423	$1,135

TABLE VI

Comparison of Survey Figures for 2704 Farms in Iowa with 2777 Farms in New England 1910-1915

	Proportion of Farms	Range of Capital	Labor Incomes
Iowa	44%	$10,000 to $37,500	-$500 to $1000
New England	43%	$2,500 to $12,500	-$250 to $ 500

	Iowa	New England
No. of Farms Making Over $5000	1	6
No. of Farms Making Under -$2000	20	3
No. of Farms Having over $100,000 Capital	26	0
No. of Farms Having over $50,000 Capital	405	3
No. of Farms having under $5000 Capital	15	746

*These statements are made in the interests of understanding, not to cast reflection on conditions elsewhere.

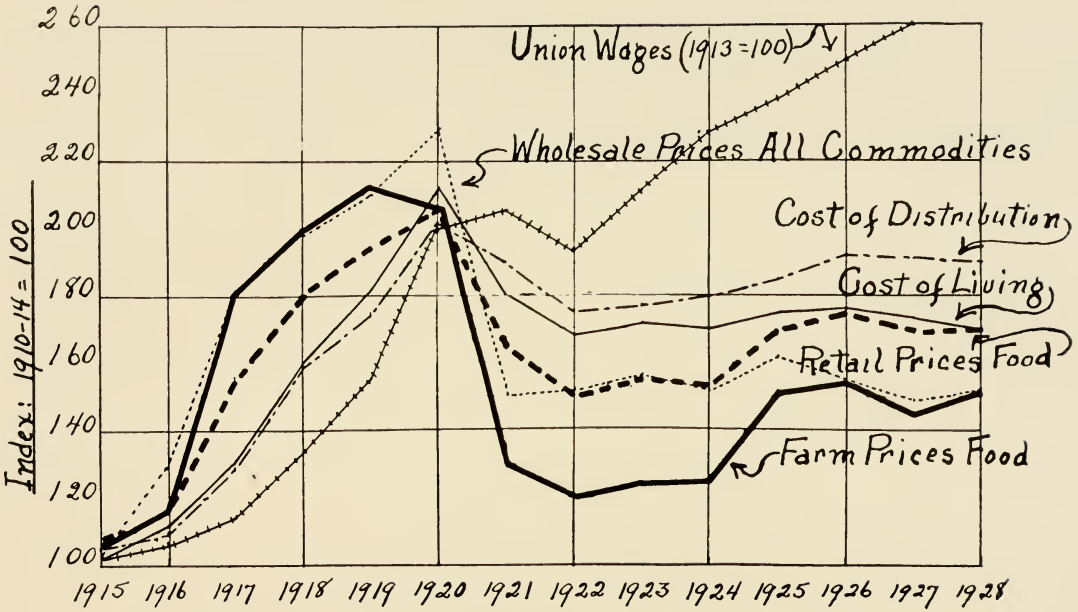


FIGURE 1—PRICES PAID TO FARMERS FOR FOOD, AND RETAIL PRICES OF FOOD; ALSO COST OF LIVING, COST OF DISTRIBUTION, AND UNION WAGES IN THE UNITED STATES EXPRESSED IN INDEX NUMBERS: 1910-14=100.

When the general price level changes, different groups of commodities vary in time and amount of change. When prices went up, farm prices went first, they also led the downward movement and went much lower than other prices. Since 1924 there has been a marked improvement. Supply and demand appear nearly normal now for retail prices of food and cost of living indicate that the consumer is willing to pay as much for food as for clothing and other living expenses. High costs of distribution, however, result in a farm price too low in comparison with wages, taxes, interest costs, etc., which the farmer has to pay.

Farm boys are most interested in agriculture: (a) When they have been brought up on good farms; (b) When agriculture is enjoying at least reasonable prosperity in comparison with other business. Surveys in large colleges have indicated that the lure of other callings is much less seductive when the home farm has been ample in size, well equipped, and reasonably well managed. Almost as surely as we come out of a depression period and want some trained men to carry on the agricultural work of the world, we can not find them. They have not been trained during the adverse conditions. Like the beef cattle, when we want them most and are willing to pay good prices, they are decidedly below par in numbers. The little farm boy in Sunday School objected to the superintendent's discussion of the omnipotence of God by remarking that even He could not make a two-year-old colt in a minute. And four-year college graduates to fill a given demand, are not made in a minute either.

In concluding this article, I desire to offer, if possible, a few constructive suggestions for the good of that group of young people known as farm boys and girls, the group from which leaders will be picked in the near future not only for rural communities but for city organizations as well. History is replete with evidence that they may have the best of endowment both mentally and physically. In the city, neither gymnasium nor manual training can foster physical fitness or develop manual dexterity equal to farm life at its best. Things are not artificial on the farm, they are real. The boy is father of the man; he shares responsibilities and does part of a man's work from the time he is big enough to walk from house to barn. Is there anything that could please him more than to do the things his father does? Should it be possible to find any better environment socially or otherwise in which to give a youngster training? But these words are addressed particularly to the guardians of this group—the ambitious farmers and the agricultural college graduates who have already taken their places in the ranks of leadership.

Let's put our young people straight. Some potential college material has been brought up under the leadership of discouraged parents and on poor farms. In a rapidly changing environment it could hardly be otherwise. The condition can be a fact and the statement cast no reflections. Such boys and girls need to be brought out in the light to recognize their disadvantages, to realize the possibilities of other farms and other regions. Much of this idea the extension club work is attempting. There are other enterprises besides farming for which farm experience and an agricultural college training are demanded. Fertilizer, farm machinery, and grain companies all need agriculturally trained men. Cooperative associations and chain stores need such personnel. Even the banks employ agricultural advisors and clerks, and this practice will increase. Not every farm boy should be a farmer or even take an agricultural course, although certainly a very large percentage of our future farmers should be recruited from this class, and should be educated, but my plea is for freedom of choice which can only come from dispelling unwarranted prejudice and the fostering of a proper mental attitude for the weighing of real values.

Communities of college graduates are coming to alleviate a lot of undesirable conditions in rural life. Not half a hundred families are necessary to start this leaven, say two or three. Once it is

started it will accumulate like a snowball and its advantages will redound economically and socially to all concerned in better roads, schools, churches, and improved conditions of marketing. The most withering blighting influence comes to that young man who all alone tries to lead a decadent community out of its lethargy. His only social reward for success is a grunt from his next door neighbor; his sympathy in misfortune, "I told you so!" Few there are who do not succumb to its effects. How different in the case of a few trained men who vie with one another to get their crops planted first, or in larger acreages, and to get more milk from fewer cows. "Watch us grow" would be a good slogan. Some of these communities are well under way. We have over two hundred of our own graduates from the 4-year and 2-year courses now on farms in this state. There is room for more. And they are coming.

The next thing is a little community spirit; what the psychologist calls class consciousness, possibly. Aren't there things in the country you appreciate? Almost beyond price? Hunt them out and develop them in your mind or elsewhere until your brother who lives in the city turns green with envy. Why not cooperate in planting a few flowers by the door rock? Couldn't you locate a spruce tree in that barren waste known as your door yard? Get one out back of the barn. It will suit the conditions better than one you might buy for twenty-five dollars and is much surer to live and thrive. In fact I am not advocating the employment of a landscape gardener, who mixes more money than he does dirt. That is not the type of project I am recommending. It is your own conception and plan that makes it worth while. You may develop a rural landscape artist in your community. We need many. The other kind that often practice in the country remind me of Rastus and the play. When asked if he remembered the title of the wonderful show, he replied: "I shore does, I done read it on de curtain, 'Asbestos'!" Too many expensive rural landscape designs spell "artificial". Raymond Huse expresses my idea pretty well in his "Confessions of a Wayside Wanderer".

*** "These fine lawns within the city,
Barbered by a sharp machine,
Stiff and stately like a carpet,
I like them because they're green.
* * *

"Stately parks by benefactors
All endowed and primly fixed,
Where some careful landscape-gardener
All the season's wealth has mixed,

"And arranged in plans artistic,
Have their place in life, I know,
For where else could starched nurse maidens,
And policemen have to go?

"But as for me, the woods primeval,
With their reverent twilight hush,
Where no fussy man with hatchet
Has cleaned out the underbrush,

"And dry twigs crack beneath you
As you make your way along
And the partridge drums defiant,
And you hear the wild thrush song!" ***

If there is going to be a tree on the lawn, quite likely you have some idea of where you wish it placed. There, it will be your tree and its location an expression of your individuality. You can get cheap and satisfactory advice also from your wife or your neighbors. In the latter case somebody else might get the planting habit also as well as a neighborly interest in yours. And don't forget the children. You and they might read some books or bulletins on the subject. Fine!

And the children. If we are to have a permanent agriculture, or public institutions, or a civilization even that will last, we must build not for today or to-

morrow, but for the future. Do you expect to have to use main force, a blindfold or handcuffs to get your children off the farm if they never do anything except turn the grindstone and clean out the stable? Give them some interests; advisory, financial, or otherwise. I have memories of participating in indignation meetings myself, after hours, out back of the barn, in which the concensus of opinion was that if the grindstone work did not let up a little pretty soon there would be less boy help in the neighborhood some morning than was expected. Another boy in that group was given a pair of calves which he watched over, cared for, and trained. Some years later they were sold as oxen without his permission and with no commission even to salve his sorrow. He is not farming either.

We chase the "Almighty Dollar" pretty hard. Economists tell us this present society in which we live is what is known as competitive, individual initiative for private gain, etc. Money does seem to be the central interest of life and then finally "we bargain for the graves we lie in." But one of the tragedies of life is that of a person who reaches independence of fortune and has forgotten how to enjoy it, or who never arrives because he fails to recognize such a state. How many things of inestimable value to children the farm affords without expense! How meager the attention so often accorded them! There is truth in the idea that sunsets would be more beautiful if we had to pay for them. My children are not confined to a city street by any means, but they lack many things that were available where I was born.

Think of the frog pond, the artificial result of removing hundreds of loads of muck to apply to the land in a less enlightened past generation. There in the mud and among the lily pads, I learned to swim. To be sure service medals are wanting, the English Channel has not been attempted, but my ability to pen these lines is evidence enough that I always got ashore when the raft broke in two. And there I learned to skate. Again not in fancy lines and curves, or even backwards except by mistake. There was a pine grove where an overbusy mother occasionally took time to accompany a very small group of children on a picnic. Only one more out of many reminiscent spots can be enumerated here: the cupola on the barn. There most grown people and some children dared not go. The stairs had no risers and in some places no railing. The Flatiron Building or the Woolworth Building are much better appointed but they lack something in thrill for me today that only memory can supply. Would you care to state after careful consideration that similar reminiscences do not flood your mind, or that they are the least appealing of your farm home memories?

No one should appreciate better than the humblest economist that a farmer cannot live on the view. An empty stomach usually distorts the perspective. But these things do have their place in life. Having reached the stage of some assurance of a reasonable livelihood, a few people are needed who will take some pride in their farms for the development of one of the best assets to rural life. If the city has some advantages over the country, the country may have many over the city; at least for a class-conscious, country-minded group. The stimulation of the concept and the development of its background would do much to prevent any tendency to undue depletion of our rural communities and to alleviate the social unrest of many an

ambitious rural boy and girl. For at some time in any man's life there must come the realization that one does not live life at its best and fullest by bread alone. Perhaps another token of unrest is the failure of city life to make possible at any price some of these satisfactions peculiar to the country.

Monadnock in Winter

HARRIET M. MILLS

I see thee from my window,
Snow-capped, mountain dear!
In thy solitude of whiteness
Guarding Earth, with Heaven so near.

Sleeping underneath your snowy mantle,
Oh! so white, so pure, so still!
So near thou art to Heaven's altar,
Aught but whiteness, could thou know.

Sleep on! Grand old mountain!
Loved by all the world around,
'Till Winter's sun dispel your dreaming
And fairest Spring-time bids you—Come!
Awake!

The Voice of New Hampshire in the Slave Controversy

CHARLES E. PERRY

THE two most vital concerns of the American people in the fifty years before the Civil War were the gaining of more land until we reached the Pacific, and determining the status of slavery in the terriory thus acquired.

Slavery had already been fastened upon the South through a combination of influences. The use of the cotton gin and the rise of manufacturing in New England following the War of 1812 made it necessary for the South to seek an ever-increasing area suitable for the growing of the downy plant.

Consequently, with every attempt to prepare any portion of our new possessions for admission into the Union as a state, the controversy always arose as to whether it should be organized with or without slavery. As time went on, the strife occasioned by this question became increasingly bitter, until by the middle of the century the situation was becoming desperate. In this period around 1850, we find the names of Daniel Webster, Lewis Cass, John P. Hale, Horace Greeley, Franklin Pierce, and others, conspicuous in the attempts to solve the problems that faced our nation.

It is not always conceded that the earliest years in the lives of prominent men are those of greatest influence. Yet in the writings and sayings of those who are involved in this period, there appears to be no doubt that the impressions gained by each one in the formative years, remained throughout his career to influence his actions.

Who can doubt, when he reads the words of Lewis Cass, uttered when he was seveny-nine years of age, that his boyhood in New Hampshire had laid the foundation of his intense love of the Union and the Constitution? Said he to James A. Garfield[1] when secesssion was threatening: "You remember, young man, that the Constitution did not take effect until nine states had ratified it. My native state was the ninth * * * * when, at last New Hampshire ratified the Constitution, it was a day of great rejoicing. My mother held me, a little boy of six years, in her arms at a window, and pointed to the bonfires that were blazing in the streets of Exeter, and told me that the people were celebrating the adoption of the Constitution. So I saw the Constitution born, and I fear I may see it die."

It does not seem probable that in a time of such stress as prompted him to make this remark, he would have been stirred to refer to any but an experience that had been most stimulating to him.

Without detracting from the previous or subsequent glory of New Hampshire, no other period can boast the influence that was the Granite State's during the controversy over slavery. The exact extent of this influence will probably never be known.

It is of more than passing interest to note that in the year 1852, in the very midst of the turmoil, when there was an abundance of capable material from which to make a selection, no less than four New Hampshire men were candi-

dates for the nomination of their parties. The Democrats, fearing to name Cass because of his defeat in 1848, finally passed over his name to unite on a less brilliant native product, Franklin Pierce. The third man, who sought the nomination by the Whigs, and who wrote their platform, was Daniel Webster. He was forced to stand aside for the military hero, Winfield Scott, the tradition among the Whigs being that only with such a candidate could they exepect to win. Finally, John P. Hale was made the candidate of the dying Free Soil party. The victory of course, was New Hampshire's. But it was a Pyrrhic victory for her prestige. For Pierce's action in signing the Kansas-Nebraska Act was the beginning of the surrender of the Democratic party to the cause of slavery.

The voice of this state was early heard in the question that underlay all others for more than twenty years. Amos Tuck was the first anti-slavery representative to serve in the House, being elected in 1847; and John Parker Hale was the only distinctively anti-slavery Senator, until he was joined two years later, 1849, by Salmon Chase. The only recalcitrant statesman to break the solid front of New Hampshire's stand against slavery, was Charles Gordon Atherton, who, with Horace Greeley, comprised Amherst's gift to the nation. Atherton was the author of the famous "gag" resolution, effective from 1838-1845, declaring that all bills or petitions, of whatever kind, on the subject of slavery, should be tabled without debate, and should not again be taken from the table. This occasioned many bitter efforts by northerners and southerners to have this rule set aside, the most consistent objector being no less a personage than ex-President John Quincy Adams, then a Representative from Massachusetts.

It was an age of rapid change: communication and transportation which had hitherto been unchanged since the time of Caesar, were being revolutionized by the invention of the telegraph and the locomotive. These, coupled with improvements in the printing process, were ushering in the era of a new power,—the power of the press,—which was fast supplanting that other, more glamorous epoch of the spoken word. With this new age, the name of Horace Greeley is inseparable. The Amherst editor was making the *Tribune* a household possession, and his comments on current events were accepted as unquestionably as was the Gospel.

The *Tribune's* challenge to the slave power was stated in unmistakable terms in the issue of Nov. 28, 1844:—"Briefly, then, we stand on the ground of opposition to the annexation of Texas so long as a vestige of slavery shall remain within her borders."[2]

Garrison's *Liberator* never attained a greater circulation than 2500 at its greatest, while the *Tribune's* circulation in January, 1854, was 96,000 for its weekly, and 130,000 for its total issues.[3] The extent to which Greeley's utterances were effective must be judged by these figures.

Greeley was never an Abolitionist in the true sense. He regarded them as radicals, and himself as "conservative by instinct, by tradition * * * * and deprecated the Abolition, or third party in politics, as calculated fatally to weaken the only national organization which was likely to oppose an effective resistance to the * * * * slave power."[4]

His precociousness made the first ten years of his life spent at Amherst doubly significant in estimating its influence on his later life. While it is impossible to attribute his antagonism to

the extension of slavery to the teachings of his mother when he was a child, it is quite within reason to assume that the solitude of an uneventful daily routine on the farm gave to an extremely active mind the opportunity for meditation and deliberation which were to prove so valuable to him in his journalistic career.

The year 1850 was one that tried mens' souls! California was clamoring for admission as a free state. The territory recently acquired from Mexico must be organized. The western boundary of Texas was in dispute. And underneath all these questions lay the ever-vexing problem of slavery. The fate of the Union was at stake! Only through the self-sacrifice of men who loved their country more than they did their own political fortunes or even their lives, could the situation be saved. New Hampshire may boast of two such men.

Lewis Cass aligned himself with the Clay-Webster forces in drafting the final terms of the Compromise of 1850. He was a member of the Committee of Thirteen, of which Clay was the chairman, which eventually whipped into shape for acceptance by Congress the memorable document. In the vehement and bitter committee discussions that went on day after day, Cass was continually rising by the side of Clay to defend the compromise, abandoning his cherished scheme of popular sovereignty for the time being, in deference to the harmony that was needed, as he believed, for the preservation of the Union.

Webster's support of the Compromise of 1850 has been variously attacked and defended. Just as Douglas' Freeport Doctrine in 1858 caused a split in the Democratic party in 1860, so did Webster's "Seventh of March" speech as surely lose him the Whig nomination for president in 1852.

Yet there was nothing inconsistent about his position. Every act of his life was a vigorous protest against the insinuation that he was bargaining for the support of the South in the next election. He had grown up with the Union. Patriotism was his passion, and had been, from the time he had listened to his father's tales of adventure in Washington's army. Who can realize the depth of feeling that must have swept through him when his father repeated to him the stirring words that Washington once uttered when the Continental cause seemed darkest? "Webster, I believe I can trust you." Possibly was implanted in that very moment in young Daniel, the beginnings of a loyalty that thrived on adversity and which gave itself expression in those immortal words of 1830: "Liberty and Union; now and forever; one and inseparable."

He was now to meet his supreme test in the discussion over Clay's Compromise Bill. It was a time of great excitement. The eyes of the nation were upon him. He was the idol of the north and the greatest orator in the country. He rose to the occasion and delivered what was probably the greatest speech of his career. The Wilmot Proviso and the Fugitive Slave Law were the objects of his speech; attacking one and defending the other. "I will not take pains," he said, "uselessly to reaffirm an ordinance of nature, nor to re-enact the will of God." He said the north had never acted fairly toward the south in the matter of runaway slaves; the Abolitionists and their work, he condemned.

The North was astounded by his speech. Horace Mann declared Webster a traitor to the North. Whittier, in "Ichabod", lamented for one in whom

honor and faith were dead. In Faneuil Hall, an indignant group compared him to Benedict Arnold.

Never, in the history of our country, has harsher or more undeserved condemnation been heaped upon a public servant than was heaped upon Daniel Webster for this speech. But in the perspective which the passage of years has created, we see now more clearly than it was possible to see in 1850, the indomitable purpose of Webster; the will that was as firm as the granite of his native hills; the resolve to take the only course he saw to preserve the thing he loved the most—the Union. Surely New Hampshire has cause to be proud of Webster!

It seems a strange contradiction that Cass disagreed with Hale; that Greeley did not always support Webster; that Pierce has been censured by all who came after him. Apparently there is something in the atmosphere of New Hampshire that nurtures in its sons freedom of thought and independence of action. Despite the divergence of their views, and the dissimilarity of their ideas, it must be conceded that the quality which predominated in all of them was patriotism. All were actuated by the same impulse, and all were seeking to achieve that object which was nearest the heart of every true patriot,—a *united nation.*

1. Lewis Cass, (American Statesman Series), A. C. McLaughlin, p 35. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, 1891.
2. Horace Greeley; Wm. A. Linn p 147. D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., 1903.
3. Ibid., p 134.
4. Ibid., p 129; also Horace Greeley's autobiography.

▼

Slavery

WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

Intolerance
Is the ball and chain
Of mental slavery fastened
To the ankle of mankind
By ignorance.

Four Chapters in Early History of Manchester

FRED W. LAMB

CHAPTER I

STROLLING down the Mammoth road to the south, we come to a very interesting spot, the old town church, just south of the cemetery, a relic of the time when the church was supported by the municipal or town government and money was paid by the town for preaching.

As early as 1754 the town voted to build a meeting house and to locate the same on a lot of land near John Hall's house. This was the signal for a long and very bitter controversy, which arrayed the citizens of the town against one another for many years, and prevented the holding of orderly, regularly sustained public worship in the community for a very long period. Prior to this there had probably been preaching roundabout at some few houses in the neighborhood.

Thirty of the inhabitants promptly petitioned the selectmen to call a meeting for the reconsideration of the vote. A majority of the selectmen refused to do so and a petition was thereupon presented to Joseph Blanchard and Matthew Thornton, justices of the peace, to issue a warrant to the town constable requiring him to give notice to the inhabitants of a town meeting to be held at the house of John Goffe, Esq., on the first day of March, 1755. This meeting was held in due form and it was voted to reconsider not only the vote making choice of a meeting house place, but also that for raising the money for building the house.

Nothing further was done about a meeting house until September 1758, when at a town meeting held in John Hall's barn it was voted to build a meeting house this present year, to build the meeting house on John Hall's land, to raise six hundred pounds to carry on the building of the said meeting house and to raise the said meeting house forty feet in length and thirty-five feet in breadth. A committee of three was named by vote to carry on the work. The Hall party prevailed and he was named on the committee with Captain William Perham and Lieut. Hugh Sterling.

This committee went so far as to raise the frame, but there the work was halted for the citizens neglected or refused to pay their taxes and no further progress could be made. A meeting was held in July, 1759, at which the town voted to collect five hundred pounds toward boarding and shingling our meeting house and the same committee was continued. But then, as now, the old cry of graft was raised, it being said that the committee had misappropiated the funds at a town meeting held in November of the same year and a committee of three was authorized to investigate the first committee. At the same meeting it was voted not to underpin our meeting house at present, but to make one door this year. There were to be three doors in all if the town coud ever agree to procure them. At a meeting in August, 1760, the selectmen were authorized to underpin the house and put doors in the same.

In December of that year, the town voted that the names of those who had paid for building the meeting house should be recorded and the amount paid by each. It is of interest to find by this record that John Goffe paid thirty pounds, eighteen shillings in 1758, nineteen pounds, seven shillings in 1759, and twenty-one pounds, thirteen shillings and ten pence in 1760. Captain John Stark paid in the same years, ten pounds, ten shillings; ten pounds, seven shillings, one penny and nineteen pounds, three shillings, two pence.

Nothing further was done until at a meeting in April, 1764, the opposition was carried so far as to secure a vote not to raise any money for preaching for the year and still not satisfied with this, they voted at a later meeting to apply the money already raised for preaching the preceding year and in the hands of a committee, to pay the debts of the town. Judge Potter, the historian of Manchester, well says, "Their opposition to the location of the house not only prevented the finishing of it, but they would not have preaching in it."

Things went from bad to worse and the situation was seen to be so serious that the legislature was petitioned to interfere and provide some form of relief. The legislature was willing and did its best, but the quarreling continued for many more years.

In June, 1776, a vote was passed, however, which shows how work on the meeting house had been progressing during more than a decade. It was voted to lay a good floor in the meeting house, and make three good doors and hinge them on said house and shut up the under windows and accommodate the meeting house with "forms suitable for to sit on."

The records show various small appropriations for the repair of the meeting house, which appears to have been almost neglected during the Revolutionary War and it was not until 1790 that a successful attempt was finally made to sell the pew ground as it was called. This was by bidding and the ground for the pews appears to have been sold to twenty-nine purchasers for a total of 36 pounds, 11 shillings.

John Stark, Jr., bid off pew No. 1 for one pound, four shillings, while Col. John Goffe secured the floor space for pew 27 for a pound. It was stipulated at the sale that the buyers must pay two thirds of the purchase in glass, nails or merchantable clapboards or putty, the remainder to be paid in cash. The purchasers built their pews and the lower part of the house was at last of decent finish.

The sale was so successful that an attempt was made in 1792 to have the stairs built to the gallery, lay the floor in that part of the house and sell the pew ground. The sale actually took place on Nov. 10, 1793. John Stark was then one of the committee and the record shows that he gave three pounds, ten shillings for pew No. 3 in the gallery which was the highest price paid, either in the gallery or on the floor of the house. But the purchasers never built the pews in the galleries and the upper part of the house remained unfinished.

As a matter of fact, the meeting house never was in anything like a finished state. As late as 1803 a Rev. M. Pickles, an odd and eccentric clergyman who preached in Derryfield, but who appears never to have had a settled charge here, is said to have warned his hearers that "if you don't repair the house of God, the devil will come and carry you out through the cracks." And it is said that an agent of the New Hampshire Bible

Society who visited Manchester, reported that there was no Bible at the church for the use of the minister and it appears very doubtful if there ever had been.

At the annual town meeting held in March, 1835, it was voted to authorize the selectmen to contract with some person to take down the old meeting house and convert it into a suitable building for a town house and the sum of $500 was set apart for the purpose. Instead of taking down the house they remodeled it by dividing it into two stories and thoroughly repaired it both inside and out with the intention of using the lower floor for the town hall and the upper floor for a schoolroom.

In 1840, the citizens of Manchester voted to hold their town meetings in the new village, so called, and no longer at Manchester Center. The next year they voted to build a town hall and this was completed a little later. The old meeting house or old town house ceased to be used for public purposes and in 1853 it was sold to Wilson and Cheney.

During all this contention, from time to time, various ministers had preached here but there was no real settled pastor of the church. In 1913, Molly Stark Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, placed a boulder with a bronze tablet to mark the place.

CHAPTER II

At a town meeting held on November 2, 1840, a committee consisting of the selectmen was raised to ascertain where and upon what terms a site for a town house and burying ground might be hed of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in the new village and report at the next annual meeting. This meeting was held on February 1, 1841, and the selectmen made their report as to the proposed sites and submitted deeds of lots for these purposes.

One of these deeds conveyed to the town ten thousand feet of land at the intersection of Merrimack and Elm streets and constituting the northwest corner of what is now Merrimack square. The main conditions of this deed were that it should revert back to the Company in case it was used for any other buildings than those for town purposes and that the buildings erected thereon should be used for no other business than that pertaining to town and state affairs, such lectures as should be authorized by the town alone being accepted. This deed was accepted by a vote of 162 yes to 91 no.

However it did not appear to be absolutely satisfactory and a vote was passed that a committee of three be appointed to ascertain where and on what terms a site could be obtained for a town house, to see if the Amoskeag Company would offer some other lot for a town house in exchange for the one granted to the town, and to ascertain the probable expense of building a suitable town house and make a report of their doings at the next annual meeting. Hon. Mace Moulton, Thomas Hoyt and George W. Morrison, Esq., were appointed as the committee.

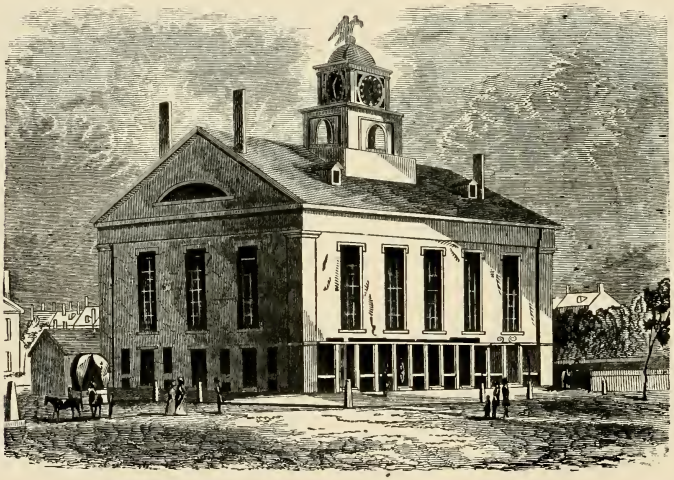
On March 10, following, the annual town meeting was held, it taking place in the old Baptist Meeting House which stood on Manchester street. Much opposition was manifested towards the town house project, but the committee rendered its report. This was to the effect that they had a deed of a lot on the west side of Elm street, opposite to Hanover street, containing ten thousand square feet of land, for twenty-five hundred dollars, with the stipulation that nothing be built upon this lot but a town house of brick or stone and necessary out-buildings and that they might use all

parts not required for town purposes for stores, offices or any other uses they might think proper. The committee did not report upon the probable expense.

The report of the committee was accepted and it was voted to accept the deed submitted from the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. It was then voted that the town build a town house the same year, that the selectmen be authorized to raise money by loan, not exceeding twenty thousand dollars for the purpose of building a town house and paying for the lot. A committee consisting of John D. Kimball, Edward McQuestion and J. T. Hunt were chosen to superintendend the building of the town house and outbuildings.

This committee at once entered upon its duties and during the course of the summer built a large and commodious structure, now known as the old town house. It was built of brick, ninety feet in length by sixty-six feet in width. The post office and four stores were located on the first floor, a town hall sixty-three feet by seventy feet and two rooms for offices occupied the second floor, and a hall in the attic with rooms for armories on either side completed the third floor.

The building was surmounted with a cupola, on the top of which was an eagle of fine proportions. It was also furnished with a clock and a fine toned bell, weighing 2800 pounds. The whole cost of the building was about $17,000. This building stood until August 12, 1844, when a fire broke out, evidently having been caused by a lighted piece of paper being thrown upon the floor in one of the militia armories upon the top floor. This doubtless, through some grains of powder scattered upon the floor, communicated with shavings beneath, between the floor and the hall below.



Old Town House, Erected in 1841, Burned in the Year 1844.

Before being discovered it had attained such headway as to be beyond control. Most of the goods in the store and cellars were removed, as was also the contents of the post office, but the printing office of J. C. Emerson in the third story and all the effects of the Stark Guards

and Granite Fusileers in their armories on this floor were almost entirely destroyed. The loss to individuals and the town was about $30,000, of which $11,000 was covered by insurance. Such is the story of the first municipal building in this city.

CHAPTER III

Upon the old town house being burned on August 12, 1844, a town meeting was immediately called to be held on August 30, 1844, to take into consideration the matter of rebuilding the town house and other matters in regard to the protection of the town against fires.

At this meeting it was voted to build the town house as good or better than the old one, and put a clock and bell on the same. A committee consisting of Daniel Clark, Asa O. Colby, John M. Smith, Elijah Hanson, Tillman Fellows, Walter French, Samuel D. Bell, Alonzo Smith, E. A. Straw and W. A. Burke were chosen to procure a plan and specifications for the new town house, and upon those being in readiness, the selectmen were authorized to receive proposals for building the same. This committee, with the selectmen, were authorized to appoint an agent to oversee the building of the town house, and fix the compensation of said overseer or agent. It was also voted that the selectmen and this committee be instructed to build the town house the "present season". It was also voted to borrow $20,000 towards the expense of rebuilding.

It was voted, also, that the plan of the town house should be such that every part above the stores in the basement should be for town purposes alone, and that no part should be let for any purpose whatever, above the stores, except the hall.

The plan and specifications of Mr. Edward Shaw of Boston, for a town house were accepted by the committee, and a contract was made with him to construct the building according thereto.

Mr. Shaw entered immediately upon his contract, under the supervision of Mr. Elijah Hanson as agent, and the town house was practically finished by October 1845. The peculiarity of the style of architecture has often been remarked, particularly its quaintness. The original design was that the building should have been entirely of stone, the columns hammered and the wall of ashler work; but the committee changed the plan and the building was built of stone and brick, the columns and caps being of hammered stone, while the walls are of brick, painted and sanded to imitate stone.

The building is one hundred feet in length by sixty feet in width and had originally five stores, with an office for the city clerk and a room for the common council on the first floor; the city hall and the offices of the mayor and city marshall on the second floor and the rooms for the engineers and the school committee on the third floor, the so-called lobby or city prison being in the cellar at the southwest corner. The structure was completed at a total cost of $35,000, including the bell.

The late Charles Chase was a member of the board of selectmen this year and he was sent to Boston to buy the clock for the tower and he was also on the committee which went to Concord to arrange for hiring the money for building the hall. This clock was remodeled some years since and changed so as to be illuminated, through the generosity of the late Gen. Charles Williams.

The old clock was built by Stephenson, Howard and Davis of Boston, while the bell was purchased of Henry N. Hooper and Co., of Boston. The bell was broken once and sent back to be re-

cast. The purchase price of the clock is stated to have been about $400.

The foundations of the building were put in during the fall of 1844 and the construction of the building was contracted to a Mr. Garret Wilton, who during 1845 pushed the work along to completion. A part of the necessary money for the building was borrowed from the late Joseph B. Walker of Concord.

It is worthy of remark that on page 82 of Clarke's History of Manchester published in 1875, just fifty-four years ago, speaking of the city hall, it states: "The city hall stands on the corner of Elm and Market streets and was built in 1845 at a cost of thirty-five thousand dollars. It was then thought to be the finest building in the state, but is now regarded contemptuously and will give place to another before many years."

As originally built the entrance and stairway was on Market street and this was changed over when the building was remodeled during the administration of William C. Clarke as mayor in 1895. The total cost of the remodeling at this time was $18,516.77.

Many other and more pressing needs of our loved "Queen City of the Merrimack" have had to be met from year to year and the time still seems somewhat distant when old city hall will be replaced with a new, modern, up-to-date structure. As it is, many people would view with regret the passing of the famous old building.

CHAPTER IV

Commencing about 1840, when the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company began to develop its large areas of land held by it on the east side of the Merrimack river in Manchester, and to build several mills thereon, the population of the town took a very sudden bound and thereafter rapidly increased. The population in 1840 was given as 3325, an increase of 2338 inhabitants in the previous ten years, most of which increase had been made in 1839 and 1840. In 1846, the year in which Manchester became a city, this had still further increased to be 10,125.

At the time of the annual town meeting held on March 10, 1846, the rateable polls had so far increased as to entitle the town to no less than eight seats in the legislature and that number was accordingly chosen. At this same meeting a committee was chosen consisting of David Gillis, Samuel D. Bell, Isaac Riddle, William C. Clarke, John A. Burnham, Luther Farley and Walter French, to petition the legislature for a city charter whenever they deemed it wise.

Seeing no valid reason for delay this committee attended to its duties and accordingly they presented a petition to the legislature when it met the following June. The legislature promptly complied with the request and passed an act to incorporate the city of Manchester. On Saturday, August 1, 1846, a town meeting was held for the express purpose of either accepting or rejecting this act of incorporation. The vote stood 485 in favor of its acceptance and 134 against and Manchester thereupon became a city.

The first election under the new charter was held upon August 19 following, there being four candidates for mayor, viz: Hiram Brown, a Whig; William C. Clarke, a Democrat; Thomas Brown, who was the Abolition candidate and William Shephard. Eleven hundred and seventy votes were cast and Hiram Brown, who received five hundred and sixty-nine, lacked seventeen of the necessary majority. Clarke had four hundred and forty-two, Thomas Brown, one hundred and six and Shephard, forty-two and there was no choice.

At this meeting, however, a full list of

aldermen, members of the common council, school committee, overseers of the poor and assessors were elected. The aldermen were as follows: Ward 1, Andrew Bunton, Jr.; Ward 2, George Porter; Ward 3, William G. Means; Ward 4, David Gillis; Ward 5, Timothy Blaisdell; Ward 6, Edward McQueston; Ward 7, Moses Fellows.

HIRAM BROWN

Elected First Mayor of Manchester in 1846.

A second election for the purpose of choosing a mayor was held on September first and again there were four candidates in the field, Hiram Brown Isaac C. Flanders, a Democrat, Thomas Brown and John S. Wiggin. Eleven hundred and fifty-four votes were cast of which Wiggin had fifty-one; T. Brown, one hundred and nine; Flanders three hundred and forty-seven and Hiram Brown had six hundred and two. This gave Mr. Brown a clear majority of twenty-four.

Agreeably to public notice, the citizens met in the city hall on September 8, 1846, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon to witness the inauguration of their new city government. Prayer was first offered by the Rev. Cyrus W. Wallace, the senior clergyman of the city, at the request of Hon. Moses Fellows, chairman of the retiring board of selectmen who presided.

The oath of office was then administered to Mayor-elect Brown by Hon. Daniel Clark and then he in turn administered the oath to the members-elect then present of the board of aldermen, common council, assessors, overseers of the poor and school committee. The mayor then delivered an address, afterwards the various boards retired and organized by the choice of officers. The common council elected William M. Parker, president and David Hill, clerk.

J. S. T. Cushing was elected city clerk and Thomas Hoyt city treasurer in convention of the two bodies. The mayor appointed George T. Clark city marshall; Hon. Samuel D. Bell justice of the police court and Isaac Riddle and Joseph Cochran, Jr. as special justices. The valuation of the city at this time was $3,187,726; the tax list for 1846 carried the sum of $22,005.95 and the number of polls was 2056. Such was the birth of our beautiful Queen City of the Merrimack.

"So much for the past; what still may be,
Ere the year of our city's jubilee,
But few of us here may live to see.
We reap the fields by our fathers sown,
We profit by wisdom they have shown,
For once at least, the saying is true,
They builded far better than they
knew."

The Sun That Shines Upon New Hampshire

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

BRIGHT and beautiful is the sunshine resting upon New Hampshire's hills and vales, shining upon he summits of the White Mountains or sparkling upon the surface of Lake Winnepesaukee. Beautiful and bright is the sun at noontime in the azure firmament. As it shines there, we are thinking more about its splendor than about solar science and statistics.

Nevertheless, science and statistics respecting the sun are both interesting and instructive. Its distance from New Hampshire is millions of miles. That state is 185 miles in length and we should have to walk its length about half-a-million times to travel as far as it is from New Hampshire to the sun, at *mean* distance. And the sun is nearer us during winter than in summer. When the temperature within a hayfield reaches higher than 90 degrees, it does not seem possible that our sun is more than 94,000,000 miles distant. However, astronomers are positive respecting the distance from our earth to its sun.

Our sun is a very huge body, It is, approximately, one million, three hundred thousand times larger than the earth. Of course the solar surface must be vastly bigger than the terrestrial surface. This is evident when we compare the solar diameter with the terrestrial diameter. Our sun's diameter is 864,000 miles; our earth's 7,918 miles. The area of New Hampshire is 9,341 square miles. It would need more than 250,000,000 states of the size of New Hampshire to cover the solar surface.

Our sun is a very brilliant body. That does not require any proof. Not only is our sun very brilliant, but the rays it sends forth illuminate its whole "system." We behold the solar rays reflected to us from our moon, from Venus and the other planets. Our sun reminds us of an electric light exhibiting 1, 575, 000, 000, 000,000,000,000,000,000 candle power! This solar light—a certain part of it—is speeding very swiftly towards us. So swiftly, indeed, that it reaches us after a journey of about 8 minutes. That is to say, a ray of sunlight leaving our sun's surface at 6 a. m. will arrive in New Hampshire at about 8 minutes after 6 a. m.

Our sun is not only a brilliant sky-beacon but it is also a very hot sky-furnace. Astronomers have estimated that were the sun to be covered with a coating of ice 45 feet in thickness, all of that ice would be melted within one minute. "Ninety degress in the shade" seems rather warm to most of us; but the surface-temperature of our sun approximates 11,000 degrees, Fahrenheit. However, our own sky-furnace, compared with some of the other sky-furnaces, is not particularly hot. The suns Vega and Sirius have each a temperature of about 20,000 degrees, Fahrenheit. Nevertheless, our own sun's surface-temperature of 11,000 degrees is high enough. There are sky-furnaces much *cooler* than our own sun.

New Hampshire Men and Matters

Recollections of a Busy Life

HENRY H. METCALF

CHAPTER II

IN APRIL, 1857, we removed to the town of Acworth, on a farm on Grout Hill, which my father had purchased from one Lemuel Morse, and which had formerly been known as the Copeland place. For a few weeks previous to our removal I had been at work in a saw mill owned by one William Welch, in the east part of that town, as I wanted a little pocket money for my own use. This William Welch was an old Civil War veteran, who removed to Lempster subsequently, where he died at the age of one hundred years, and where his son was for some time town clerk.

The farm on which we moved was one of the best in that part of the town. It embraced one hundred acres of land, about forty of which was in mowing and tillage. I was sixteen years of age, not very robust, but I anticipated, and certainly experienced, some pretty strenuous physical activity in the years ahead. I was ambitious and determined to do my full share of the work on the farm, and I recall with some pride that in the first summer I "pitched on" all the hay that we cut, about forty tons in all. "Pitching on" was my special forte, and I liked it better than any other kind of farm work, unless it was holding a "breaking up" plow, which I seemed to have a knack for using with greater ease than men generally. Oxen were used for the team work, much to my satisfaction, as horses were altogether too rapid in movement for ordinary farm work, and oxen were generally used.

Those were the days when machinery had not come into use, to any great extent, for farm work, and the hay was all cut by hand. I was not an expert with the scythe, although I had used one for two seasons while in Lempster. I well remember the scythe which I first used. It was a Sibley scythe, made at the famous Sibley factory in North Newport, which factory has been in operation ever since—one of the few remaining establishments of the kind in New England, though in former years there were several, including one in New London and another in Littleton. This Sibley factory was destroyed by fire early this year, but I am glad to learn that the proprietor, Homer T. Sibley, grandson of Ezra T. Sibley, one of the original proprietors, is re-building the same on an improved plan. Hand scythes long ago went out of general use, but are indispensable for certain purposes, and New Hampshire people will be glad to know that they have one of the principal manufactories of the same in their midst.

I recall most of the families residing in the Grout Hill District of Acworth, which was one of the best farming communities in the town. Our nearest neighbor was one Nathaniel Merrill, who had a large family of daughters and two sons. One of the daughters married a man named Milo Newton, and they lived at the old home. The oldest son, Nathaniel P. was a little older than myself, and I became quite intimate with him.

I shall have further occasion to mention him. Next was the family of Alvah Cummings, some of whose children had grown up and gone away when we moved into the district. The oldest son was Alvah, who became a physician, settled in Claremont, and was long prominent in practice in that town. The second son was Ebenezer G., who was long the leading dentist in Concord, and was the first New Hampshire graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College. He was a staunch Democrat in politics and stood by his party to the last, though his brothers became active Republicans. George and Oscar also became residents of Concord, where they established a business in marble and granite work, which is still carried on by family descendants. They also for a time had a branch establishment in Franklin. Oscar died after a few years but George lived many years and became quite prominent in public affairs, serving as a member of the board of aldermen, as a representative and state senator, and as mayor of the city. He was also active in Odd Fellowship and became master of the Grand Lodge of the State.

The youngest son of Alvah Cummings, Milton D., also went to Concord in his youth, was employed by his brothers in the marble business, and finally became head of the firm, and was a well-known citizen. He died about two years ago and his son, Quincy, is at the head of the business. There were three girls in the Cummings family—Sally Ann who married Deacon George W. Young, who ultimately bought the farm which my father owned, and lived thereon through life, rearing a family, one of whom is Dr. Oscar Young of Charlestown; another is Arthur Young, of the Cummings firm of Concord, and another remains on the farm. The second daughter, Mary Jane, married Dr. George A. Young, a Concord dentist and prominent politician of Ward 4, who was long the right hand man of Senator Gallinger, and became postmaster of the city; while the youngest daughter, Laura, married a farmer named Smith, and settled in the district. Laura and Milon D. were at home while we lived on Grout Hill, and were scholars in the district school. I remember Milon D. particularly, not only on account of subsequent close acquaintance in Concord, but on account of a strenuous day's work we had on the Merril farm, when, while "changing work" as was the frequent custom in haying, we undertook to keep up with Milo Newton and Nathaniel P. Merrill in mowing a big field of grass on a hot summer day.

The farm adjoining ours, on the east, was owned and occupied by one Freeland Hemphill. The farm was a large one and well cultivated. Mr. Hemphill had a wife and three children when we moved into the district, two sons and a daughter. The eldest son subsequently settled in business in Keene; the daughter, Kathleen, who was a handsome girl, married an Acworth farmer named Pettengill, and the younger son, Ashton, became a prominent pharmacist in Holyoke, Mass. He was active in Republican politics, and is still living retired in that city. He was a close friend of Gov. John Q. A. Brackett who will be remembered as a native of Bradford, N .H., and one of the many prominent men whom New Hampshire has sent down to be leaders in public and business affairs in the Bay State. His wife dying, Freeland Hemphill married again, and had several other children of whom I know little, since I left town before their day, but I remember Mr. Hemphill as one of the most intelligent men whom it was ever my fortune to meet. He was well posted in history and politics, and

I had more discussion with him on political questions and partisan matters generally, than with any other man in my life, and I found him a sharp antagonist.

Not far above the Merrill home lived one Horace Campbell, a Baptist deacon. His children had mostly grown up at the time of our arrival in town, but I recall that one son, Freeman, studied medicine and became a practicing physician, and a daughter married Charles R. Cummings, who was engaged in the manufacture of clothes-pins at the South village. A younger son, Grout, about my age, was at home.

Nearby, a little farther up the road, Ebenezer Grout resided. He was a brother of Mrs. Alvah Cummings and Mrs. Horace Campbell, all being descendants of the original Grout, for whom the hill was named. He had two sons, then of school age, Spofford and Carlos. Both settled on the Pacific coast, and were living at last accounts. At the top of the hill, on the northern border of the district, resided one Loring Morse, whose large family had mostly grown up and gone away. The oldest son, Grosvenor C., a graduate of Dartmouth, and the Andover Divinity School, became prominent in educational and religious work in Kansas.

Going southwest, on the South Acworth road, the first farm arrived at, which adjoined ours, was that of Isaac Campbell, a brother of Horace, before mentioned, who was a good farmer, and an ardent Methodist, the leading supporter of the church at South Acworth. Next beyond was the Woodbury place, home of two maiden sisters of that name, relatives of that Urban Woodbury who went from Acworth to Vermont and became governor of the state, being one of four New Hampshire-born men to attain that office. Farther down, and in the last house in the district, lived one Joseph Gleason, who had a small well-tilled farm, but was principally engaged as a shoemaker. He had two daughters and a son, Nedom, who was the largest boy attending the Grout Hill School, which, by the way, I did not attend; but during the first autumn of our residence in Acworth, I walked four miles and back, each day, to attend the select school at Lempster Street taught by Miss Dency Hurd, and in the following winter myself taught the school in my old district, No. 7, in Lempster.

I had a somewhat exciting experience in this school, wherein were several scholars older than myself and some boys larger. I had passed a thorough examination, and felt myself competent to teach any scholar in the school, and would have had no trouble except for the fact that one prominent man in the district had been desirous that another young man, who was a teacher, and was engaged to his daughter, should have the school, and set out to stir up revolt among the scholars, with a view to my discharge, with such success that there was open rebellion one day when I set out to punish an act of rank disobedience on the part of one of the large boys. Two or three other large boys, older and larger than myself, interfered and prevented the punishment which I was about to administer. After this there was general disorder in the school, and I called on the superintending committee for support. The committee was none other than Hon. Hosea W. Parker, who was himself a teacher, then studying law with Edmund Burke of Newport and teaching the north district school in that village. He came down one evening, having called the citizens of the district together at the school house, especially those promoting the disturbance, and the boys engaged in the same; and after a thorough investigation expelled from the

school all those who had been involved in the revolt, after which there was peace and good order, and the term was extended two weeks beyond the term for which I had been engaged.

My gratitude for the support which he gave me, though it was no more than his duty, was strong and life long, and was subsequently manifested in practical manner. When, years later, I was editor of the *People* newspaper in Concord, I heartily supported him as a candidate for Congress in the old third district, to which office he was finally elected, and served with distinction from 1871 to 1875. It was through his efforts while in Congress that the sewing machine combine was defeated in its attempt to secure extension of certain patents, and as a result the price of machines was reduced not less than fifty per cent, and their use became generally prevalent. We became close friends, and worked together not only in political but religious affairs, both being long active in the work of the Universalist church, of whose state convention he was president for many years. In his death, in August 1922, I felt that I had lost my best friend.

I remained at home on the farm in Acworth until the spring of 1861, meanwhile attending two fall terms of select school at the south village, two miles away. The first was taught by Artemas Field, a native of Lempster, who was studying for the ministry, and subsequently became a Congregationalist preacher in Vermont. I was not particularly benefited by his instruction, since he set out to shape the religious views of the pupils more than to promote their intellectual development, and that not along lines with my own well settled ideas. The next term the teacher was George R. Brown, who subsequently became a lawyer in Newport, and for whom I conceived a strong attachment. It was during this term that we maintained an old-fashioned lyceum, or debating society, at South Acworth, in which many prominent citizens of the town took part, among whom I distinctly remember James A. Wood, subsequently a well known Republican politician and one time Collector of Internal Revenue at Portsmouth, who was the father of George A. Wood, speaker of the House of Representatives in 1925. Contemporaneously with this term of school there was another at Acworth Center, taught by one H. J. Crippen, who was later the agent in Concord for the Putnam investment company for many years, and who married the daughter of Peter Sanborn, State Treasurer. There was also a lyceum maintained in connection with this school, and I have a lively recollection of a visit by a delegation from the same, headed by the principal of the school, who came down to South Acworth on one of our lyceum nights for the declared purpose of "doing us up" in debate; but my impressions then formed and still held was that they failed in their object. One of the older scholars in attendance at the South Acworth school at this time, was George W. McDuffie, who subsequently moved to Keene where he became a prominent manufacturer, and was at one time mayor of the city. One of the female students was Charlotte Wright, daughter of Rev. N. R. Wright, and sister of Col. Carroll G. Wright, whom I have previously referred to.

In 1860 I was again very much interested in politics. In fact I had all along kept up my interest, and in the spring of 1859, before the annual election, which then and for some years after was held on what is now "town meeting day", the second Tuesday in March, went out and made some speeches for the Demo-

crats. The most exciting occasion was a meeting at Mill Village in Goshen, where I had a meeting advertised, and at which two Republican law students of Newport, Ira McL. Barton and Joseph Wood came down to antagonize me. Hon. Virgil Chase was presiding at the meeting, and was at first opposed to allowing these interlopers to be heard, the meeting having been advertised as a Democratic one. I finally persuaded him to let them speak, and after I had made my address they were allowed to have their say, and Mr. Chase and myself proceeded to refute whatever argument they had presented, or at least we thought we did.

There was a national election in 1860, Abraham Lincoln being the Republican nominee, and the Democratic party being divided, with Stephen A. Douglas leading the main wing of the Democracy, and John C. Breckenbridge of Kentucky, who was then vice-president, leading the bolter's ticket. Being an ardent advocate of State's rights, I espoused the cause of Breckenridge and Lane, and, although not of voting age, did what I could to advance its interest. I remember that I walked to Newport to get some of the Breckenridge ballots for use in Acworth, and succeeded in persuading nine men to use them. There were only about 2000 cast in the state, the precise number being 2094 while Douglas had 25,629 and Lincoln, who carried the country, had 37,269. There was a fourth ticket headed by John Bell of Tennessee, supported by the remnant of the old Whig party, which received 407 votes in the state.

My father had given me my time for the balance of my minority, and I carried on the farm myself in 1860, receiving one fourth of the income, which would be a small amount in these days, and in the following spring I attended school at the old Mt. Caesar Seminary in Swanzey, then taught by Burrill Porter, Jr., a teacher of experience and ability who had graduated from Dartmouth in 1856. Among his classmates were Rev. Franklin D. Ayer, D. D., for thirty years pastor of the First Congregational church in Concord; Caleb Blodgett, a native of Dorchester, N. H., who was many years Judge of the Superior Court in Massachusetts; William H. Haile, an eminent manufacturer once lieutenant governor of Massachusetts, and Benjamin F. Prescott, Governor of New Hampshire in 1877-78. Mr. Porter had been principal of Canaan Academy and of Cold River Academy at Alstead. I was accompanied by George R. Brown, who was seven years older than I, and, though late in life, had decided to take a college course, and was fitting for entrance at Tufts. We boarded at the home of the principal and, as I recollect, paid $2 per week for board and washing. Among the students in attendance were two young men who subsequently became lawyers and settled in practice in Keene—Daniel K. Healy and Leonard Wellington. Each held the office of county solicitor, but Healy, who had served in the army in the Civil war and been wounded, died comparatively early in life. Wellington, who had been a partner with Don H. Woodward, lived for many years, and I frequently met him later in life on my visits to Keene. In the fall I returned to the Swanzey school, at this time being one of a party of five, including George R. Brown, Nathaniel P. Merrill, my brother Carlos G. Metcalf, who subsequently became a physician and settled in Massachusetts, dying at Marlboro in 1887; and one William H. Hartwell. We engaged a tenement for the party, at $3 per month, and set out to keep house and board ourselves, taking turns at the cooking and

dishwashing. When we figured up the expense at the close of the term, we found that it had cost us just $1.06 each for board per week. There were several students present in the fall that were not there in the spring, and some who were present in the spring were not there in the fall. Among those who were new in the fall was George W. Gay, a Swanzey youth, and a little younger than myself, who was in my class in Latin. He subsequently became a Boston physician and surgeon of note, was long connected with the city hospital, was a lecturer at Harvard Medical School, and president of the Massachusetts Medical Society. Two of his sisters, Ella and Annie, were among the female students and very bright young women. Mr. Brown and myself remained through the winter, retaining the tenement and studying with Mr. Porter.

The year 1861, as will be remembered, witnessed the outbreak of the Civil war, and there was naturally much public excitement and a good deal of private discussion. Among the most outspoken opponents of the war were two prominent citizens, Col. Carter Whitcomb and George Carpenter. Col. Whitcomb had been prominent in public affairs, but was then well advanced in life, but he was not so old but that his denunciation of the administration policy was vigorous and forcible, while Mr. Carpenter, who subsequently married Col. Whitcomb's daughter, Lucy, was no less outspoken in the same direction. We are reminded that there was another Whitcomb in the same neighborhood, of quiet and homespun manners—Captain Otis Whitcomb by name, who is said to have been the man upon whose character that of "Josh Whitcomb" of Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" was based. Denman Thompson was at this time living in West Swanzey, which was about three miles from the Center, and the principal village of the town.

During the fall of 1861, some of our party, and often the whole, used to visit Keene once a week or oftener, primarily to purchase our supplies, but incidentally to see the sights and get acquainted with the people. Spalter's book store, at the north of the common, was one of our resorts, and W. H. Spalter, a son of the proprietor, who himself conducted the store for a generation later, was generally in attendance. Wheeler and Faulkner were the leading lawyers, and the woolen factory of Faulkner and Colony was in its prime. It was at this time that the Sixth New Hampshire Regiment was in camp at Keene, in training for the field, and I remember that on one Saturday afternoon, when we were making one of our accustomed visits to the city, the regiment was being drilled on the public square in the presence of a great crowd of spectators. One Nelson Converse, I believe, was the colonel, and Simon G. Griffin, the lieutenant colonel, and manifestly the most conspicuous officer present. Gov. Nathaniel S. Berry was present to review the regiment, and Griffin was evidently exerting himself to impress the Governor with his proficiency. He really cut a fine figure, sitting well upon his horse, which was a handsome animal and under perfect control. His evolutions were the striking feature of the display, and excited general admiration. After the war Col. Griffin, who soon succeeded to the command of the regiment and later became a general, was conspicuous in politics, and was was conspicuous in politics. He was a member and speaker of the House of Representatives and was later the Republican nominee for Congress in the Third District; but was defeated in a close vote by Hosea W. Parker of Claremont. He had been so sure

of his election that he had his trunk packed and marked, "Simon G. Griffin, M. C., Washington, D. C." This was in the days when the New Hampshire election occurred in March, shortly after Congress met, and the successful candidate naturally expected to start for Washington immediately.

(To be continued)

Love and Death

LILIAN SUE KEECH

I opened the door
And Love blew in.
She was pretty to look at
And gay as sin.

She wanted this
And she wanted that,
I grew tired of her chatter,
But still she sat
Before my fire.
Then Death walked in,
He was ugly to look at,
Gaunt and thin.

And never a word
Said Death to me.
That night I had
Strange company.

Love drained me dry,
And left, care free,
Death gently said,
"Find peace with me."

Grandmother's Cheese Room

KATHERINE CHILD MEADER

IT IS a "far cry" from the kitchenette in a modern flat back to our grandmother's cheese room but we who have experienced the never-to-be forgotten delights of that cool fragrant room are certainly to be congratulated.

Here every thing was immaculately clean and in perfect order—the unpainted floor, shelves and tables scoured to almost snowy whiteness. No soap powder or washing fluids used here but plenty of white sand and "elbow grease."

The window was protected on the outside by narrow wooden bars to prevent a stray cat from entering and as carefully screened on the inside with cheesecloth lest a fly should dare invade these sacred precincts for next to the "parlor" the cheese room was the choicest room in the house.

Think of the hard work that was done every day in that room beside keeping it up to grandmother's standard of cleanliness and order.

Across one side was the tier of slatted shelves with the shining pans of milk. The rich yellow cream must be skimmed off at just the right time and the pans rinsed, washed, scalded, dried and finally put out in the sun to air.

I can see it now—the long bench on the back stoop with its row of pans placed one overlapping the other.

These must all be carried back into the cheese room while the sun was yet high and before the dews of evening had dimmed their shining surface.

Then came the churning and the care of the golden butter and at certain seasons of the year the making of delicious cheeses and the daily care and attention which they must receive while "ripening".

How we children used to gather around the big carefully screened "safe" as grandma opened it every morning to turn and rub the cheeses.

Then under the broad shelf on the other side of the room were wooden firkins filled with moist maple sugar (suggestive of flapjacks, pails of home-tried lard and various buckets containing doughnuts, cookies, etc. I cannot tell where she kept her pies but I know she made dozens at a time.

Oh, grandmother's cheese room was a delightful place, but woe to the child who ventured in without permission after the work was "done up" in the morning and the green paper window shades pulled down or who, on coming out, carelessly left the door ajar.

The back room, too, was a most fascinating place. Here a good deal of the heavy housework was done and we children were allowed considerable liberty, but even here were forbidden delights.

Here was the long meal chest with its many compartments, one holding the dark sweet homegrown wheat flour, one the golden corn meal, then the rye, the buckwheat, etc. We were strictly forbidden to even attempt to lift the heavy lid of this Ceres treasure chest.

In one corner was the ungainly, mysterious looking cheese press standing like some grim instrument of torture, but we knew from experience that its dismal creak and whine were but the invitation to a delicious lunch of curds.

Those days have long gone by and with the advent of the creamery the

cheese room became a thing of the past. The more modern "pantry" with its enclosed cupboards, etc., was the ideal to be admired and copied, worked over and improved upon.

I have recently seen for the first time my ideal pantry, in the house of some friends, farmers in moderate circumstances, who have just remodelled their old home. Here the woodwork was of highly polished Georgia pine, the cupboards closed in with sliding doors, every inch of space utilized and still room enough for everything.

What would grandmother have thought of a farmhouse pantry fitted out with hot and cold water, electric lights, plates and flatirons, white enameled sink and washbowl, aluminum and agate cooking dishes, a pressure cooker and almost every other convenience that it has ever entered the heart of man to devise or the heart of woman to desire.

Grandmother's "fore room"—her dearly prized parlor—was a wonderful room, with its green paper shades and lace curtains at the windows, its bright colored ingrain carpet well protected by several really beautiful braided and drawn-in rugs, and best of all its five piece "set" of black haircloth furniture—which one of my aunts later told me proudly had cost $100. She said "it was a great day for us all and we were just overwhelmed with delight, when father went to Wells River and brought home that set of furniture and now we could have a real parlor. It had always been merely grandmother's room before this.

"So we polished up the already shining andirons in the fireplace, put a lampmat crocheted of worsted and beads on the lightstand between the two front windows, and a tidy on the back of each of the two new rocking chairs.

"Above the light stand hung a large and very handsome mirror in a gilt frame, a part of grandmother's wedding outfit. (She was a Hutchins, the daughter of Jeremiah Hutchins who came up from Haverhill, Mass. in 1783).

"On the mantelpiece we had a couple of brass candlesticks and two bright colored china vases, while over it hung a sampler somewhat faded but with the name and date till plain, 'Patty, born March 9th 1773'—the work of patient little fingers—long since folded at rest."

"It was a lovely room", continued my aunt, "and after we had arranged and rearranged to our satisfaction we gave the men folks a chance to come in and admire our handiwork, and try the new chairs—then we drew down the shades and came out and shut the door."

We can bid farewell to this once ideal parlor with but few regrets and hail with satisfaction the advent of the big sunny homelike living room, but I must confess it is with many a sigh and perhaps a tear or two that we relegate to the unforgotten realms of happy childhood the memory of Grandmother's cheese room.

New Hampshire Industry on Exhibition

DONALD TUTTLE

Executive Secretary, State Publicity Bureau

WHEN the New Hampshire publicity board was organized and a publicity bureau was created it is probable that the purpose principally in mind was to advertise more effectively and more extensively than before the advantages of New Hampshire as a playground, and chiefly as a summer playground. Winter sports in New Hampshire on a considerable scale ante-dated the publicity bureau by more than a decade, of course, but it is only within a few years that the possibility of making this state a place of frequent and constant winter resort has impressed itself upon any great number of persons. In winter sports development since 1925, the publicity bureau has played no unimportant part.

It has been noted before that the publicity bureau very early became, as well, a bureau of information. Seekers after knowledge appealed to it for facts concerning history, geography, geology, industry, commerce, wild life and farming opportunities; and attaches of the bureau always have tried to respond to these appeals. Where the information wanted was not to be found in the bureau's own files, it was sought elsewhere, and usually with success. Special articles on many topics have been prepared for newspapers and periodicals and hundreds of letters have been answered every year.

It was inevitable, whatever the original plan may have been, that the desirability, even necessity, of serving New Hampshire industry should obtrude itself. Very many of the letters received had to do with industrial opportunities and present industrial development. Further, in the task very quickly imposed upon the bureau of "selling New Hampshire to its own people," the fact soon became plain that inhabitants of the state were surprisingly ignorant about their own industrial resources. Manchester folks took pride in the Amoskeag mills, of course, Nashua citizens were prone to boast about the Nashua Manufacturing Company, residents of Claremont were always ready to tell of the widespread market of the Sullivan Machine Company and in Concord there was bound to be mention of the Rumford Press. Similarly, people of every city and of a great many of the towns always were ready to tell the inquirer the story of some particular industry in a community, but general knowledge of the state's activities along industrial lines was found to be astonishingly meager.

Sometime in 1926, members of the publicity board conceived the idea of using the big show windows of the offices in Concord for industrial displays. At first, manufacturers of the state responded to urgent invitations sent them somewhat slowly, if not actually with reluctance, but after a few displays had been made more willingness was shown to cooperate with the publicity bureau in this way and willingness before long gave way to eagerness. Now, space in the show windows is spoken for, many weeks ahead.

This suggestion of displays has been compared to an industrial exposition in installments, and that probably is as good

an attempt at brief and epigrammatic description as could be made. Already, people have been impressed by the great number and variety of New Hampshire products and this impression of diversity is deepened with every passing week.

This winter, the Brown company of Berlin made an exhibit that was broadly educational in its revelation of what may be done in the way of wood by-products; and the Pike Manufacturing Company prepared a display of oilstones, scythestones, razor hones and strops that was a veritable museum in miniature, along the lines of the company's interests and activities.

The displays have been varied from time to time, by exhibits that were not strictly industrial. Calvin P. Chalmers of Concord, writer and newspaper man, showed sketches and oil paintings, that were not only beautiful but original in subjects. Several Concord women put on display hand-woven and hooked rugs that were admired by everyone who saw them; E. N. Sawyer of Salisbury and the state Department of Agriculture showed apples; the Shaker community at Canterbury and the Sandwich Home Industries had showings of knitted sweaters, cloaks, rugs, towels, baskets and many other homemade articles. There was a second exhibition of oil paintings by Peter Clark of Concord.

Last summer, collections were made of books about New Hampshire or written by New Hampshire authors and this very definitely established New Hampshire as one of the great literary centers of the country. Combined with the long list of magazines of national circulation turned out every month from the presses of the Rumford Printing Company, it served to emphasize the extent to which this state is identifying itself with the most conspicuous writers and the leading publishers of America.

Should a New Hampshire man wish to do so, he could very nearly supply every need and a very large share of his wants and yet patronize nothing but a New Hampshire industry. He could not, it is true, buy a Granite State automobile (though he could purchase a motor truck made in Concord) but it would be possible for him to secure many of his motor accessories from a maker in his own state. Shirts, a suit of clothes, hosiery, shoes, hats and sweaters all could be obtained right at home, if New Hampshire were suddenly cut off from the rest of the world. Stratton & Company, from their mills at Penacook, would supply flour and meals, the Merrimack Farmers' Exchange, with main offices and warehouses in Concord and branches in several other places, would furnish grains and feeds, the farmers would be ready with meats, eggs, butter, milk, poultry, fruits and vegetables, and fuel in plenty could be cut from the woodlots.

The Gonic Manufacturing Company, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company and other manufacturers would provide material for women's clothing, and yarns for various purposes would come from the plant of the Concord Worsted Company at West Concord. It still would be possible to play golf, football and baseball by calling upon the Draper-Maynard Company at Plymouth, and the after dinner cigar could be supplied by the R. G. Sullivan Company of Manchester and the Wardner Company of Concord. All this is suggested by scanning a list of displays already made in the Concord show windows of the state publicity bureau. Other manufacturers who may be expected to show their products there in future undoubtedly could help still further in meeting the problems that would present themselves, in the very improbable event of isolation.

A catalog, ordinarily makes dry reading, but there is curious interest in a perusal of the publicity bureau's list of exhibitors. It takes in, besides those already mentioned, the following:

Sawyer Pictures, Concord; F. M. Hoyt Company, Manchester, shoes; Wilcox Comb Company, Keene, combs, brushes and mirrors; Kingsbury Manufacturing Company, Keene, steel toys; Belmont Hosiery Company, hosiery; South Tamworth Industries, Inc., wooden toys; Carolcraft Studio, South Danbury, handpainted china, glassware, etc.; Morgan Manufacturing Company, Keene, spark plugs, tire pumps, hose clamps, etc., French and Heald Company and McLane Manufacturing Company, Milford, furniture; E. B. Conant, North Woodstock, pictures; Granite State Mowing Machine Company, Hinsdale, lawn mowers; Sulloway Mills, Franklin, hosiery; Nashua Manufacturing Company, blankets; Boulia-Gorrell Lumber Company, Laconia, crutches; Niles Machine Company, Lebanon, guide posts, street signs and guide boards; Monadnock Mills, Claremont, bedspreads; Pine Tree Soap Company, Newport, soaps and toilet preparations; New England Wholesale Tailors, Concord, men's suits and shirts; Page Belting Company, Concord, leather belting; Goodell Company, Antrim, cutlery and hardware specialties; Monark Razor Strop Company, Contoocook, razor strops and dog collars; Nashua Gummed and Coated Paper Company, coated and gummed papers; A. Perley Fitch Company, Concord, remedies and drug preparations; Cushman Electric Company, Concord, motors for typesetting machines; Expello Corporation, Dover, moth exterminator; Hampshire Craftsmen, Spofford, reproductions of antique furniture; Keene Washing Products Company, washing powder and similar products; Fred R. Batcheller Associates, Marlboro, cedar bird houses; Laconia Car Company, motor boats; Atlantic Gypsum Products Company, Portsmouth; Maine Manufacturing Company, Nashua, refrigerators; Snowmobile Company, Inc., West Ossipee, small tables; Riverside Foundry, East Concord, brass, copper and bronze articles.

This list is not quite all-inclusive, but it is amazing in what it shows of the wide range of New Hampshire activities in manufactures, and it is a list of course, as yet far from complete. That real good has come from the exhibits in the publicity bureau's windows is proven by requests for opportunity to repeat displays made a year or two ago. This is not the only way in which the publicity bureau is cooperating and is willing to cooperate with industry, but use of the show window is a privilege that is more and more appreciated by manufacturers of the state.

Baiting the Boston & Maine

WILLIAM E. WALLACE

RAILROAD baiting, in the milder forms, has no deleterious results. As a matter of fact it is not improbable that the bile expelled from the system in damning the railroad if a train is late, or you are late and the train left on time, may be beneficial to a choleric person. But let the habit develop into a chronic condition, particularly in a politician who has kidded himself into a belief that he is a fearless champion of the down-trodden people, and the victim is in a devastating state of mind, his case is well nigh hopeless. All his grieving friends can do is to stand by helpless to assuage the alternating paroxysms of righteous indignation and gloomy foreboding which are the conspicuous symptoms, watching for an opening to divert his mind to some of the less harrowing woes of mankind.

It usually happens that the objects of the reformer's solicitude are going along in fatuous contentment, unaware of the grievous injustice being done them until a two or three hundred word report, all garnished up with blue prints and tables of statistics, is sprung on them. The prints and statistics do not mean anything in particular to the average victim of the octopus, but when these are explained to them in terms comprehensible, many are likely to wonder how anything like that could be taking place under their very noses and they know nothing about it. A little later another translation of the prints and statistics is produced by one who has reached an entirely opposite conclusion and uses the same diagrams and figures to prove his case.

One of the well known things about figures is that a skillful manipulator can make them tell anything he wants to. This is what led somebody, presumably of a non-mathematical mind, to give us a bright saying about liars and figures being an unbeatable combination. These reflections have come from the conflicting statements about the Boston and Maine Railroad, one from the Public Service Commission and its expert, Charles E. Lee, the other from President George Hannauer of the Boston and Maine.

Mr. Lee, after an investigation as exhaustive as an appropriation of fifteen thousand dollars permitted, declared that present transportation service furnished by the Boston and Maine in New Hampshire was altogether unreasonable and that the future policies of the railroad as indicated by his study tended to make the situation much worse for this state. The commission, on the strength of Mr. Lee's findings and some preconceived ideas of their own, thereupon informed the Legislature that the Boston and Maine is deliberately bending every effort to destroy the business life of New Hampshire by providing inadequate freight transportation facilities and was aiming to abandon all branch lines and to use the main lines only for through trains, making as few stops within the state borders as were necessary.

Mr. Hannauer was invited to appear before a joint convention of the Legislature to present the railroad's side of the case and he did so. His recital of the railroad situation was very different from Mr. Lee's picture. Before he talked to the legislators, there had come voluntary statements from President Roland

Jacobs of the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association and from the transportation committee of the New Hampshire Lumbermen's Association declaring that Mr. Lee and the Public Service Commission were either woefully ignorant of the manner of freight service being furnished in New Hampshire, or were mis-stating it. The representatives of both of these business men's organizations, the members of which are large shippers, asserted that the freight service now provided is the best they have had in years and adding that Mr. Hannauer has shown an unfailing desire to co-operate with them. Mr. Hannauer, in his address to the Legislature, went into details to show that better freight service is being provided.

The charges made by Mr. Lee and the Public Service Commission and the replies from the New Hampshire shippers and Mr. Hannauer have been treated at length in the newspapers of the state, consequently those who are interested in the technical phases of the issue are familiar with that side of the issue. There is another side of the question, however, that has not been touched upon in the newspaper press, or at most only casually and gingerly. Mr. Hannauer mentioned it briefly in his address. So did Mr. Jacobs in his statement. Namely, the effect of such publicity on the welfare of the State of New Hampshire.

Even if Mr. Lee's report on the railroad was a true statement of the sort of transportation service available in New Hampshire, the wide-spread publicity given such a report was not good for the state. Fortunately better evidence is at hand showing that the conditions are not anything like as bad as Mr. Lee and the Public Service Commission declared them to be. And that does not necessarily imply that the railroad service is all everybody would like it to be. There are very few perfect things in this world. Even the reformers leave something to be desired.

New Hampshire has been making an attempt in recent years to compete with other aggressive states bidding for markets for our industrial and agricultural products, and for permanent residents and for tourists. This is a radical departure from the traditional conservatism of the natives, and only the persistent application of time and energy by a group of men who came here from outside, has brought about the change. The late William S. Rossiter of Concord, President of the Rumford Press, was a noteworthy example of unselfish devotion to his adopted state's progress. The state has been maintaining a publicity bureau for four years with appreciable beneficial results. The state has had an exhibit of its resources and products at the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield for a number of years and the Legislature this year made an appropriation for a permanent New Hampshire building on the exposition grounds.

And then along comes this prejudicial statement of the railroad conditions in the state sent out to overtake and obscure in the outside mind all the good things that have been set forth. A well-founded fear that something like the Lee report would be forthcoming was felt by those who knew the make-up of the Public Service Commission when the 1927 Legislature authorized the investigation and appropriated fifteen thousand dollars for the expenses. Former Governor Fred H. Brown, appointed Public Service commissioner by Governor John G. Winant in place of the late Professor Thomas D. W. Worthen, has long been hostile to the Boston and Maine. Mr. Winant knew that and the general belief

was that Mr. Brown was selected for that reason. If that belief was correct, Mr. Winant's expectations have been fully realized for Mr. Brown quickly became the dominating influence in the Public Service Commission, and has so continued. Mr. Brown is a man of positive convictions and it is much more comfortable to agree with him than to disagee.

Just when Mr. Brown's antipathy for the Boston and Maine gripped him is uncertain. It is a reasonable assumption that it was early, for his youth was spent in Carroll County and his home is in Somersworth, both bad places for an impatient man who wants quick and convenient railroad passenger service. The resentment was accentuated when he got into politics, for he is a Democrat and the theory of the Democratic leaders in New Hampshire is that it is always safe politics to slam the Boston and Maine and the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

When the Public Service Commission got around to take up the railroad investigation, Mr. Brown's first choice for investigator was Ralph Davis of Manchester. Mr. Davis' appointment was blocked by Governor Huntley N. Spaulding on the ground that Mr. Davis was notoriously unfriendly to the Boston and Maine and the state desired an impartial investigation. Mr. Spaulding also thought a man who understood railroading would be preferable to a lawyer. So, Mr. Brown turned to Mr. Lee, a man who left the employ of the Boston and Maine in a disgruntled frame of mind toward the railroad, as the proper man to investigate the Boston and Maine.

There must be somewhere in the United States or Canada, a railroad man competent to have conducted such an investigation as the 1927 Legislature intended, who was not laboring under an obsession that the Boston and Maine was all wrong, and who would not have set about his study of the road with the sole purpose of digging out only unfavorable findings. For even the worst person or corporation has some good points. But the Lee report did not disclose a single thing about the Boston and Maine that merited even grudging approval. That the single purpose of Mr. Brown and Mr. Lee was to blast the railroad is demonstrated conclusively by the unvarying criticism and denunciation that pervaded the entire document. They were so obsessed by their preconceptions that they failed to use ordinary tact, which would have dictated at least some faint admission of passable railroad service, for the sake of giving plausibility to their general bill of inadequacy.

On the face of things, it would seem that the money spent on this investigation of the Boston and Maine service was wasted, but that may not be so in the final analysis. The value of the Lee report has been rendered negligible by the testimony of Mr. Jacobs and the lumbermen, shippers who know they are getting better freight service than they have had in years. And Mr. Hannauer in his statement to the Legislature declared he and all his associates desire to work with the New Hampshire people for the best interests of the state and for the railroad. These interests are so intermingled that they cannot be separated.

It is time that this nonsense about the Boston and Maine striving to destroy New Hampshire industries and preclude people from riding on their passenger trains is ended. It is too ridiculous for serious consideration by intelligent persons. And Mr. Hannauer has definitely stated that the railroad has dropped all notion of abandoning the branch lines in

New Hampshire, if the people of New Hampshire justify their continuance. That means that if the people desire railroad service they must use it to an extent that enables the railroad to meet expenses and render some return to the owners of the railroad property.

If the aftermath of the Lee report is the establishment of a better understanding between the people of the state and the Boston and Maine, the fifteen thousand dollars spent by the Public Service Commission will not have been wasted, even though it is certain to require many times that sum to regain the ground lost in state promotion as a result of the dolorous recital of Mr. Lee and the Public Service Commission.

Dreams and Petals

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

Out of the sky float petals
Dreams of the apple tree,
A-tilt on the golden sunbeams,—
For Spring is over the lea.

Out of the air float voices,
Singing through all the night,
Spring is coming—the moonbeams
Are white with a lily-light.

From the depths of the heart float day dreams,
Tinged with an exquisite hue—
Or are they apple-tree petals
Like confetti against the blue?

The New England Council

ROBERT HUSE

NEW ENGLAND during the last three years has attracted the attention of the country as the scene of an unique experiment—the successful attempt to unite the progressive elements and interests of six states in a co-operative development movement for the area as a whole.

New England, out of the post-war business depression, with characteristic energy set out to build a thoroughgoing program of readjustment and growth. New England's leaders entrusted the stimulation of her progressive rediscovery of herself and her assets to a new organization, the New England Council.

Much of the impelling force behind the readjustment and reorganization that has been going on in New England has been the Council, all-New England development organization, with its six state divisions, of which the New Hampshire Council is one. Through much of its development the New England Council had the helpful leadership in its New Hampshire branch of the late W. S. Rossiter.

In June, 1925, the six New England Governors evolved the idea of the New England Council. Five months later, in Worcester, Massachusetts, these Governors met with some 800 representatives of the agricultural, industrial, and commercial organizations of the six New England states. This gathering was named the "New England Conference," and was dedicated to the service of New England and to the promotion of the growth and prosperity of the New England states. The New England Conference was made an annual institution, to consist of delegates chosen each year by the agricultural, commercial, and industrial organizations of New England. Its membership is therefore representative of all the major economic interests and activities of the six New England states, and constitutes, in the aggregate, a cross section of the economic life of New England. The Conference is the annual "town meeting" of the business organizations and interests of the six New England states. Its temper, expressions, and viewpoint are those of New England business.

Like other town meetings, the New England Conference has its executive body, the New England Council, consisting of 72 business men, 12 from each state, chosen by the delegates attending the Conference. Since its inception the Council has marshaled many of the forces of New England for collective and co-operative action, and has developed among the six states and their business interests the teamwork necessary to promote the business growth and prosperity of New England.

One of the first tasks which the New England Council attempted was that of stimulating progressive co-operative activities on the part of New England's power companies for the good of the community as a whole. In the words of John S. Lawrence, first president and now treasurer, "the Council defined its policy in regard to power as including the most economical distribution of power, the maximum utilization of all water powers; inter-connections for economy and protection, and reasonable regulation, to protect the public while also encouraging health growth."

The companies, at the request of the

Council, undertook a thorough study of the power situation in New England and sought through concrete measures the industrial development of New England communities. Of 117 electric service companies in New England 104, under leadership of the co-operating industrial development committee of the power industry, itself acting at the request of the Council, have adopted industrial development programs and have definitely assigned personnel to community development work. In various New England states numerous public utility companies are making or co-operating in community or even state-wide industrial surveys. In thus securing the co-operation of the electric power companies for community development, the Council was taking first steps in a program to co-ordinate in definite developmental activities all agencies within the community having a direct interest in the growth of that community.

In the field of agriculture, the Council organized a group of practical farmers, state officers and agricultural experts who agreed that there was a vital need for grades and standards of quality farm products, in order to facilitate marketing, in order to attract buyers, in order to make co-operation possible. Five of the New England states almost immediately enacted laws establishing the right of the Commissioners of Agriculture to fix grades and standards for agricultural products, and in New Hampshire this legislation has been passed by the current legislature.

Uniform grades and standards have already been fixed and promulgated for numerous farm products. With these established the next step is now being taken—to capture markets, to organize producers, distributors and state authorities in a united effort to establish universal acceptance of the New England Farm Label. This label, like a trade mark, brands New England quality farm products and differentiates them from ungraded farm products.

The New England Council has stimulated the increased use of research in industry. The Council made, for demonstration, research studies in three important New England industries, shoes, knit goods, and cotton dress goods. The researches of these industries have been widely used by firms in those fields in increasing the effectiveness of their organization. A survey of the wooden box industry in New England, also brought about by the efforts of the Council, pointed the way to reorganize that whole form of enterprise.

Through the Research Committee of the Council, New England banks raised a substantial sum of money to make a study of the services rendered by banks throughout the United States, and to secure from them, if possible, new ideas for progress. In New England 234 banks combined to carry on this survey of banking practices. Such a survey undertaken jointly by banks, many of them active competitors, had never before been made in any section of the country. The results of this survey have been reported by the Council and many of its suggestions have been put into effect by New England banks.

The Council was responsible, among its research activities, for the United States Department of Commerce commercial and industrial survey of New England, and extremely enlightening reports are now being published. This survey included an examination of markets, methods of distribution, preferences and habits of the New England buying public, and various analyses of New England manufactures. In this work the Council co-operated actively

for more than a year, and furnished expert assistance in the field work. Similarly, the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, at the Council's suggestion, has completed a careful survey to determine the use and value of research in New England industries, reports of which the Council has distributed throughout New England.

The Council, interested in the New England railroads and cognizant of the importance of their service to New England industry, called together the presidents of all the railroads serving New England. It was felt that the opportunities for co-operation warranted the formation of a New England Railroad Presidents' Committee of the New England Council. Every New England railroad president sits on this committee.

New England communities have received the attention of the Council. From its beginning, the Council has undertaken to coordinate and to stimulate New England communities for their own self-development, and for this purpose organized a Community Development Committee, which has made some surveys of its own in order to ascertain basic facts about New England communities.

One of its first efforts, and one which was widely commended as productive of good results, was the preparation of a thumb-nail industrial survey sent to 5,000 leaders of communities in New England. This little folder was entitled "Try These on Your Town." It presented fourteen questions having to do with the industrial health of the community. One of the most important questions asked was the attitude of the management of industries in regard to their own future expansion plans as they relate to the community and the degree of co-operation between industries and their communities. The right of a community to ask questions about the future plans of those industries on which its economic life depends, and to be entitled to intelligent answers, has been emphasized by the Council.

As results of the Council's stimulating efforts, thirty-nine New England communities are now making, or have made, industrial surveys of their own situations. There are fifty-three industrial development committees actively at work. There are 15 industrial bureaus in operation. There are six development funds available to help industries. The sum of $52,000 was spent last year by 19 New England communities for advertising their advantages. The part played by electric service companies in organizing for community growth has already been told. The New England Council's effectiveness as a coordinating agency within New England is shown by the fact that New England railroads are now organized for community development; power companies are now organized for that purpose; likewise, New England gas companies and banks are co-operating in community development work for New England.

The New England Council has realized what New Hampshire also knows, that visitors mean dollars left behind, and increased trade. Recreational and natural scenic advantages afford the basis for what comes close to being a major industry in New England. The Department of Commerce reported that visitors to all of the New England states spent about $400,000,000 in 1926. Those who serve this trade rank among the major classifications of industry.

The Council, therefore, has energetically encouraged New England communities to appreciate the value to themselves of their recreational resources.

Nature has been good to the six New England states. There is great beauty in New England mountains and forests, seashore and rivers and lakes, which are to a great extent the natural attractions which bring in visitors. The Council has sought to make New England communities understand that this traffic is worth stimulating, and that pleasant communities are worth building up as attractions. The work in this field is carried on by the Council's Committee on Recreational Resources.

The Council annually makes a survey of the migration of industry in New England. The publication of the results of these surveys has helped to dispel false impressions about the condition of New England industry throughout the country. Reports for 1927 showed that there was a net gain of 266 industries in New England. In that year, the study showed that, while only five industries removed themselves from New England to new locations outside, no less than twenty established industries moved into New England from other sections of the country. A similar survey for 1928 is now under way.

The Council undertook these surveys not only to establish the facts but also to inspire every New England community to keep its own record regarding its industry. The study is not statistically complete, but it is based on returns from 266 communities, which represent 70 per cent of New England's population.

That the people of New England are confident of the value of the Council is indicated by the fact that nearly 100 New England daily newspapers have voluntarily contributed largely of their space for community advertising of New England as a unit. An advertising company has co-operated with the Council in giving space in the street cars for cards prepared by the Council.

As a result of its three years' activities, the Council feels that New England may look with increased confidence to the future. She now has seen concrete evidence of the advantages of co-operation in her own behalf. Six states that are historically, socially and economically a unit, have come to a fuller realization of their essential likeness. The rest of the country thinks of New England as one area. That there are advantages in New England's thinking of herself in similar fashion seems apparent, and she is doing so in larger and larger measure. Today, as in 1925 when the Council was formed, there is much which co-operative activity can accomplish toward progress in and for New England.

In the past, changing conditions have many times necessitated adjustment of methods and interests in New England industry. Each change required the achievement of a new frame of mind.

Today the new frame of mind in New England is creating new methods, new and modern technique in marketing and merchandising, and a new sense of solidarity and common policy. New England became the workshop and playground of the nation many years ago. Today it is greater than ever as an industrial and also as a recreational region, and as a land of opportunity.

Fundamentally, New England is a good place in which to live, to work and to play. She has a healthful and a stimulating climate. Her geographical position makes New England easily accessible to more than half the population of the United States by rail, water, highway and air. At her very doors is the greatest metropolitan market in the country, New York, and the New England

states with their eight million people constitute no small market themselves.

Added to the basic advantages of climate, location, and general natural resources, industry finds in New England a reservoir of capital, of management and of skilled labor. Her capital in these days is becoming increasingly alive to the possibilities of new and growing industries. Aviation, radio, rayon, television—these are typical of such industries now getting a foothold and expanding in these states. New England offers conditions especially favorable to industries in which there is a high rate of value added by manufacture. New England is especially adapted for "semi-luxury" industries as opposed to "primary" industries such as always are the most successful in new and non-industrialized areas.

If then, New England offers advantages for industry, it is obvious that she offers a commensurate challenge to her own people. It has been said that New England is an economic frontier, in the sense that there are opportunities for the exercise of wit and ingenuity in management, for the study and application to New England industries of new ideas and new methods, for the devising and production of entirely new products to meet the changing demands of a civilization moving at swifter pace than ever before. There are opportunities for the modernization and expansion of present industries and for the establishment of new ones. There is opportunity for the profitable employment of New England's accumulated capital by "young" men of all ages. There is an invigorating climate that has stimulated New Englanders from earliest times to outstanding accomplishment. Here there has grown up a civilization of highly developed communities with their schools and colleges and cultural and historic environment. There is, above all, opportunity to live and work, and accomplish things worth while, among pleasant and at the same time enlivening surroundings.

The Canary's Song

GERTRUDE W. MARSHALL

Sing, sing, how you sing!
You sing your tune through,
Then backward too,
High, high, now so low
With sweetest trills; oh,
Such musical warbling!

Sing again round about,
And from the middle out,
Sing, Dicky bird, sing,
So merrily calling!
Now lifting your wings,
Dear imprisoned thing,

As though free to fly
To the birds in the sky,
Sing, sing, happily sing!

When Good Deeds Go Wrong

JEAN B. NEILSON

MY SCOTCH grandmother seemed to me to be a very wise old lady, not learned but having a sort of deep natural wisdom. She never did anything simply because somebody else did it or because it was considered correct or right by other people. All her actions and speech seemed to be dictated by her own inner conviction of rightness. She had no affectations. She was natural and independent and this independence of thought and speech and action gave her great dignity and an impressive personality. My father told me she was always like that, that when she went to live at Ardmore as a young bride the other women, impressed by this dignified independence, called her "Queen of Ardmore." She was a beautiful woman, chiefly because of a beauty of personality that animated her face and slender form.

She had carried on a millinery business since the death of her husband which occurred when she was only twenty-eight, and had brought up four sons. The eldest had gone to America and prospered there. The second son was my father. The third had a tailoring business in another town. The youngest, a man of great brilliance, had died when he was at college. I loved to visit my grandmother, and watch her sew and hear her talk. She made, by hand, old ladies' lace caps—lovely dainty things, all lace frills and little bows. She had orders for these from all over the British Isles. Another specialtiy of hers was babies' bonnets—pretty ruffled silk things. She took great pleasure in the perfection of detail of these things and would make them only for special customers. As she sewed she would talk about her youth and her life in America where she had gone with her young husband. When he died she had come back to her old home in Scotland.

My mother visited her regularly every week, but I always had a feeling that she did not know how to talk to my grandmother, for she hardly ever went alone to see her. Usually my father or I would be with her and very little conversation went on between my grandmother and my mother. I wondered about this when I was little as my mother was a talkative woman and usually had plenty to say. I used to admire my mother's manner with visitors. She could carry on so much bright chatter about nothing and there never were embarrassing stretches of silence when she was present. But my grandmother's conversation and my mother's were different. My grandmother's was interesting while mother's was gay and pleasant but did not seem to matter. Perhaps my grandmother and my mother did not really like each other very much, their personalities were so different.

My grandmother used to say she did not like people to pay her duty visits, to come and see her because they thought it their duty to visit old people. She wanted them to come only if it gave them pleasure and they really wanted to come. I am afraid my mother's visiting was duty-visiting.

I know my mother had some notion about this time that she ought to do some kind of "good deeds" and her "good deeds" took the form of visiting old people who lived alone. Several afternoons a week she spent visiting vari-

ous poor old maiden ladies and old women who lived alone in little cottages in Ardmore. I do not know whether the old women enjoyed these visits or not. I expect they did for mother had very charming ways and never went without some little gifts. She herself seemed to enjoy the visiting but whether the pleasure was real or came from a sense of duty done I do not know.

It was while she was looking for old women to visit that she made an interesting discovery. She found that in a cottage near my grandmother's lived my grandmother's sister and that my grandmother and this sister had not spoken to each other for twenty years! Here in my dear mother's opinion was a wonderful opportunity for a "good deed". Twenty years before the two sisters had quarrelled over some furniture left to them by their mother. An antique mirror had been the special source of division. My grandmother's sister had insisted on her right to the mirror and my grandmother had given in, but they had not spoken to each other since. I do not know whether one or the other or both had refused to speak, at any rate they did not bother each other.

Now my mother found the situation brimful of possibilities for forgiveness, restored good feelings, and so on, herself to be the reconciling angel. She spoke to my grandmother about it first of all and asked her how she could live so near a sister without ever speaking to her. My mother said, "Your sister might have been ill or dying and you would never have known." "Yes, I should," said my grandmother. "If she had really needed me I should have gone to her, but she did not need me. She has a good son who cares for her. She does not need me."

But my mother was not satisfied. She wanted to see those two "friends". So one Sunday she gave a little dinner party and invited the two sisters. They both came. Grandmother was quite pleasant to Aunt Janet, as mother had taught us to call her, but Aunt Janet did not seem to enjoy the meeting much. She was a quiet, timid sort of woman and did not say much. Grandmother, I suspected, was rather amused by my mother's efforts at reconciliation and Aunt Janet was embarrassed. I felt sorry for her but I did not like her much. She was too colorless. The only interest I as a child got out of it was in watching Aunt Janet's chin when she was eating. She had a thin face with sharp pointed features, her chin being especially prominent. She did not seem to have any teeth and when she ate her chin moved forward and up in the most fascinating way. We children were all interested in this pecularity of my aunt and often begged my mother to invite her to a meal with us so that we could observe the phenomenon to see how it was done. In spite of much practice, however, we could never get our chins to move in the same interesting way! My mother never suspected the reason for what she considered was our kind interest in Aunt Janet, but she must have been rather surprised at the excessive amiability that made us willing to give up cherished bits of candy to our aunt.

I am afraid my mother must have been sadly disappointed in the results of this "good deed" of hers. She kept on giving dinners and teas for the two old ladies but she never seemed to succeed in making them friends. We met Aunt Janet's son and saw that he was really good and devoted to his mother. He was married and lived in another town but he often came to see her.

One day Aunt Janet fell ill and took

to bed. Her son came along and then her son's wife. One day my mother had an unexpected visitor. It was the son's wife. She was quite friendly towards my mother but she wanted my mother to stop trying to interfere between the two old women. "I know you mean all right," she said to my astonished mother, "but it would be better to let them alone. My mother-in-law is bothered too much about it. She was quite happy as things were before. She likes a quiet life."

"But don't you think they ought to be friends?" asked my mother.

"It isn't what they ought to be," said the daughter-in-law. "They just can't be friends. They are too different, perhaps. They never got on together. That affair of the mirror was really a good thing for them. They were much happier when they had nothing to do with each other. Please don't try any more to bring them together. I am afraid it would kill my mother-in-law if she is bothered about it any more. She is not very strong."

So the relations between our family and Aunt Janet ceased. My mother was evidently very much puzzled by the fact that her "good deed" did not work out in the orthodox way, for she went about with a frown on her pretty face for quite a time. But gradually her brow cleared, she had found some new outlet for her passion for "good deeds".

Rosa Mystica

CLIFFORD M. MONTAGUE

If I went past you down the hill,
And you had never seen my face before,
Would all your being feel the sudden thrill
You said it felt, once more?

If I went past you through this shaw
Would you be all a-quiver at the brush
Of my trailed garments? Would the sudden hush
You said the blackbird had, in awe
Of my first coming, fall upon the place
Once more, if you had never seen my face,
Nor heard my passing by before?

Has A Dragon-Fly Intelligence?

ALDINE F. MASON

SOME two or three weeks ago, as I was standing at the edge of my garden, looking it over, my attention was called to a loud and persistent buzzing, near my head. I finally located the sound, which proved to be the efforts of a large dragon-fly to extricate himself from the meshes of a spider-web under the eaves of a small shed.

I took down the dragon-fly and untangled it from the web, which was very stout and as sticky as if dipped in liquid glue.

The insect seemed to be exhausted, and made no motion aside from its heaving sides, and was perfectly content to cling to my hand and rest. Finally after a few minutes it flew a short distance, but fell in mid-air and I re-captured it. This time it stayed a little longer, then suddenly rose and circled twice above my head, then sailed like a miniature airplane, over the roofs and away.

I forgot the incident until a few days later, when I noticed another dragon-fly which flew around the house and hit the windows as if trying to get in. This was repeated for several days, always about the same time, between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, then one day when I was working in the yard, apparently the same fly circled my head and sailed up to the top of a window in the gable, where it hung with wings outspread all the afternoon. Then it happened that I was away for several afternoons, and on my first day at home, in answering a hail from a neighbor, I noticed that one of my cats had caught a dragon-fly and was holding it for my approval.

They will give me anything they have caught without protest, so I took the fly and set it on the palm of my hand, where it lay outstretched at full length, measuring a little more than three inches, each way. It seemed to be the same fly, and was marked with alternate blue and black squares; all others I have seen around the garden were brown, only.

After I had finished talking with my neighbor, I tried to transfer the fly to her to show her little boy, who was playing near, but it refused to leave me, so I carried it into the house and placed it on a window screen to rest, as it seemed to be badly injured. There was no sunlight on that window and the fly trembled as though cold, so I transferred it to another where the sun shone, and left it there, with some sugar and drops of water near it on the edge of the screen.

About a half hour later, I heard a buzzing at the window, and friend dragon-fly was all well and "rarin' to go." I took it out on the porch and it took flight, circled the inside of the porch once or twice and was on its way. I have never seen it since and can only conjecture whether he thought the hazards too great to return or if, as the nights grew colder, he went to the happy hunting grounds. Anyway, I hope he got safely home that night, and wish him "Good Hunting!"

Some Early Hikers

CHARLES F. ADAMS

MY grandfather's grandfather, old Captain Aaron Adams, had hiked up from his father William's homestead at Ipswich, Mass., some time before the Revolution, and built him a house on top of Crany Hill, the highest point in Henniker, N. H. Here he tilled his land and brought up a large family most of whom he buried beneath a decorous row of slate tombstones in the neat little family burying ground just across the road.

There was, however, one son whose name was Moses, who became unaccountably stricken with what came to be called "the Western fever", and who must have been, at that early period, one of its very first victims. About the year 1803 he set out, by the covered wagon route, I suppose, for the far-off region then known as the "Western Reserve."

But I will let my grandfather tell the tale as he told it to me as we sat cracking butternuts—or "vilnuts," as we called them—in front of the big old fireplace long years ago.

"Well," said my grandfather, James, "you see, my father, Moses, was a pretty set sort of a man, and what he said went. All this talk about the untracked wilderness, wild beasts and wilder Indians, didn't seem to bother him a bit. He wanted to see what it was like, he said.

"My poor mother was not very strong, but she was going too, and I and my sister Charlotte. I was a pretty husky lad, as I had to be after pitching hay and laying stone walls ever since I could walk almost.

"To reach our destination, as near as I can remember, it was necessary to cross the Western part of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and the northerly part of New Jersey to reach the only road leading to the great West. This road, I understand, was the first big job done by a youthful surveyor by the name of George Washington.

"Our journey was long and wearisome, and we had finally to make long stops at various settlements along the route. The winter found us at Cannonsburg, Penn., where my mother was taken with a fatal illness, and her bones lie buried at that place.

"In the spring we pushed on to northern Ohio, where my father settled in a little sandy prairie, but on which he made a beautiful farm of more than five hundred acres. It had taken us the biggest part of two years to reach this spot.

"And when I got there I did not stay long. My father married again, and now I had three half brothers, Ira, Horace and Cyrus. My own sister, Charlotte, had married Joseph Baird, of Magnon, Ill. Well, as time went on, things did not run very smoothly, and I became desperately homesick for old New Hampshire and my grand-sir Captain Aaron.

"I shall never forget the day, July 9, 1809, when little more than a boy, I so suddenly left my father's house at Suffield, Portage county, Ohio. I never saw the family again. I made my way to Ashtabula Harbor on Lake Erie, and after a long wait, managed to work my passage on a small vessel to a distant point, where I began my long walking trip back to New England.

"I had not been a week in the almost pathless forest I had entered before I

was taken down with a fever and lay unconscious I don't know how long. When I partially recovered, I wandered for days in a sort of haze, until I finally stumbled upon a hunter's deserted cabin, where I lay helpless, too weak and emaciated to go any further.

"From this place I was finally rescued by a party of wandering Indians, who took me to their camp where I remained until I was able to take up my journey. My new friends loaded me up with fresh meat and Indian corn and I once more headed for the Granite State, and Crany Hill in particular.

"As I passed through the immense wilderness of western New York, now so densely populated, I scarcely met a single person. About the only one I recall was a queer little man, but of undaunted courage. He had cleared a piece of land and was busily engaged in building a log cabin. 'The way we settlers do is to take up government land, clear a little and wait for a customer. By and by some one comes along who would rather buy the claim than clear it. Then I'll move along a piece and build again. In the course of time, if I'm lucky, I'll have considerable cash, and I'll settle down a little further west and get rich on farm mortgages at twelve per cent interest. I know lots that's done it. What? Oh yes, of course I'm all fixed for next winter. I've got a barrel of oatmeal, a jug of whisky, plenty of plug tobacco and gunpowder. What more can a man want?'

"Well, son, I guess I've told you about all there is to tell," said grandfather. "But I will say that when at last I set eyes on old Crany Hill and grand-sir Aaron's big white house on top of it, I could have cried for joy."

New Hampshire News Review

INTERESTING EXPERIMENT

Dr. Henry Libby of Boston has proved by his screen problem at an experimental pool, Mirror Lake, why we are not catching landlocked salmon in Lake Winnepesaukee. This specie of fish is sought for in all waters and is the gamiest of all fresh water fish. Mot Bartlett, Fish and Game Commissioner of Concord, is interested for the State in Dr. Libby's experiment.

The early history of introducing the landlocked salmon in Wolfeboro Lakes and by whom, is veiled in mystery. However, there are now reliable facts worthy of research. The question has been asked over and over again by lovers of this kind of sport why these precious fish are not taken from Lake Winnepesaukee and Lake Wentworth. An investigation seemed important to attract attention to the fundamental causes, and Dr. Henry Libby, who has fished the waters of Wolfboro and Tuftonboro ever since a boy, put the following history before Commissioner Bartlett, "Salmon, as is well known, spend most of their lives in salt waters and are possesors of a hidden secret, that they must go to the headwaters to propagate or spawn, after which they return to the ocean for development: the issue is this, the study of this inherited instinct of this specie of fish must be taken into consideration." It was for this reason that Dr. Libby went to the outlet of Lake Winnepesaukee, which is at Lakeport, and interviewed Mr. Harry Daniels, who is the superintendent of the Lake Winnepesaukee Water Power Company. The doctor was shown an upright slatted screen that is 65 feet long and spaces between the bars 7-8 inches wide, with many of the bars bent, making openings that salmon would naturally take advantage of in seeking their natural habitat.

At Mirror Lake, Dr. Libby has established an experimental fish culture station to try out the screen problem. He introduced several sizes of trout up to 10 inches and confined them within an area so that they cannot go up stream, and if they go through slatted screens down stream, they are captured in a pool and cannot return. At the outlet of this pool, there are two sizes of mesh screen 1-2 inch and 1-4 inch. Within two weeks time, most important discoveries have been made. While the construction was in progress, there was a free flow of water passing through the slatted screens, from Mirror Lake to Lake Winnepesaukee. The 1-2 inch mesh screen was a barrier; therefore it was proved at once that black bass (a migrating fish and a fish that has been sufficiently studied, requires to inbreed with its kind to strengthen its existence) these were found, also perch, sunfish, and pout in the pool. Dr. Libby placed two trout 10 inches, two trout 8 inches, two trout, 6 inches, and salmon up to five inches and the sizes of fingerlings that are planted in the lakes of New Hampshire. Already the 8-inch trout had passed through the slatted screen and of course the smaller ones have gone through. The 7-8 inch screen seems a joke.

Sixty thousand dollars worth of sal-

mon are distributed annually in New Hampshire lakes. Dr. Libby feels that economic thoughts are run through the mill-races, also anglers are being let go to the lakes of Maine to empty their pockets and possibly establish camp colonies. New Hampshire has 700 lakes and the public is not getting their full benefit. The doctor believes if this fish problem can be thought out and worked out by this apparently simple screen investigation, it will be the means of stocking the smaller lakes with the most joyous recreation and health reviving pleasure to those whom fish call to their haunts. It appears further, to Dr. Libby's layman mind, that this unusually important, easily accomplished scheme could be made practical and that the experiments thus far show evidence enough to go on and overcome obstacles if such arise. It will be an economic measure to the State to make New Hampshire waters a mecca of enjoyment.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S DAUGHTERS

The February meeting of the New Hampshire's Daughters at Hotel Vendome, Boston, in observance of New England Day, was the most enjoyable of the club-year.

Fittingly the patriotic month of February had been chosen for New England Day, and flags, large and small, everywhere bespoke their significance and graced the attractive club rooms.

The President, Mrs. Nellie T. Hendrick of Nashua, N. H., opened the meeting with the salute to the flag, under the leadership of Miss Marion Brazier, an honorary member of New Hampshire's Daughters.

Most graciously, Mrs. Hendrick greeted the club members, their guests, and the guests of honor.

The guests of honor were Mrs. Grace Morrison Poole, first vice-president of the General Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. G. F. Morris, president of New Hampshire State Federation; Mrs. A. A. Packard, president of Massachusetts State Federation; Mrs. W. J. McDonald, sixth district director of Massachusetts State Federation; Mrs. Carl Watson, president of Boston City Federation; and Mrs. G. F. Speare, chairman of New England Conference.

The introduction of each guest of honor bore the charming stamp of Mrs. Hendrick's personal thought and appreciation of the individual lives and services which each is rendering her state and country through the activities of Women's Clubs Federations.

Each guest, in response, brought helpful messages from her organization. Mrs. G. F. Speare, presenting the topic of the day, discussed the activities of the New England Conference. She urged New England women to recognize and fulfill their responsibility toward the upbuilding and maintenance of New England's economic position in the country, so that those dwelling there shall be glad to live there, rather than elsewhere.

The song, "Hurrah for Old New England!", was sung by the club, with Mrs. J. F. Simpson at the piano.

Mrs. H. A. Goodspeed, program chairman, presiding over a rare hour of music chosen from Mrs. H. H. A. Beach's works, presented Miss Catherine Graham Gormley, assisted by Miss Desmondo Fopiano. Two Steinway pianos were used. Through the touch and interpretation of these artists the exquisite beauty of the following numbers called for the delighted appreciation of their listeners: Le Prince Gracieux, Scottish Legend, Gavotte Fantasique, Heartsease, Tyrolian Waltz, Suite for Two Pianofortes, founded on Old Irish Melodies.

At the close of the program hour, Master Edward Franzeim, dressed as

page, led the honored guests and escorts to the tea-room where, in reception line, Mrs. Hendrick, Mrs. Poole, Mrs. Morris, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Speare, and Mrs. Huntley N. Spaulding greeted members and guests.

The escorts to Mrs. Hendrick and guests of honor were respectively Mrs. C. P. Wellman, Mrs. Myron Davis, Jr., Mrs. W. L. Tougas, Mrs. C. M. Glazier, Mrs. H. E. Morse, and Mrs. D. H. Dickerson.

At the tea-table, gay with bright colored tulips, the pourers were Mrs. I. F. Harris, Mrs. E. B. Albee, Mrs. H. L. Flather, and Miss Emma Flather, each from Nashua, N. H., the home of the president.

The success of the day reflected the happy combination of fine club-leadership plus the happy blending of personal touches of generous cooperative committee details under the direction of Chairman Mrs. H. M. Lothrop, reception; Mrs. N. A. Franziem, hospitality; and Mrs. H. A. Goodspeed and her alert page, Balcom Goodspeed.

New England spirit flooded the entire afternoon with enthusiasm, token toward fulfilment of incentive to celebrate New England Day.

EXECUTIVE

Among the important matters that have emanated from the office of Gov. Charles W. Tobey since February 1 are the signing of the bond issues for road building in New Hampshire during the coming two years.

These include the $1,000,000 bond issue for the construction of permanent highways and bridges and the measure appropriating additional money for the aid of towns in road work.

State Highway Commissioner Frederick Everett has announced his program for this year which he will be able to carry out with his $3,000,000 for 1929 from the state bond issue and $730,000 from the federal aid funds for the same period.

The governor has placed his signature to a bill raising the price of a marriage license from $1 to $2 but there has been no dropping off in the number seeking to have the knot tied following Easter.

The State Industrial School land deal came to a climax when Governor Tobey pronounced the transaction as not in accord "with the best interests of the state," after an exhaustive investigation.

Notwithstanding the disapproval of the governor and his council the trustees, encouraged by the decision of the attorney general that the transaction was legal, if not for the interest of the state, called a meeting to consummate the deal. Threats from those opposed to the deal to secure a court order enjoining the trustees from executing the sale were in the air as THE NEW HAMPSHIRE went to press.

The transaction, which was outlined in the January issue of THE NEW HAMPSHIRE, was approved at the final 1928 meeting of Gov. Huntley N. Spaulding and his council.

AIRWAYS

National and International finances are assured for the development of a huge airport at Hampton. The project is embodied in the report to the Legislature of the commission appointed by Gov. Huntley N. Spaulding to study the development of the marsh lands at Hampton, Hampton Falls and Seabrook.

The airport when completed will embrace an area of about 1,000 acres.

A Word to the Wise Should Be Sufficient

JULIUS BURNS

"I need not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine —"

WHEN the spirit is low and the mind tired from the drain of the intensity of strife in modern affairs and the one besetting thought persists that, above all, one must "get away from it all", then is the moment to hurriedly throw a few comfortable togs into a bag and make for New Hampshire's mountain country; there to find the peace and soul satisfaction that brings a re-birth of desire to "go on", in the struggle to hold one's place in the busy world.

For New England has nothing else so beautiful to offer and one expedition will call for more until the varied beauties of it will thereafter sound a call which you will be unable to resist.

It is inevitable that, be you ever so city-bred and born, you will become one of those spirits of whom Cooper says in his "Retirement"—

"Some minds by nature are averse to noise,
And hate the tumult half the world enjoys."

But that state of mind comes after you have become a real lover of the quiet hills that first showed you life in its proper balance, where you re-found that sense of proportion lost in the rush for material things. Where you sought merely rest and found inspiration.

One who has long since steeped himself in the glory of viewing far-flung valleys from high hill tops, and felt the thrill of the majesty of mountain peaks towering against the horizon, can afford to envy you your first awakening to all of this.

If one must, one can have the excellent appointments and cuisine and other resultant luxuries of the finest of hotels and there bask in the sunshine and without stirring, enjoy glorious views, but that to me, is not New Hampshire, nor is it getting "away from it all", for the life of a palatial hotel is just another small, demanding world.

New Hampshire means to me, little white villages nestling in a green valley, the typical whiteness of houses, school and church, with slender spire reaching high, bravely contrasting with the dark green background of the hills that rise on all sides. Here in these little hamlets, dotted all through the White Mountains and many of the most appealing are off the beaten track of tourists, one finds that unperturbed region, that simplicity of life that heals the scars of mind and brings one to normalcy in health.

There are gentle slopes and ridges clad in maple, birch and beech; there are pungent spruce woods through which to wander, listening to the soft breeze singing through the branches, following the sound of rippling water to secluded water-falls and deep ravines or there are wind swept summits and broad expanse of sky. For each mood there is an answer.

One may essay the simple life, bathe in icy pools, tramp the ranges, chop wood, hunt flowers, listen to the birds, watch the clouds roll by, sleep and dream; or one may step in one's car and be whisked but a short distance to a perfect golf course and drive care

away by getting in a lather over a bunker.

If one is of an historical turn of mind, here is a country rich in such lore. Scattered here and there are small and ancient built houses that bring to mind pioneer tales galore, of hardy settlers bringing families and effects on ox-sleds over rough, hardly broken roads to the new land, of stage coaches rattling up through from Boston to the north, of the first iron horse that snorted through the quiet notches and more; and it is easy in these still peaceful towns to re-picture it all.

Or, one can brave the clear invigorating air of winter and find unparelled skiing, snowshoeing and the like; and the temperature while hovering at a low degree does not chill as it does when damp blasts blow from sea and river, for it is a dry cold and a health giving cold. A race across unbroken snow sends a thrill and a new circulation through the system and ending the sport in front of an open fire to toast the chill away is an unending joy to the lover of the out-of-doors.

Winter to the city dweller is mainly a thing of snow turned quickly into brown slush and icy pavements perilous to navigate; but not so where a mountain top rises sparkling in the sunshine.

Sugaring-off in the early Spring is another form of entertainment new to the essential city man and its pleasures must be practiced to understand.

Here then, one finds a combination strange, colonies of city folk who make their visitations both summer and winter and who carry on in their same busy, rushing fashion and simple country villages in which the people are living simply. One has but to make one's choice of diversion and be on their way.

The Shut-In Society of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont

ABOUT 50 years ago two invalid ladies began corresponding with each other and then with other invalids until a Shut-Ins-Society was formed of chronic invalids and those confined to their homes.

This society has grown until it numbers several thousand, scattered about all over the world.

All members are confined more or less to their homes and a great many of them to beds and wheel chairs.

The business of the society is conducted by the associate members who undertake to send cheer and comfort to the shut-in members. There are several branch organizations in different states, but the business head of the whole is the secretary, Mrs. Thomas D. Rambaut, Wyckoff, N. J.

The society has a monthly publication, *The Open Window*, which goes to all members, shut-ins and associates. It has lists of birthdays of the shut-ins, letters and requests from them and reports of the work of the society.

The dues of the shut-ins are 25 cents a year usually paid by some associate and $1.00 per year for the associates.

When the president of the Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont branch resigned about 25 years ago, the work was taken up by Miss Ethelyn Williams of Concord, N. H., who about ten years ago became Mrs. Carl Burell and came to Manchester, N. H.

The work has gradually grown until last Christmas cheer was sent to about 400 shut-ins, about 400 children and about 4000 inmates of homes and hospitals.

It is in no sense a charitable society yet many things of use and value are sent to the shut-in members by charitable associates.

Each shut-in member is reached with some little gift and several letters on Christmas, Easter and on their birthdays as they come along.

Many of the lady members can use their hands all right and to them are sent pieces for quilts and patch work, materials of all kinds for knitting and all kinds of fancy work which they usually sell and obtain good returns.

Stationery, stamps, postcards, etc., are sent out to enable the poorer members to correspond with each other and their friends. Pictures, clippings, books and magazines are sent to those who read.

The Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont branch has a circulating library of 3000 volumes which are loaned shut-ins—in many cases postage is paid both ways.

The president and his associates undertake to write letters of cheer to all the shut-ins in our district and some outside—most of the shut-ins are reached several times a year. Many of the shut-ins have talking machines and 25 Victrolas owned by the society are loaned to poorer members and almost 1000 records are in the record exchange which are loaned to members as called for.

The society has about 100 zigzag puzzles some with over 500 pieces and several thousand cross-word puzzles which afford much pleasure to those interested in such things.

On the passing away of Mrs. Burell, Aug. 28, the work has been taken over

by Carl Burell and conducted along the same lines as it was by Mrs. Burell.

There are in Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont about 300 shut-in members ranging in age from children, mostly infantile paralysis cases, to a dear old lady in Antrim who was 96 the 23rd of last November.

The pass-words of the society are Hope, Courage and Good Cheer. The message to all is—Don't get gloomy, don't despair, never say die, but just keep smiling on—die in the attempt.

Any information about the Shut-in Society and its work will be gladly given by Carl Burell, State President for Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont, 601 Hall St., Manchester, N. H.

When Birds Fly South

MAUD E. USCHOLD

How strange the autumn dusks appear
Through wind-stript oaks; the afterglow
Swift as the geese that smoothly flow
South with the waning of the year,

Unmindful of the dark that falls
In heavy smother on their wings,
For to their hearts the south wind calls,
A clarion that clearly sings,

"Come to the south, come, come away
From leaden lands of fir and larch
Where cruel wind pipes fiercely play
And days in frozen phalanx march;

"Where shadow serpents on the snow
Move stiffly in the still moonlight,
And star bells tinkle in a row
Along the icy eaves of night."

How cold the autumn dusks appear
Through leafless oaks when hurrying wings
Follow a voice that strangely sings
To birds at waning of the year .

Foresters

ADA BORDEN STEVENS

DREAMS are of beauty; only reality disappoints. We dreamed of the coming Convention of Foresters, and we were thrilled with anticipation. Were we not brought up on Robin Hood and might not these be his merry men meeting to conserve the Vermont hill timber? Men in apple-green, gathered from all parts of the country; big burley men, they would be, lean, handsome men, with long strides and the swing of the trail. Their eyes would be the deep eyes of those who constantly view the distant hills.

For days there had been the whisper, "When the foresters arrive." Rooms at the Inn were cleared, the big hall was made ready, and the dining-room officials held a special session for their benefit. A hundred Robin Hoods with their wives were due in a day! We pictured those wives, their beauty of form and their animated wisdom, striding Amazon-like about in Alpine garb, communing only with trees. To them belonged the great places of the earth and the keepers thereof. They were bound to be superwomen, and we watched for them.

All around the Inn were hills thickly wooded with green trees prime for the axe, but we had no fears, for were not the foresters at hand? These men in green with their leathern gaiters and peaked caps would come to save the groves, not destroy them.

Certainly there would be something of the pixie about them, in their aloofness something of the god. While they were among us we would stand aside as at some gesture of creation staying the destructiveness that symbolizes Americanism; the tramp, tramp of many feet like soldiers of peace making salvage of destruction as we watched their green shadows fade into the purple of the hills.

They came, clean shaven, alert, with eyes that see far. And with their wives. But where was the Lincoln green? Where, even, the broad shoulders? More than one of them, filing past with a man's intent interest on his dinner, had the stoop and twist of a scholar. Where was the long swing of the giant walker?

Instead, they ambled with the readily adaptable lock-step of men accustomed to the drawing-room. Their eyes were keen and humorous, a saving grace to those who know the loneliness of the forest. And the wives? Yes, many of them were beautiful with the fragile delicacy of the protected object of man's adoration.

They came riding in automobiles, dressed in the plain, conventional clothes of business men. They wore hats of various morning styles respectable for any city street. They registered as any man regisers at any hotel and filed into the dining-room with the tired preoccupation of office workers.

But is the romance of the forest gone? To be sure, they started on their inspection trip in a whirl of motors instead of the steady march of feet, but beyond their parking place at the edge of the forest romance begins, not in the outer trappings, but where scientist and poet meet to preserve the beauty and usefulness of God-given shade.

Their conferences protect our rainfalls, our supplies of food and fuel. What if the spectator loses the poetry of their effectiveness? Upon the foresters, after all, depends the prosperity of our country. In their reality, our dreams come true.

The One American Art

J. EDWIN GOTT

I PASS dreamily over the first pages of my magazine that contains stories. Thereupon I feel greatly shaken and a sudden chill runs up my back as I sit gasping, for a towering figure of a great green sphinx with a well kept set of teeth stares at me. Underneath this impressive portrait, like the ghostly voice of a long buried son of Pharoah, are the words: "The Secret Revealed."

I discover that the secret which the world has been searching for is, that unless I use a toothbrush with a particular curve designed especially for my use—all is lost. A few pages further on I find that all is even more hopeless unless I use a toothbrush curved in just the opposite direction.

Privacy is an unknown circumstance to the superb advertisment writers. A young man in his bath tells me that the brush with which he is scrubbing his back has seventy-one different uses and that by my sending a post-card to the manufacturer I may have the brush demonstrated in my own home or in my place of business.

A little further on I come to a page advertising a well known brand of ketchup. My knowledge of the manufacturing of ketchup is vastly expanded as I read that only one tomato on a vine is fit to be made into ketchup. I wonder what they do with the other tomatoes.

Parading around the edge of the page in a gay attire are to be found the twenty-nine ingredients used in a well known brand of soup.

"Not a cough in a carload" is the slogan of a cigarette manufacturer. It seems as though it would be possible to pack just one cough in a carload so as to keep Smith Brothers in business. I think that Trade and Mark Smith would appreciate this little kindness.

One might think that after a few years he would know what to do with his face in the morning. Presumptuous worm. In flaming letters are arranged the words: "Do you know how to dry your face correctly after it is washed?"

Ninety-five per cent of the people instantly lose faith when the question is put before them. I read nervously on: "If you value your complexion, do not scrub your face, and rub it as if you hated it, but wipe it lovingly, after it is washed."

A lump comes to my throat, and I am conscious of an attack of palpitation of the heart. For years I have mistreated the only face I shall ever have. Thank goodness it is not too late to change.

A Partnership

L. M. PETTES

THE lights in St. Mary's hospital burned dimly. Soft-footed nurses glided from room to room and from ward to ward ministering to the needs of sufferers, patiently replying to a fretful question here or passing a word of cheer to a pain-tossed, restless patient there.

In a private room, grim and white after the manner of well kept hospitals, after the manner of well kept hospitals, a man lay facing the black shadows of the Valley of Death. Sudden and swift, with one fell swoop, the agony had come upon him a few hours before. An immediate operation had been pronounced necessary and had been performed, and now he lay, with a fighting chance, the surgeons said, but with the odds heavily against him.

Gordon Earle faced this situation as he had every trying one in life, bravely, quietly. Only the agony in the honest gray eyes told mutely of his suffering.

As the night wore slowly on the events of his life-time passed before Earle's pain-distorted mental vision. The little cottage snuggled in the heart of the Green Mountains where his childhood had been passed; the red school house just over the hill, to which, with his sister, he had trudged morning after morning, barefooted, with his shining tin dinner pail swinging at his side. "Hark! was that the rain on the rafters? Mother!" He woke with a start to find a nurse bending over him wiping the cold perspiration from his face.

"It wasn't mother after all," he sighed, and was soon drifting away again on a somewhat turbulent River of Dreams, one of the tributaries to the River of Life. This time he landed a little further from the source. The cottage had vanished; father, mother and sister were beyond recall; the red school house was obscured in a mist. Earle found himself well beyond those early days, serving his apprenticeship in a dirty little printing shop in a country village.

And now he was seized with the frenzy of nightmare. Sweating at every pore he was struggling beneath bushels of pied type which he must emerge from and sort, before an ogre in the shape of his boss appeared.

Once more a kindly disposed nurse came to his rescue, releasing him from this predicament, and he came back again to the little white room and a realization of his suffering.

"Better?" encouragingly inquired the lady in white.

"Vastly," lied Earle, and wearily closed his eyes. His brain was clearing a bit from the anaesthetic and present day affairs were crowding out old memories.

"I say," he called feebly, "I must see Gerard. Gerard at the *Eagle* office you know."

"We'll see," evaded that sphinx-like person. "At present you must keep quiet."

"But," persisted the poor fellow, "Tomorrow is—is tomorrow Wednesday? Tomorrow is publication day, and there's nothing ready."

"Tomorrow is Tuesday," soothed the nurse, "and perhaps Gerard may come in."

But the next day Earle's suffering was so intense that it even drove from his mind the interest nearest his heart—his little weekly paper.

The Northwood *Eagle* was published every Wednesday afternoon. Besides faithfully chronicling the doings of Northwood, a thriving little village in the middle west, it served as a medium for the expression of its editor's views on matters local and otherwise.

Ten years before, when Earle was a clear-eyed youth fresh from an eastern college, he had invested his little all in a printing plant in Northwood. A discouraging venture it would have been deemed by any business man. Almost primitive in its equipment, presses of antiquated make, type worn and old, indeed the whole outfit was a sorry looking affair.

The former owner of the establishment had failed to conduct the business on a paying basis and had suspended publication of the paper a few months previously. The plant, if it might be dignified with such a term, had been advertised for sale for the benefit of the creditors and through some strange freak of fate Earle had discovered it and lost no time in buying it.

How the wise ones did wag their heads when this youthful college boy appeared among them. Some pitied him for staking his savings in such a doubtful venture and others secretly laughed at his folly.

But as the months and years went by Earle's little paper grew to be one of the most widely read and often quoted weeklies in the state. Advertisers, the financial prop of any publication, crowded each other for space in its columns. His news items were breezy and well written; his editorials reflected a calm judgment and grasp of local, national and international affairs that would have done credit to a much more pretentious publication. New machinery and equipment had replaced the old, and a modern, up-to-date printshop, in connection with the paper, flourished in place of the former apology for one.

A new name, *The Eagle,* adorned the first page of the publication, which bold title Earle considered symbolic of the freedom and liberty which was to be the policy of the paper in discussing all subjects, political and otherwise.

But all these things had not come about without a big effort on the young editor's part. To be sure he had faithful employees—a few—but he was the main spoke in the wheel. In these first years *The Eagle* had been edited, and most of the copy written and proof-read by himself and every detail of the work had been under his personal supervision. Many and many a time he had worked alone far into the night at the mechanical end of the job to assure the prompt delivery of the paper or of some promised order of printing.

For a brief three years Earle had had the assistance of a person whose face now persistently haunted his pain-tortured brain. In more lucid moments he recalled the day she had come to him seeking employment on—or rather, a chance of expression in — *The Eagle.* Her eager, expressive face, her animated appearance as she timidly, yet with persistence, begged for a place on the "staff."

Earle remembered that Sylvia Medfield had seemed to consider his decision a life and death affair, and how elated she had seemed when, after weighing the matter carefully, as he did all matters great and small, he had decided to give her a trial. My, but she had made good! From early morning till late in the evening she had worked with surprising zeal, and the quaintness and originality of expression which marked even the most commonplace piece of news soon began to attract atention. Little by little she had taken upon her tireless and willing

little shoulders a large part of the duties connected with the paper, leaving Earle free to devote his time to the mechanical end of the work.

In the last year of her stay Earle had even taken a long and restful vacation and had found affairs running smoothly and successfully on his return. Sylvia's heart and soul had seemed wrapped in her work and Earle had come to depend on her more than he realized. His face was set toward the goal of success in his business and all things that could aid him, be they human or inanimate were, perhaps unconsciously, viewed as stepping stones to that end.

And then a bomb had fallen from the clear sky. One evening at the close of a busy day Sylvia had waited until the others were gone and quietly informed him of her decision to leave his employ.

Stunned for a moment at the suddenness of her announcement, he scarcely realized what it was going to mean to him. Earle was a man of few words and could think of little to say save to quietly urge a reason for this apparently sudden decision. This seemed to be just the thing she was least able to give, although the necessity for it became more and more apparent to her. She hadn't realized it was going to be so hard. At last she broke down—

"It's come to mean too much to me," she confessed weakly. "If anything happened to the paper—or—anything, it would be like the end of the world. I've —got—to—go. I've secured a position on a daily in Detroit and I'm going to try it. Perhaps I'll make good."

"You'll make good all right, no doubt of that," Earle replied quickly, "but what am I—what are we—going to do without you?"

"The same as before I came. You'll soon get back into the old ways, and if you think you can't, why there are plenty of others ready to help you."

Earle looked unconvinced but said little more, and she went away. He had not seen her since and gradually had become accustomed to carrying the burden of the work again. He heard occasional reports of the progress she was making in the newspaper world and not infrequently saw her name over articles and stories in the magazines that came to his desk. He had an idea, when he stopped to consider the matter, that she had forgotten *The Eagle* and all that pertained to it and was absorbed in her own advancement in the world. But her going had left a scar on his heart that was slow in healing.

The Death Angel hovered for many days over the little room in St. Mary's. Months and years of unceasing work, with little rest or playtime, had depleted the stock of reserve energy in a naturally robust frame and lowered its resisting power. Day after day life was despaired of.

In his brief lucid moments Earle continued to call for a consultation with Gerard, but would soon wander away into unconsciousness and babble unmeaningly of newspapers, devils, presses and angels.

Of course Earle did not die; else why should this tale be told? Of a sudden he began to mend, reason to return to his muddled brain and hope to his despairing mind. Time, which had been a confused jumble of darks and daylights, now resolved itself, by the aid of the ever helpful nurses, into well ordered days and nights. A calendar even told him that he had passed by several of the weekly publication days of *The Eagle*. One day, when he had become a little stronger, at his request papers of these dates were brought to him and, with a dread of what they might disclose, he began looking them over.

What the papers revealed nearly

brought on a relapse. Not that they lacked anything toward the making of an ideal country paper, far from it. Every column was crowded with live, interesting matter. Even in its palmiest days *The Eagle* had never been like this.

Too weak to more than glance over the pages Earle rang for a nurse, who came in with dancing eyes, and, before giving him a chance to speak, announced gravely that the "editor pro tem" of *The Eagle* desired an interview with him, if he felt strong enough.

Thereupon a slip of a girl was ushered into his presence and mercifully—or unmercifully—left there by the tactful nurse.

"Sylvia!" Earle uttered the name weakly, fairly overcome by surprise.

"How did you know? Where did you come from? How did you manage it? Why?—" he checked himself, and managed to appear as calm as a man in his perturbed frame of mind could be expected to. "Tell me all about it," he finally demanded.

Sylvia, forcing herself to a glibness of tongue, told her story.

"One night, weeks ago, I had a very terrible dream. I thought you were suddenly stricken ill, almost to death. I'll never forget your face as I saw it that night. The horror of my dream haunted me till morning; then I wired Gerard. You had been taken to the hospital the night before. I packed up and reached here that night and got into harness. That's all. Is the paper all right?" she concluded, naively.

"All right! yes, the paper's all right, —and so are you. Come here."

Earle reached out arms that had been so strong, but were now pitiably weak, and, as she came near, drew her to him.

"You cared for the paper—you cared —you do care, a little, for me, or you wouldn't have done it." His voice was suspiciously near breaking.

"Care! of course I care." The tears were streaming down her cheeks in spite of her effort to control herself, at sight of his thin, drawn face, and evident emotion.

"Do you care enough to be my partner, my little comrade, always?"

The happiness that shone in her eyes should have been answer enough, but he needs must be given the reply in words. And then with the age-old bliss enveloping their hearts, they forgot time and place while planning the future that opened like the dawn of a brilliant, sunkissed morning before them.

When at last Sylvia was gone and the nurse came in, she marveled at the glow of happiness in the thoughtful gray eyes and the new signs of returning health in the pale cheeks.

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Editorial

IT IS quite time New Hampshire investigated the high cost of "investigating" and "auditing." Only recently the accounts of the state institutions and departments were "investigated" and "audited" and a "new system" installed, the legislature appropriating $20,000 for the work, and the contract awarded to a Boston firm. Only seventy-five dollars remained unexpended after the bills were paid. Strange, indeed, that the cost of such a work should come so close to the amount appropriated. Perhaps we should be grateful for the unexpended balance of seventy-five dollars. The cost of the recent audit of the books of the secretary of state was $2,639.61, the make-up of the bills rendered to and paid by the state, being as follows:

"Nov. 19. On account investigation of department of secretary of state, under direction of attorney-general:

Services of Mr. Willis and assistants, through November 17, 1928,	$1,082.50
Expenses,	65.93
	$1,148.43

"Dec. 17. Completion of investigation of department of secretary of state with report submitted under date of December 14, 1928: Recommendations for changes in the office practice of the secretary of state with report submitted:

Services of Mr. Willis and assistants,	$1,461.25
Expenses,	29.94
	$1,491.19

At present this concern is making an audit of the books of the State Hospital and has just completed an investigation of the books and accounts of the Department of Fisheries and Game.

It would appear reasonable to assume that this work could be accomplished by the state auditor. Otherwise why do we have such an official? If the powers conferred upon the state auditor do not permit him to make such investigations as he deems advisable; then it would seem that a change in our laws covering the matter would be at least sane and intelligent. The practice of engaging expensive accountants at the state house should be discontinued. The payment of $2,639.61 for auditing the accounts of

the secretary of state's office appears ridiculous.

And what could have been more injurious to the business interests of the state of New Hampshire than the abusive report on the Boston and Maine Railroad of one Mr. Lee issued under the kindly auspices of the Public Service Commission? We spend thousands of dollars annually to advertise the good things New Hampshire has to offer and graciously hand out nearly fifteen thousand dollars to our good Mr. Lee to tell the wide world that we have a railroad system that is faulty—so faulty in fact that he fails to write in his exhaustive report one word that is complimentary to the system. And they say we should expend $15,000 more for another report!

All of which leads us to entertain the opinion that judging from appearances, reports and bills rendered and paid, a few "experts" are finding this state a happy hunting ground, a gold mine, a paradise. How long are we to remain on the "sucker" list?

* * *

Vice-President Curtis has started a social war in Washington—the capitol of our democratic United States. Being a widower he named his sister, Mrs. Gann, his official hostess, and because she was not accorded the honors usually accorded the wife of a vice-president, he filed a formal protest with the Secretary of State. Courteous diplomats, courteous officials, will give Mrs. Gann the "honor" her brother, the vice-president demands, but what an empty honor, what a hollow mockery it all will mean to her. Faced with the fact that in the event of the death of the president the vice-president inherits the office, we are led to offer a fervent prayer that the Lord will spare President Hoover at least during the reign of Vice-President Curtis and his sister, Mrs. Gann. And what must be the thoughts of poor Mr. Gann.

* * *

A Massachusetts newspaper says, editorially:

"Two million tourists will come into New England this year by automobile, attracted in part by the way the Northern New England States have advertised beyond the Hudson River. The Bay State will provide them with good roads.

"For, make no mistake about it, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, the merchants, the hotels and resorts of Massachusetts —as well as the people in general who are taxed for the building and maintenance of these boulevards—will HELP to pay the advertising bills of MAINE, NEW HAMPSHIRE AND VERMONT."

The implication that Massachusetts helps New Hampshire pay any of its bills is too silly. What about the half million or more Massachusetts automobiles that clutter up our traffic on New Hampshire highways, run with gasoline purchased before crossing the line in order to evade our road tax?

* * *

During the committee hearing upon the bill providing for abolishment of the office of State Sealer of Weights and Measures the present incumbent of the office made an unwarranted personal attack upon the Governor of the State of New Hampshire. Mr. Webster's abuse of the Governor did not win sympathy and it was in spite of the attack that the bill was killed. On the other hand Governor Tobey's silent contempt for the wild utterances of the traducer has won him commendation. Webster holds his office as a result of the legislative battle but Tobey won the respect of all people to whom such attacks and tactics are repugnant.

New Hampshire Necrology

HON. CHARLES H. AMSDEN

Charles H. Amsden, born in Boscawen, July 8, 1848; died in Boston, Feb. 17, 1929.

He was the son of Henry H. and Mary (Muzzey) Amsden, was educated in the public schools and Appleton Academy, New Ipswich. He entered his father's office at Penacook and later became a partner in the furniture manufacturing business with his father and brother, the firm being H. H. Amsden and Sons. His father died in 1869, and his brother soon after, when he assumed charge and carried on the business which was one of the most extensive in the place. Aside from this he was largely engaged in lumber business; was one of the organizers of the Concord Axle Co., and a director and president for more than ten years. He was also a director of the Mechanicks National Bank of Concord, of the Granite State Fire Insurance Co., of Portsmouth, of the Portland and Ogdensburgh Railroad, and prominent in many other business enterprises, and was president of the N. H. Board of Commissioners for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago, in 1893.

In religion he was a Baptist and active in the affairs of the church. He belonged to the Masonic fraternity and was a member of Horace Chase lodge, at Penacook, Mt. Horab Commandery Concord, and Aleppo Temple, Boston.

Politically he was a life-long Democrat. He served as alderman for Ward 1, Concord, in 1873-5, and was a member of the State Senate in 1883-4; and was his party's candidate for governor in 1888 and 1890. In the latter year there was no election by the people. The election went into the Legislature and he was defeated through the seating of certain so-called "if entitled" representatives, against precedent. In July, 1894, he was appointed Deputy Naval Officer of Customs at the port of Boston, and had since remained in the Customs service. In Boston he was a member of the City Club, and president of the Mercantile Library Association.

On October 29, 1870, he married Helen Ardelle Brown of Penacook, who died August 6, 1891. He is survived by a son, Dr. H. H. Amsden of Concord, and two grandsons, also by a second wife, who was Miss Alma E. Deane, whom he married in 1909.

WILLIAM S. ROSSITER

William Sidney Rossiter, born in Westfield, Mass., September 9, 1861; died in Concord, N. H., Jan. 23, 1929.

He was educated at Columbian (now George Washington) University, and Amherst College, graduating from the latter in 1884, and after several years in newspaper work and the printing business in New York, he was connected with the U. S. Census Bureau in Washington, serving for nine years as chief clerk.

In 1909 he came to Concord to accept the position of vice-president of the Rumford Printing Co., and was subsequently made president and general manager of the corporation, which position he held at the time of his death.

He was active in the work of the first New England Conference, and was chairman of the New Hampshire Council. He was a deacon and trustee of the South Congregational Church of Concord, a member of many economic and political science organizations, and a

writer upon statistical and economic subjects.

He married Miss Nellie C. Budd of New York in 1891, who survives, with one daughter, Miss Marjorie R. Troxall of Concord, and a grandson.

JOHN H. ROLFE

John H. Rolfe, born in Penacook (Ward 1, Concord) October 1, 1847; died there January 23, 1929.

He was the son of Capt. Nathaniel and Mary J. (Moody) Rolfe and was educated in the public schools and Kimball Union Academy. He followed the occupation of a lumberman, until within the last few years, when he had been in retirement. Politically he was an active Democrat, and as such served a term in the Concord Board of Aldermen, as moderator in his ward for more than 30 years and a representative in the Legislatures of 1911, 1913, 1925, 1927 and was a member for 1929, at the time of his death. He was an Odd Fellow, and Past Noble Grand of Hannah Dustin Lodge of Penacook. He had been for 27 years chief of Pioneer Engine Co., of Penacook.

In 1872 he married Miss Roxana P. Simpson, who died ten years ago. One daughter, Mrs. Marion Simpson Osgood, survives; also a granddaughter and two brothers, Joseph H. Rolfe of San Diego, Cal., and Arthur F. of Penacook.

G. SCOTT LOCKE

George Scott Locke, born in Chichester, December 18, 1849; died in Concord, January 25, 1929.

He was the son of Levi and Hannah (Durgin) Locke, and from early life was noted for his love of horses. He was a stage driver for several years in the White Mountain region, in youth, and later followed the race track, as a driver or judge for many years. He married Miss Belle Marshall of Lancaster, and settled in Concord, where he served as deputy sheriff and jailer for several years, and was city marshal of Concord from 1888 to 1902. He was also for a time a member of the State Excise Commission following a term of service as an inspector for that body.

In 1883 he became interested in Texas and acquired a cattle ranch in that state, where he spent some time each year, looking after his interests.

He was active and prominent in Masonry, being a member of Lodge, Chapter, Commandery, Consistory and Temple. One son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Locke, George Scott, Jr., who was a practicing physician in Portsmouth, but who died years ago, as well as his wife, leaving a daughter, Violet, who is now the wife of Dr. D. G. McIvor of Concord.

GEORGE A. BRUCE

George Anson Bruce, born in Mont Vernon, N. H., Nov. 19, 1839; died in Brookline, Mass., January 31, 1929.

He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1861, and commenced the study of law, but, the Civil War having broken out, enlisted in the 13th N. H. Regiment in which he was commissioned first lieutenant, and was engaged with it in the battle of Fredericksburg, after which he was assigned to staff duty, serving through the war. He was one of the first to enter Richmond, after it surrendered, and was mustered out of the service, June 22, 1865, with the brevet rank of Lieutenant Colonel.

He resumed his law study after the war, in the office of D. and G. Richardson in Lowell, was admitted to the bar May 10, 1866, and entered practice in Boston, establishing his residence in Somerville, where he was prominent in

public life, serving three years as mayor.

He was a Republican in politics, and as such, served in the N. H. House of Representatives from his native town in 1865. He was chosen to the Massachusetts State Senate in 1882 and 1884, and served as president of that body when Gen. B. F. Butler was governor, and George S. Marden, another New Hampshire man, was speaker of the House.

For some years past he had lived with his daughter and only child, his wife, who was Miss Clara M. Hale of Groton, having died in 1907. His daughter, and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Foster, and several grandchildren, survive.

DANIEL M. SPAULDING

Daniel Minot Spaulding, born in Sullivan, September 10, 1859; died in Keene, February 3, 1929.

He was the son of Henry O. and Sarah E. (Houghton) Spaulding, and was graduated from Amherst College in 1884, and spent several years in teaching, serving as instructor in French and Science in Armes Academy at Shelburne Falls, Mass., and as principal of the Methuen high school. Later he settled in Keene, where he was engaged in farming, retiring about five years ago.

He was a Republican in politics and served in the Keene city council from Ward 3, and as a representative in the Legislature in 1917 and 1919, and was also a member of the Board of Education.

He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, but more particularly active in the Grange, where he had been master of both the local subordinate and Cheshire county Pomona Granges, and a district deputy of the state Grange, and a director of the state Grange Fire Insurance Co.

He is survived by his wife, Kate M. Spaulding, one son, Alderman Earl B. Spaulding, and a grandson, Ashley M. Spaulding.

HARVEY L. BOUTWELL

Harvey Lincoln Boutwell, born in Meredosia, Ill., April 5, 1860; died in Malden, Mass., February 4, 1929.

Although not a native or resident of the state Mr. Boutwell was essentially a New Hampshire man, for he came in infancy to Hopkinton, N. H., where he was reared on the farm settled by his great grandfather, Maj. William Weeks of Washington's staff. He was educated at Hopkinton and Contoocook Academies and at the State College in Durham, now the University of New Hampshire, graduating from the latter in 1882. Later he studied law at the Boston University law school and in the offices of John G. Mugridge of Concord and Wilbur H. Powers of Boston, and settled in practice in the latter city, which he continued through life, making his home in Malden, where he was prominent in public affairs, serving as city solicitor, and member of the state legislature, as well as director of banks and other corporations. He was also a member of the executive council of Massachusetts at the time of his death.

In 1911 he was elected by the alumni as a trustee of the State University, and had ever since held that position, being president of the board at the time of his death and for some years previous, and ever deeply interested in the welfare of the institution.

He was a Republican in politics and a Baptist in religion. He married Nellie C. Booth, in 1886, and had one son, Louis E., who graduated from the Boston University Law School in 1917.

PERLEY E. FOX

Perley E. Fox, born in Marlow, December 17, 1833; died in the Westmoreland hospital, Feb. 5, 1929.

He was the son of Peter T. and Emily (Perley) Fox, his father owning a large farm, about three fourths of a mile from Marlow village, where he was born. His mother was one of a large family of Edmund Perley of Lempster, of whom one married Rev. Dr. Alonzo A. Miner of Boston and another the noted Methodist bishop Osman C. Baker who was also a native of Marlow. He was educated at Marlow academy and the N. H. Conference Seminary at Tilton, and spent ten years in teaching, after which he engaged in mercantile life in Marlow, but for some years devoted much attention to agriculture, improving the old homestead. He was also an inventor, taking out several patents, one of which was for an evaporator used in making maple sugar.

He was a Republican in politics and a Methodist in religion, and had been for more than 30 years superintendent of the Methodist Sunday school. He had served on the town school board, six years as a member of the Cheshire County Board of Commissioners, and as member of the state legislature in 1913. He was an Odd Fellow, and a charter member of Excelsior Grange of Marlow, of which he had been master, as well as of Cheshire county Pomona Grange.

He married in November 1860, Miss Catherine Fiske, daughter of Hon. Amos F. Fiske of Marlow, who died many years ago, leaving no children living.

REV. JOSEPH A. CHEVALIER

Rev. Joseph A. Chevalier, born in Assumption, Que., September 19, 1843; died in Manchester, February 8, 1929.

Father Chevalier was one of the oldest and best known Franco-American priests in New England. He founded St. Augustine parish in Manchester, the first Franco-American parish in the state, and was its pastor for more than half a century. He worked incessantly for his church, and carried out many building and educational enterprises, besides doing much for the cause of the Catholic church in general outside the city.

He was the dean of the Catholic clergy of New Hampshire, and the esteem in which he was held was demonstrated by the great attendance at his obsequies.

MARY BARNARD DANIELL

Mary B. Daniell, born in Franklin, August 30, 1860; died there February 9, 1929.

She was the daughter of Daniel and Amelia (Morse) Barnard, was graduated from Smith college in the class of 1881, and became the wife of Frederick H. Daniell, superintendent of the Sulloway Mills, June 20, 1889. Her father was a prominent lawyer and had been attorney general of the state and her husband was a son of Warren Daniell, a prominent Democratic politician and one time member of Congress.

She was prominent in the Unitarian church, the Abigail Webster Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution and the Franklin Woman's Club, being a charter member of each. She was also a charter member of the N. H. branch of the Association of American University Women. She is survived by a son, daughter and two grandchildren.

"Tenting on the Old Camp Ground"

J. M. FRENCH, M. D., Milford, Mass.

A STORY OF THE SONG AND ITS WRITER

IN THE late seventies of the last century, I began the practice of medicine in Campton Village, New Hampshire. I boarded in the center of the village, with a man and his wife who were so well situated and so hospitable that they were in the habit of receiving frequent applications for entertainment from travelers, since the village lay along the main highway from Boston to the White Mountains, and had no hotel.

One afternoon a good looking and well-dressed man of apparently a little less than middle age, drove up to the door with a horse and democrat wagon, having a small melodeon strapped to the back of the seat, and asked to be put up for the night, as he had an engagement to give a concert there that evening. His request was granted, and as I had an abundance of leisure at that period of my career, I devoted myself during the rest of the afternoon to making his acquaintance.

I soon learned that his name was Walter Kittredge, and that he was the author and composer of the stirring war-time ballad, "Tenting on the old camp ground," a song which had often thrilled my heart and made my blood run hot with patriotic fervor, as I had listened to it during the days of the Civil War, which was then only a little further in the past than is the World War today.

I went with him to the concert that evening, and found the time to pass very agreeably. He sang a number of songs, most of them original, accompanying the singing with the music of his melodeon, and told many entertaining stories, which he illustrated in a manner which made them sometimes pathetic and sometimes amusing; and one of them at least, was supremely ridiculous. He showed himself to be an actor of no mean ability, and withal a courteous gentleman. There was nothing in his appearance, however, to indicate that he had written a song which bids fair to last through the ages. Such however was the case, and here is the song, which is probably familiar to most of the older ones of my readers.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP GROUND

By Walter Kittredge

We're tenting tonight on the old camp ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts; a song of home,
And the friends we love so dear.

Chorus

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts, looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Tenting tonight, tenting tonight,
Tenting on the old camp ground.

We've been tenting tonight on the old camp ground,
Thinking of the days gone by,
Of loved ones at home, who gave us the hand,
And the tears that said goodbye.

Chorus

We are tired of war on the old camp ground;
Many are dead and gone,
Of the brave and true, who have left their homes;
Others been wounded long.

Chorus

We've been fighting today on the old camp ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

Chorus

Many are the hearts that are weary tonight,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts, looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace;
Dying tonight, dying tonight,
Dying on the old camp ground.

Note the wonderful pathos of the song. As you read it, you seem to put yourself in the writer's place, and share his feelings—the place and the feelings of the soldier who has volunteered to fight for his country. Weary with the long time waiting on the old camp ground, he is thinking of home and the loved ones waiting there, of the dear ones who are already dead and gone, of those who are wounded or in prison; until his heart rebels at the horrors of war, and he longs for it to come to an end, that he may see the dawn of peace. Then comes the monotonous refrain, "Tenting tonight, tenting tonight, tenting on the old camp ground," "Dying tonight, dying tonight, dying on the old camp ground."

To anyone who had been circumstanced as I was in those days, a boy whose four older brothers had all gone a-soldiering, and two of them had died, one in the hospital and one in camp on the field, while one of the others had twice been pierced by rebel bullets and for four weeks had lain untended on the floor of Libbey Prison, and the last of the four had been wounded in the Wilderness and sent to the hospital until he recovered—to such a one few songs could have appealed more strongly than did this one.

It is said that this song was first offered to a Boston publisher for fifteen dollars and was by him rejected; yet a few months later it found a publisher, and when it was issued ten thousand copies were sold within the first three months, and from its sale the composer continued to receive liberal copyrights during his lifetime. Though it was not heralded by any trumpets, nor broadcast over any radios, nor even front-paged in any daily papers, yet it soon became a household word throughout the loyal North. It was sung in war and in peace —for it is more a song of peace than of war—and it soon became incorporated into our national life as few songs have ever been; while today it is accepted as a classic.

It has been said that the man who can write the ballads of a people need have no care as to who should make their laws. No one man has ever been per-

mitted to write all the ballads of any people, or make all their laws; but this one ballad has surely done its part in moulding the character of at least one generation of the American people.

Now for the writer of the song. Walter Kittredge was born October 8, 1834, at Reed's Ferry in the town of Merrimack, N. H., about ten miles north of Nashua. He was a descendant of one of the early English Puritan families who settled in Billerica about the middle of the seventeenth century. He died July 8, 1905, at the age of nearly seventy-one years, on the same farm which had been his home nearly all his life.

He was educated in the district schools and in the Merrimack Normal Institute. In his boyhood he had ambitions for the stage. He was a good actor, and very dramatic in expression. He studied elocution, and learned how to express himself clearly and forcibly. So it seems quite likely that he might have made a success in his preferred field. But he was of Puritan ancestry and training, and his family objected. So he turned a little way aside, and took up with the career of a concert singer instead.

When he was twenty-one, beginning at the bottom of the ladder, he bought a horse and wagon, had some bills printed in Boston, strapped a melodeon on the rack behind the seat, and set out on a tour of the small towns in his vicinity. This description fits him exactly, as I met him in Campton Village, except that he was then in middle life, and had already won something of a reputation in his line. His methods are indicated by his own statement that he never thought that he was doing his best in singing, unless he could first make his audience cry, and then just after that, have them all a-laughing. Learning to enunciate distinctly, he said, was half of popular singing. I do not think that he overstated it.

He wrote many songs, both words and music, and published a small book containing them, early in his career. They were good songs, and met with much favor from his audiences. "No Night There," "When They Come Marching Home," and many other favorites for the time being, were included in the list, and were published in several popular song books. But out of them all, only one is generally known today.

One of the favoring influences of his life was his association with the well-known Hutchinson family, who were his neighbors and fellow workers in the then popular field of concert singing, and with whom he was intimately connected in a business and social way for a number of the best years of his life. No doubt many of the older of my readers will remember the Hutchinsons, who used to travel through New England before and during and following the Civil War, singing sweet songs of anti-slavery and temperance. One of the pleasant memories of my boyhood dates back to a winter night—I think it was in the year 1863—when I heard them sing in the town hall in Johnson, Vermont; and then the next morning I looked out of the window of my home and saw them riding by in the stage on their way to Burlington. There were four of them, the father and mother and two children; and I remember that the two children were great favorites with the audience. But the older Hutchinsons were men and women of might, and left their mark upon the social and political life of their day. For something like twenty years Walter Kittredge had the advantage of their companionship and co-operation. He sang much of the time with Joshua Hutchinson, who was perhaps the best known of the family.

They sang patriotic and popular songs, many of them original. During this period Kittredge composed many airs of his own, fitting the words to the music. During the war, they were the great patriotic singers of New England and were strong defenders of the anti-slavery cause. Mr. Kittredge's son writes me that both his father and the Hutchinsons made it a practice, when they were on the road, to sing temperance songs and to hold temperance meetings on Sunday evenings.

It was sometime in the year 1863, when the Civil War was at its height, that the name of Walter Kittredge was drawn in the draft. It is probable that to this circumstance we owe this song by which he is best remembered. He had never volunteered for service during the war, because he believed that he could accomplish more to help his country by singing than by fighting. But now the outlook was changed, and he was drawn to go to the front. But it chanced that only a short time before, he had suffered from a severe attack of rheumatic fever, from the effects of which he had not yet recovered, and he was still far from being in a suitable condition to follow the life of a soldier. It is also possible that the further fact, which must have been well known to the members of the examining board, that he was a strong anti-slavery man, a popular singer, and a first-class entertainer, who could do much at home to arouse enthusiasm among the soldiers and to keep the recruits in good spirits, might have had some influence with them in making their decision, as indeed it might well have done.

In the World War these matters were better understood, and it became the recognized policy of the Government, not to subject to the draft those men who could do more towards winning the war by staying at home and following their usual occupations than by going to the war in person.

The outcome was that Kittredge, after being duly examined by the Board, was rejected. There was no question as to his patriotism, and it cannot be doubted today that he was a more important factor in the winning of the war, by staying at home and inspiring the volunteers by his singing, than he could possibly have done by going into the war in person.

My understanding of the circumstances under which he wrote the song, "Tenting on the old camp ground," which I gained from the account which he gave me of it that afternoon in Campton Village, does not differ from that which has been given by others in essentials, although it does in some minor details. On the night after his rejection by the examining board at Concord, he returned to his home, and sought for rest but found it not. As he lay there sleepless in the night, thinking over the events of the day, he saw a picture forming in his mind, of the soldiers on the camp ground, of whom he himself might have been one, had he not been rejected. Little by little the ideas and even the very words of the song began to crowd themselves in his brain. Next the melody to accompany the words began to shape itself, and took its place along with the words. So strong was the impression made upon him that he gave up the idea of sleep, took paper and pencil in hand, and began to write out both the words and the music; and so in a short time the whole song was written out, so nearly perfect that very little change was ever made in it afterwards.

This is undoubtedly the substantial truth of the matter. Under circumstances very unlike those which would have been supposed most likely to pro-

duce such a result, there came upon him the inspiration to compose a song which has proved to have power to move the hearts of men more deeply than anything else which he has ever written. He himself says of it, "I actually saw the whole scene, as described in the song. It must have been inspiration."

So have great writers and poets and singers in all ages been subject to moments of exaltation, when words and rhythm and music have come unbidden to their minds and lips and fingers' ends, and they have been able to write and speak and sing as under other circumstances would have been impossible.

It was thus that Francis Scott Key, while he himself was detained as a prisoner on board of a British man of war, as he listened to the bombardment of Fort McHenry by the British fleet, composed the stirring words of our greatest national hymn, "The Star Spangled Banner,"—and much as this has been criticised from a musical point of view, nothing has ever been found to fill its place in arousing enthusiasm for the flag of our country.

Theodore Roosevelt had a similar experience, when after learning of the death of his youngest and well-beloved son, Quentin, who fell bravely fighting in the air, he penned that most eloquent and impassioned of all his writings, *"The Great Adventure."* When some one called his attention to its touching pathos and high sentiment, "Oh, that was Quentin," was his only response.

Abraham Lincoln reached the pinnacle of dramatic expression in his *Gettysburg Address,* for which Edward Everett, who was then considered the most eloquent man in America, said he would gladly exchange all the eloquence of his own studied address of more than two hours on the same occasion, while Lincoln's only filled a brief space of five minutes on that memorable afternoon—*but afterward it filled the world.*

It was after some such fashion as this, that Walter Kittredge, a man comparatively unknown, moved by a power that came from outside himself, gave to the world a ballad, not of war but of peace, not of hatred but of love, which touches the deep places in human nature, and will be remembered by the world in the years yet to come, when, but for this song, he would himself be by the world forgotten.

New Hampshire Men and Matters

Recollections of a Busy Life

HENRY H. METCALF

CHAPTER THREE

KEENE is one of the most prosperous and progressive cities in the state as well as one of the most beautiful and attractive. It is delightfully located in a broad valley and surrounded by ranges of hills, in the very center of Cheshire County, which is a fine agricultural region, one of its towns, Walpole in the Connecticut valley, being among the richest farming towns in the state, in which great quantities of tobacco are raised. Many people, retiring from business or labor in the surrounding towns throughout the county, make their homes in Keene to enjoy the fruits of their labor in the closing days of life, so that it is peculiarly a city of homes, as it is also the seat of varied industries, the Faulkner & Colony woolen mills to which we have referred, being one of the oldest and most important; but various lines of wooden-ware manufacture are also conspicuous, this branch of industry being favored from the fact that there has ever been a large area of pine growth in this county. Yale University has a large pine forest reserve in the town of Swanzey, where practical lessons and experiments in forestry are carried out by the students in this line.

Many notable men have had their homes in Keene, perhaps the most prominent being Gen. James Wilson, once member of Congress, who later closed his public career by serving in the state legislature. Levi Chamberlain, a distinguished lawyer in the early days, practiced here, and the Governors Dinsmoor, father and son, both named Samuel, were Keene residents, as was Samuel W. Hale, governor in later days. We have mentioned the law firm of Wheeler & Faulkner, William P. Wheeler and Francis A. Faulkner, the leading lawyers in the city sixty and seventy years ago, both being among the ablest in the state. We remember William P. Wheeler as presiding at the centennial celebration in his native town of Croydon, in 1866, when that other distinguished son of the town, Rev. Baron Stow, D. D., noted Baptist clergyman of Boston, was the orator of the day. An extended account of this celebration was published by his brother, Col. Edmund Wheeler, author also of the history of Newport.

Another Keene lawyer of note was Don H. Woodward, who was a Democratic leader in the county for many years, and who was in practice there when we were in school at Swanzey. A citizen of no less distinction, and at a later date, was Horatio Colony, a son of Josiah Colony of the manufacturing firm of Faulkner & Colony, who had been educated for the law, but did not follow the profession preferring to follow his father's, and succeeded him in manufacturing. He was a man of keen intelligence and courteous and kindly manner, and was a staunch Democrat in politics, and was frequently urged to be a candidate for governor. I knew him well in later years, and frequently called

on him when I visited the city. Another Keene man, especially prominent in the party councils, was Horatio Kimball, editor of the *Cheshire Republican*, which, despite its name, was staunchly democratic; while the *N. H. Sentinel*, one of the oldest papers in the state, which had been owned in the Prentiss family from the start, was then Republican as at the present time.

Concluding our stay in Swanzey in the spring of 1862, we returned home to Acworth, where we engaged for work on the farm of one Reuben Angier for the summer season, when our labors began at twenty minutes of five in the morning and ended with daylight in the evening. It was another strenuous season, but we were consoled with the thought that it would end in the autumn, when we were planning to take our departure for Michigan, where we proposed ultimately to enter the law department of the University at Ann Arbor, to pursue the study of the legal profession; but first we had to earn more money with which to finance the cost.

This Reuben Angier was a brother of Nedom Angier who had settled in the state of Georgia in the practice of medicine before the Civil War; and after the war, during which he had sustained the Union cause and been obliged to leave the state, was prominent in public affairs in the "Reconstruction" period, and held the office of state treasurer. He was not the only Acworth man who had been conspicuous in public or professional life in other towns or states. We have mentioned Urban Woodbury, who went from Acworth and became governor of Vermont, and Dr. Alvah Cummings, who practiced medicine successfully for a long time in Claremont. Another Acworth native, who was for a time a prominent lawyer in Claremont, was Milon McClure, a talented man, who died early in life, but not until after he had made his mark in his profession, and occupied a seat in the executive council of the state. Other lawyers of note, Acworth born, were Shepard L. Bowers and George R. Brown, who were in practice in Newport, and Adson D. Keyes who graduated from Dartmouth in the famous class of 1872, along with Professors E. J. Bartlett, James F. Colby and Thomas D. W. Worthen, Albert S. Batchellor of Littleton, George B. French of Nashua, Robert G. Pike of Dover, and George Fred Williams of Boston. He settled in law practice in Faribault, Minn., where he was successful in his profession, was mayor of the city, prominent in the state legislature, and a law lecturer in the State University. Another man who, though born in Springfield, was reared in Acworth and who became prominent as a lawyer, educator and manufacturer in Springfield and Bellows Falls, Vt., was Herbert D. Ryder. But the most distinguished member of the legal profession that ever went out from Acworth, and one of the ablest in New England, is George W. Anderson, now judge of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals, at Boston. Judge Anderson was born in Acworth September 1, 1861, and graduated from Williams College in 1886. Subsequently he taught school and studied law. He was for two years, while teaching, principal of the Mt. Pleasant Grammar School in Nashua. He is an alumnus of the Boston University Law School and commenced practice in that city, where he was for some years a partner of George Fred Williams. He had been counsel for the city of Boston in much important litigation, a member of the Boston School Committee, of the Massachusetts Public Service Commission, the U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission,

and was U. S. district attorney for Massachusetts and Judge of the U. S. District Court previous to his appointment to the Circuit Court bench, where he is associated with another New Hampshire man, in the person of the presiding justice, George H. Bingham, native of Littleton. He was also at one time the Democratic candidate for attorney general in Massachusetts.

Many well known clergymen have also gone out from Acworth, among them being the Revs. John Orcutt, Daniel Lancaster and Hiram Houston, Congregationalists, and Giles Bailey, Universalist; while Hiram Orcutt, brother of John, was an eminent educator, serving at the head of various institutions, among them Tilden Ladies Seminary, for some years a noted school for women at West Lebanon. But probably a son of the town as noted as any was, or is, as he was still living at last accounts, John Graham Brooks, the famous author and lecturer, son of Chapin K. and Parmelia (Graham) Brooks, born in Acworth July 11, 1846. He graduated from Harvard Divinity School as a Bachelor of Theology, studied three years in European universities, became a lecturer on economical subjects, was for some time an instructor at Harvard and also a lecturer for the extension department of the University of Chicago, and a lecturer for the University of California. He was for a time president of the National Consumers League, and has written and spoken much on social and economic subjects.

In the autumn of 1862, accompanied by my friend and neighbor, Nathaniel P. Merrill, of whom I have heretofore spoken, I took my departure from Acworth and New Hampshire, for the state of Michigan. Before leaving, however, we found that we were not free American citizens. We could not leave the state without obtaining a permit from the secretary of state, who happened to be at this time one Allen Tenney, a native of the town of Dalton, who subsequently moved to Brooklyn, N. Y., where he became U. S. district attorney. We accordingly took a trip to Concord to secure the necessary permit, which we obtained without difficulty on payment of $1.00 each. We had never been in Concord before, and being obliged to stay over night, and Merrill having several relatives and friends in the 11th N. H. Regiment then in camp on "The Plains", whom he wished to see before their departure for the seat of war, we found our way over to the camp, where the boys cordially greeted us and persuaded us to remain over night and share the delights of camp life. We accepted, as much as a matter of economy on our own part as of hospitality on theirs, and concluded by morning that one night furnished all the "soldiering" that we cared for.

Furnished with our passes and sufficient money to pay for our tickets, and a trifle over, we set out on our journey west with some trepidation but with bright hope for the future. We went by the Hoosac tunnel route and the N. Y. Central, to Niagara Falls, and then by the Great Western, through Canada to Detroit. The ride through the tunnel was our first experience of a novel nature, and gave us a sensation of surprise to say the least. Nothing occurred farther to disturb our equanimity until we reached Schenectady, where we spent three hours in walking the streets while waiting for a change of trains. We arrived at the falls in the early morning, and decided to spend the day in viewing the wonders of the location; which we did, much to our surprise and satisfaction. We crossed

and recrossed the suspension bridge (there was but a single bridge over the river at that time) viewing the tumbling waters from both the American and Canadian shores with awe and bewilderment, and gazed down the great gorge with its whirling rapids with no less wonder and astonishment. I have witnessed the same sight on subsequent occasions, but have never since felt the same thrill as on this first occasion.

Taking the train for Detroit at night we arrived at that city as light was breaking in the east. The city at this time had a population of about 70,000, which was less than that of many other cities of the central west while it now outranks them all aside from Chicago—thanks to the automobile which had not then been heard of or thought about. We did not stop to make any tour of the city, which I have since visited on several occasions, but took the first train for Birmingham, about twenty miles distant, on the Detroit and Milwaukee railroad, from which point we walked nine miles directly west to the home of an uncle of mine named Morris Blakeslee, who had married my mother's sister, Betsy Gould. I may say that the fact that three sisters and one brother of my mother were living in the state of Michigan had much to do about turning my attention to that state and its University, then just coming into prominence among the great institutions in the country, and which offered its advantages free to residents of the state, and for a nominal fee to those of other states.

We were cordially made welcome at Uncle Blakeslee's and made his home our rendezvous while we were looking for something to do which should render us some financial return necessary to the carrying out of our contemplated plans. It was in the midst of a busy season on the farm and in corn husking and apple picking we found enough to do to pay our board while we were seeking some permanent employment. Finally I secured an engagement to teach the winter school in one of the districts in the township in which we were stopping, which was known as West Bloomfield;—while my friend got a school in an adjacent town to the south. The district in which my school was situated was some two miles to the north and one mile to the east of my uncle's residence, so that I was able to pass my week-ends at his home. It was about eight miles from the city of Pontiac, the shire town of Oakland county, then having a population of about 10,000, though now inhabited by from between 50,000 to 60,000 the growth being largely due to the automobile industry, as is the case with Detroit. It was near Orchard Lake, a beautiful sheet of water between West Bloomfield and Pontiac and some two or three miles from the latter place, that a military institute was located, of which at one time Dr. Thomas Chalmers, afterward pastor of the Hanover Street Congregational Church in Manchester, and a member of the N. H. state senate, was the head. He will be remembered by some as the man who led the fight against the famous Salem race track, which resulted in the closing up of operations by that gambling institution.

I had the usual experience of "boarding around" while teaching school that winter. The school averaged about forty scholars of all ages among whom were several young ladies fully grown and more devoted to mischief than studies. The active leader of the group was one Rachel Evarts, whom I distinctly remember as a handsome and vivacious girl of about 160 pounds weight, physically more than a match for the average man, and intellectually

brighter than the average woman. The schoolroom was heated with a large box stove and the fuel used was a surprise to me, consisting of black walnut wood which would be considered valuable timber in the east. The forests in this part of Michigan consisted mainly of black walnut and oak and the former was used for fuel fully as much as the latter.

In the spring Merrill and myself engaged in farm work for the season. He engaged with a farmer a few miles distant, while my uncle, who had two other farm-hands employed, concluded to engage my services. I assisted him in repairing fences, which consisted in part of stonewalls, with handling which I was more familiar than the other men, coming as I did from a stony country; but I was mainly engaged in putting in tile ditch, which is used largely for drainage in this part of the state. The tile is laid at the bottom of a ditch which is about four feet in depth, and as the soil is stiff and somewhat clayey it can readily be seen that my work was far from play. At least it seemed so to me.

I have said that three sisters and a brother of my mother had settled in Michigan, one of the sisters being the wife of Morris Blakeslee with whom I was making my home. Another sister, who married Zephemiah R. Green, was living on the same road and in the same town as the Blakeslees about a mile to the west. While there were three children in the Blakeslee family—two sons and a daughter,—there were seven in the Green family. They were all grown and mostly away from home in both families. The Blakeslee boys were in the Union Army, but the daughter, Sarah, who was a graduate of the state normal school at Ypsilanti and had been a teacher, was at home. The oldest son of the Greens was married and settled near home, on the other side of the road in the town of Farmington, the highway being a dividing line between the towns. He was for a long time prominent in the Michigan state grange, and attended the session of the national grange at Concord in 1892. The older daughters were also married and settled in different parts of the state, the eldest, it may be said, married a man named Severance from Claremont, N. H., relatives of whom are now living in that town. The youngest son, Horace, was living at home in charge of the farm work. The two younger daughters, Lucy and Louisa, who were school teachers, then had their residence at the home. I may say right here that while I once had seventy first cousins, counting those on both sides of the family, I have only one now living and that is the one who was Lucy Green, who married Charles Seeley, a Union soldier in the Civil War. They went west and have long been residents of South Dakota. He was for some time postmaster at Garden City, but they are now living in retirement with a daughter at Yankton, she being ninety years of age.

A sister of my mother still older than Mrs. Blakeslee and Mrs. Green, had married one Joseph Fisher and settled at Davisville in the township of White Lake in the County of Oakland. They had several children all grown and away from home with the exception of the eldest son, Palmer, who was married, with a family of his own, and was living in the home place. The brother of my mother who settled in Michigan was named Moses Milton Gould, and married one Hannah Town of Newport, N. H., a sister of that John Town who was once register of deeds for Sullivan

County. They had first settled in Hardwick, Vt., but soon left for the west, locating in Boston, Ionia County, Michigan, where they continued through life. They had four children, two sons and two daughters. The oldest daughter, Betsy Ann, was long a teacher, having been a student of the state normal school. The youngest son, Nathan, married and settled in the village of Saranac where he was long prominent in Ionia County affairs. I saw him last when I visited Michigan at the time of the fiftieth anniversary of my graduation from law school. A year later he had passed to the "Great Beyond." Near my uncle's home in Boston resided the Glick family, one of whose sons who was a chum of my cousin Nathan, was for some years the proprietor of the Concord, N. H. Business College and who later removed to Spokane, Washington, where, by the way, Glenn Gould, a son of Nathan, settled in medical practice.

In the autumn of 1863, at the opening of the fall term, and the beginning of the college year, Merrill and myself found our way to Ann Arbor and registered as students in the law department, paying the insignificant fee of ten dollars each for a year's tuition, that being the amount charged to students from out of the state in any department of the University, wherein there were then less than two thousand students in all, whereas there are about ten thousand at the present time. A new law building had recently been completed, and was the first on the campus, but it has long since been remodeled and greatly enlarged, while most of the other buildings have been supplanted by new and larger structures, and many others erected, so that the university of that day bears no comparison to the present. There were eighty students in the entering class in the law school at that time, and seventy-two members of the senior class who were to graduate the next year, the course then covering but two years; while the faculty included but three members, but all men of distinguished ability and national reputation—Judges James N. Campbell, Thomas M. Cooley and Charles R. Walker. Campbell and Cooley were members of the Supreme Court of Michigan and Walker of the Circuit Court. Judge Cooley was the author of many legal text books and was regarded as the greatest authority on constitutional law in the country. He was subsequently a member of the U. S. Interstate Commerce Commission. All of them were great lecturers but the students were best pleased with Judge Walker on account of his clearness and conciseness of statement, and the readiness with which they took notes of his lectures. I never saw Judges Campbell and Cooley after leaving the University, but I met Judge Walker years afterward at the Moosilauke Mountain House in Warren where he was spending a few days of his vacation.

Among the members of our class were Frank Arthur Hooker, subsequently chief justice of the supreme court of Michigan, Edwin W. Keightley, who was later a member of Congress and an auditor of the treasury at Washington; Thomas J. O'Brien, who was later U. S. minister to Denmark and embassador to Japan and Italy, and Levi L. Barbour who became a successful lawyer in Detroit, was a regent of the University, and a donor of the Barbour Gymnasium to that institution. When I visited the University on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of my graduation in 1915, I found Mr. Barbour and

one William M. Johnston, of Chicago the only members of the class in attendance. Both have since died.

When I entered the University, Erastus Otis Haven, D.D., a brother of Bishop Gilbert Haven of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was temporarily acting as president, after the death of President Tappan, who had done great work for the University. Subsequently James B. Angell, who was president of the University of Vermont, was called to the presidency, which he held for nearly forty years and gained an international reputation as a scholar and administrator as well as a diplomat, having served as U. S. ambassador to Turkey and become an authority on international law. At the time of our attendance, Andrew L. White, who was subsequently president of Cornell University and later U. S. ambassador to Germany, was professor of history in the literary department of the University and the law students enjoyed the benefit of his lectures.

Mr. Merrill and I established ourselves in two rooms in the fourth story of a block on Main Street in Ann Arbor, where we proceeded to "keep house" and board ourselves, after the manner of the fall term at the seminary at Swanzey. Between our studies and our household duties we had no time for social life or fraternal society. We had few callers and made few calls. We had occasional visits from students who roomed in the same block, among whom I remember in particular one Edward L. Walter, a student in the literary department, who was a fine scholar and subsequently became professor of romance languages in that department of the university. He was lost at sea on the steamer La Bourgoyne July 4, 1898. Another student who sometimes called on us was John G. Parsons, a member of the law class of 1866. As for myself I made few calls anywhere. I was sometimes a guest in the family of a man named Swift, who ran a flour mill on the Huran river, and also kept cows, from whom we obtained our supply of milk, and who had a daughter named Lucy who was an attractive girl, and whose wedding was the first which I ever witnessed. I also sometimes called at the house of the Hookers, mother and sister, who were keeping house in town while the son and brother, Frank Arthur, whom I have mentioned as a classmate, was attending the law school. The daughter, Elma, was an accomplished musician, and her piano playing was something which I much enjoyed as well as her exceedingly intelligent conversation.

I concluded my course at the University in the spring of 1865, being at the time in a poor state of health on account of hard study and close confinement. I had a bad cough, which continued for some time after my return home and from which I did not fully recover till well along in the summer. I suppose I am the oldest New England graduate, now living, of any of the departments of the University of Michigan, of which there have been more law graduates than from any other department among New Hampshire men, of whom the first, after my class, was the late Edgar Aldrich, judge of the U. S. district court of New Hampshire, who graduated in 1868. Other New Hampshire men graduating from this department have been the late Daniel C. Remick of Littleton and his brother, Judge James W., the well-known publicist of Littleton and Winchester, Mass.; also Edmund Sullivan, and the late George F. Rich, mayor and judge of the municipal court in Berlin; George M. Fletcher, clerk of the superior court, and Robert

C. Murchie, well known attorney of Concord.

Before abandoning reference to Michigan, I am moved to remark that the state owes more to natives of New Hampshire for its development and proud position in the nation, than to those of any other state. The first governor of Michigan and the first U. S. Senator was a native of New Hampshire, Gen. Lewis Cass, born in Exeter, who went out first as the territorial governor and had much to do with the organization of the state government. He served many years in the Senate, was often voted for as the Democratic candidate for president, was long a leader of his party in the nation, and held the office of secretary of state under President Buchanan. Next to Webster, Clay and Calhoun, he was the most prominent citizen of the republic who never attained the presidency. Scarcely less distinguished was the man who succeeded him in the senate, Zachariah Chandler, who went out from Bedford, N. H., and after a successful mercantile career, went into politics as a leader of the Republican party, organized at "Four Oaks" Michigan, in 1856 He was secretary of the interior in the cabinet of President Grant.

Another governor of the state was John S. Barry, a native of Amherst, who was the only man ever three times elected governor of Michigan. William A. Fletcher, a native of Plymouth, was the first chief justice of the supreme court of the state, while the first state superintendent of public instruction, and the first man to hold such office in the country, was John D. Pierce, born in Chesterfield, N. H. To Mr. Pierce, more than any other man, is Michigan indebted for the founding of its great university. Two natives of New Hampshire, Jefferson T. Thurber, native of Unity, heretofore mentioned, and Sullivan M. Cutcheon, born in Pembroke, who later served as U. S. district attorney, and comptroller of the U. S. Treasury, were speakers of the House of Representatives. Oliver L. Spaulding, native of Jaffrey, Byron M. Cutcheon, born in Pembroke, and Charles C. Comstock, a Sullivan boy, were Michigan representatives in Congress. James F. Joy, a native of the town of Durham, and a prominent lawyer of Detroit, engaged in railroading, built the Michigan Central of which he became president, as well as the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy and other great lines promoting the development of the central west; while James H. Farwell, native of North Charlestown, and donor of the Farwell Library in that place, resident of Detroit, was the pioneer in the immense freighting business on the Great Lakes, and did the excavation work for the U. S. government locks at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., the largest in the world. Joseph Estabrook, a native of Bath, N. H., was long principal of the Michigan state normal school at Ypsilanti, and Harry B. Hutchins, native of Lisbon, was the able successor of Dr. Angell as president of the University, ten years after serving as dean of the law school for some time. He is now living at Ann Arbor and is president emeritus. I have had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Hutchins on two different occasions during visits to Michigan, of which I have made three since my graduation—once when he was dean of the law school and again when he was president of the University. The first time I had gone out as a delegate to the Universalists General Convention at Detroit, where I had introduced a woman suffrage resolution, over which

I had an encounter with the Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, and the second when I attended commencement exercises on the occasion of my fiftieth anniversary in 1915.

(*To be continued*)

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Winter Came Back

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

Winter, why did you come back
And lay your cold and bloodless hand
Upon the heart of Spring
That throbbed so wildly
With the sweet, wild pulses
Of a new awakening?

Did you so long to touch
Her fresh'ning loveliness
And know the thrill of life,
And did you yearn
To feel
The golden of Forsythia sprays,
The velvet of magnolia blooms,
The charming gracefulness of daffodils?

Winter, why did you come back
With this reminder
Of the ultimate?
This Spring was oh, so young
And so divinely fair,—
Could you not have waited
And let Time tell Spring
Of her unescapable fate?

Colonial Portsmouth in Monument and Story

ARCHIE KILPATRICK

PORTSMOUTH, N. H. in its distinctive, historical background stands as the guardian of invaluable architectural masterpieces and genuine antiques. In all sections of this old seaport, one meets with constant reminders of happy, chivalrous days now relegated to the dim past, leaving these eerie, dark houses of antiquity, whose exteriors give but an inkling of the colonial wealth within. These mansions and great houses stand as the only intimate connecting link between days of super-courage, chivalry and poetic eloquence in statesmanship and the modern chasm of progress. To the qualified connoisseur, these houses possess distinct lines of architectural beauty and patient, skilled workmanship quite apart from our modern accomplishments in these lines of labor. The historical values, however, must be ferreted out of musty volumes of biography, autobiography and colonial episodes written of and by these colonial ancestors.

These values are doubled through the process of untangling the finely-woven web of historical compendium; revealing these age-old structures housing young and happy lives. Then again they are seen frozen with horror as the raiding savages swoop down from the surrounding hills, and to bleed white from tyrannical thrusts at their beloved freedom later on. These mansions are of the days of good breeding, simple culture, courteousness, hardiness, courage and individual power long since depreciated into mass laxity in conforming to the standards by which real men are judged. In Portsmouth, there is an abundance of historical and biographical material obtainable in a quiet, Bulfinch designed library, which, when used as a guide by the student of colonial art will expose the inherent *locus standi* of each house or mansion.

Following the historical lead, we first enter Portsmouth or *Pannaway* (the name derived from the Indians) at a point which is now named Odiorne's Point. The shallop, "Jonathan" from Plymouth, England, brings the pioneer, David Thompson and ten adventurous spirits, the names of which have not been brought down to us through the pages of history. This tiny craft, captained by the rugged Scotchman, Thompson, sailed into Pannaway in the spring of 1623. Shillaber visions the unbounded joy that must have been evinced by Thompson and his mates upon sighting the coasts of virgin beauty after tossing about for weeks on a stormy, relentless sea:

"Rose gentle isles with verdure clad,
That seemed fair satellites of the majestic main
Resting like emerald bubbles on the sea,
And all was wonderful, and new and grand!"

In all New England history this voyage of the Scotch adventurer was the primitive joy-ride and trip of inspection. Thompson came with the express purpose of, "fishing and trade and barter with ye Indians." The voyage was sponsored by three wealthy Plymouth mer-

chants, viz: Abraham Calmer, Nicholas Sherwell and Leonard Pommerie. Thompson's land grant of 26,000 acres apparently conflicted with a previous grant given Captain Mason in 1622, a patent of all lands between the Kennebec and Merrimack rivers, but this did not deter Thompson from building on a little ridge at what is now Odiorne's Point, the first house in Pannaway. This house was built of rubble stone, chinked with swale grass and clay, quantities of which were obtainable in the immediate vicinity. Thompson's wife came with him and here John Thompson was born, the first white child born in the colony of New Hampshire. This first house of colonial New Hampshire was known by different names during different periods.

While Thompson was lord and heir of "all he surveyed", it was known simply as the "stone-house." Later it was given the Indian name of "Pascataqua House." Taken over later by Captain John Mason it was called Mason Hall. When Captain Walter Neal, that worthy compeer of Myles Standish, came to Pannaway, he took possession and called it the "Chiefe Habitacion", proving to be the nucleus of the future state of New Hampshire. Nothing remains today of this, the first house ever erected in Portsmouth. A mound of stone designates the spot where the hardy Scotchman rested after a rather tempestous voyage from his native land. Thompson's Island in Boston Harbor later became the property and place of residence of this hardy spirit at the solicitation of Myles Standish of Plymouth. Thompson never returned to Pannaway.

Captain Walter Neal, one of the occupants of the first house was the typical soldier of fortune, with no profession "but his sword, nor other fortunes than war," the first governor of all land east of Massachusetts Bay, then known as New Hampshire. Neal had nothing in common with the solemn and pragmatic Winthrops and Endicotts, but restlessly explored New Hampshire for the fabled land of Laconia for gold and precious stones. For three years he explored the woods, planned fortifications, drilled settlers and chased pirates. Neal was of the Standish, Raleigh, Smith type, founders and hard-headed fighters from whose efforts a nation has arisen. Neal made a long journey to the White Mountains and upon his return disappeared as a factor in our history.

Under Captain John Mason's directions in 1630, Pascataqua plantation thrived, many houses were built and industry began. Trading with the Indians began to increase at this point. The plantation received fifty men and twenty-two women from Denmark, together with a large number of cattle. Mason and Dawes put up a large sawmill near Dover. The Pennacook Indians were the favorites in barter and trade, due, no doubt, to their desire to mingle with the colonists and their friendly natures at the time. Later on they became more hostile as the settlements encroached on their forest preserves and inland fishing grounds.

Captain John Mason never saw his plantation and land grants here, but after expending 3,000 pounds, he received a grant of land, "situate on both sides of the river and harbor to the extent of five miles westward to the seacoast, and crossing thence to Dover Point." These were the original limits of Portsmouth which included part of Newington, all of Greenland, Rye and Newcastle.

In 1639, Capt. John Mason's heirs lost control of the plantation through neglect, and the settlers divided the goods and cattle among themselves; keeping pos-

session of the land and buildings, claiming them as their own. There are no houses remaining in the Portsmouth of today dating back to this Mason era of the colony. The oldest house standing is the old Jackson House in the Christian Shore section of the city, built in 1664.

Next in order comes the Moffatt-Ladd House. This is the first example of a three-story, square room dwelling in the state and is to be regarded as a complete example. The wonderful lines of the hall in this house were copied from Captain Moffatt's father's house in England. Its carved work is especially noticeable, one piece of genuine floriated work being attributed to Granling Gibbons who flourished in 1666. Many portraits hang on these walls representing seven generations. Some of the Ladd descendants are living today near the ancestral home.

The colonists enjoyed a period of peace and absence of annoyance from marauding Indians during the years that the Moffatt-Ladd House was built. It is to be supposed that the broadening out into agricultural lines had not reached the stage where the Indians could view it with alarm because of the fear of encroachment upon their forest reserves. The colonists were at this time leisurely satisfied as a prosperous growing port, not caring to develop agriculturally the outlying cleared land and tillage that began some twenty years after. The Cutts family, pioneers in the agricultural development of suburban Portsmouth, suffered through their eagerness as have all pioneers of this type. Madame Cutts, hardy, cultured land owner, was an especial sufferer in the sudden, terrible massacre of July 7, 1794.

THE MADAME CUTTS HOUSE

Madame Cutts lived in the northerly part of Portsmouth on the heights of land that overlooked the Piscataqua river. Her modest home possessed one significant and yet mystical feature, setting it apart from all others of the period. Above the door and on each side, two cherubim guarded the entrance below. If this beautiful and divinely appropriated talisman was meant for the safeguard of the occupants of this household, it failed at one point.

Following the episodical tangent we find that on the morning of July 7, 1794, a very promising day for the harvesting of the Cutts haycrop, there had been an unbroken period of peace and safety from marauding savages for many years. Madame Cutts had arisen at daybreak and with her three hired men was mowing and spreading the hay in the richly fertilized fields on the slopes nearby the homestead. Without warning, Indians in great numbers rushed down on the outlying settlement from across the river, coming from the direction of what is now Elliot, Me. They rushed with overwhelming force on the scattered settlement on that beautiful July morning, utterly demoralizing settlers, who, fearing no harm, had gone to their work without thought of protection. A terrible slaughter ensued in which over 100 persons were killed, scores captured and about 20 buildings burned! The Madame Cutts home was left unscathed, the savages retiring taking with them their prisoners and scalps of those they had killed. One of these bands of Indians crossed the river and attacked Madame Cutts and her hired men while they were at work in the fields. After killing the men, who defended themselves as best they could with pitchforks and scythes, they spared Madame Cutts, attempting to remove the rings from her fingers. Finding it difficult, they cut off her hands and bore them away. Madame Cutts's maid escaped in a boat to the settlement

and gave the alarm. After being pursued by a hastily organized band of colonists, the savages succeeded in making their escape across the river into the dense forests that fringed the eastern banks at that time and were not overtaken.

Several houses, now standing, were witnesses of the terrible slaughter of July 7, 1794, among which were the Jackson house, the Jacob Wendell and Moffatt-Ladd mansions and others. The Jackson homestead on Christian shore was nearer in point of distance to the tragedy than any of the others with the exception of the Cutts homestead. Generation upon generation has looked down upon the swirling, tide-tossed Piscat qua through the four and eight tiny, lighted, windows boasting the first glass of the colonies now remaining intact as erected in 1664. History does not state that any of the Jacksons perished on that fatal July morning, for it was but a step to safety for them, a quick run down the path to the shore to wade or push a scow to safety in the settlement on the other side of the North Mill Pond.

THE JACOB WENDELL HOUSE

Undoubtedly, the best example of the retention of colonial heirlooms, intact, in one family from the very moment of primitive inception on this continent is shown in the exquisitely complete Jacob Wendell house and contents. Built in 1789 by Jeremiah Hill, it was occupied in 1814 by Joshua Haven who removed in 1816, in which year it was purchased by Jacob Wendell. The house was beautifully furnished by its new owner with all the appointments of the time, together with the Chippendale furniture and 138 pieces of Flemish cut glass, imported especially for its use, all of which have been preserved and are in its service today. It furnishes one of the comparatively rare instances of an interesting collection of antiques, which have been well kept together, amid many changes during the passing of a century and a quarter.

The old hall, wainscoted waist-high and hung with the ancient fire buckets of the Friendly Fire Society, affords a marked example of the French architectural influence which appeared so strongly in the construction of colonial houses, immediately after the peace of 1783. The Wendell house possesses one of the finest examples of staircase, designed with an entresool or mezzanine story, which speaks volumes for the tastes of those early builders in the opportunity afforded, not alone for commodious access to the upper stories but also for raising the height of the rooms there located.

Truly, the fact that the equipment of this house should have been retained in its entirety, may well rank it with the few instances in New Hampshire in which the spirit of the colonial day has been preserved intact, rendering a visit of inspection always an inspiring and pleasant experience.

THE PLAINS MASSACRE

Almost two years to a day from the date of the terrible massacre of July 7, 1794, the settlement was again staggered by another vicious ambush in what is now the Plains section of the city. Fourteen persons were killed, five houses and nine barns were burned, and many of the settlers were made prisoners by the savages and spirited away in the direction of Hampton. Captain Shackelford of the settlement hastily organized a band of settlers to intercept them and overtook them at Breakfast Hill, Hampton, recapturing the prisoners, the Indians escaping. This was the last wholesale slaughter and vicious attack by the

savages in this section, as public opinion was aroused and from that time on, blockhouses were built in many open and unprotected outlying sections, where safety could be had in short order.

THE MASON HOUSE

After these years of misfortune, many hardy and courageous souls came and settled in Portsmouth. One year after the Plains Massacre, Jeremiah Mason, a young lawyer, came to Portsmouth and established himself in the practice of his profession, becoming eminent as a lawyer, jurist and statesman. In 1808, he built a three-story house similar in lines to the Moffatt-Ladd house whose neighbor he was to become. Here, he resided until he moved to Boston in 1832. Mason was elected U. S. Senator in 1813 to represent New Hampshire, in which capacity, his great mental faculties and shrewdness in conducting the affairs of state, were marked for their keenness, good judgment and latent ability. Mr. Mason was a man of great stature, being six feet, six inches in height. He died in Boston in 1848. Daniel Webster, the eminent statesman, with a thorough knowledge of Mason wrote in his autobiography:

"As a lawyer, as a jurist, no man in the Union equaled Mason and but one approached him." He referred to Chief Justice Marshall. The Mason House has been refurnished and remodeled in recent years and stands today in an excellent state of preservation.

THE FRANCIS HOUSE

The identity of the Francis House has been in doubt for some years, but has been located definitely as the house built soon after the War of 1812 by John and Nathaniel Haven for a negro named John Francis, in gratitude for the service rendered by him during the war. A ship owned by that firm was captured by privateersmen, and Francis succeeded in secreting the proceeds of the sale of the cargo, $15,000 in gold coin, in a slush tub. He served on board with the captor's prize crew until land was reached, when he begged the slush tub with its sixty pounds of greasy gold for his perquisite, and safely returned the money to the Messrs. Haven. There is very little of architectural beauty to the lines of the Francis House, but it is the historical episodes that illuminate these otherwise drab and eerie structures.

THE GOVERNOR LANGDON HOUSE

Although there are over a score of colonial houses in Portsmouth, many of them epics of colonial architectural perfection and priceless for the wealth of antiques which they contain, it remains for the Governor Langdon House to attain the *ne plus ultra* of colonialism. Situated on the easterly side of Pleasant street, near the Jacob Wendell House, this massive, age-old, mansion embodies lines of pure and distinctive colonial beauty, surrounded by spacious and well-kept grounds, leaving a lasting and fervent impression in the minds of those who view and appreciate the excellence of its proportions. It was built by John Langdon, later governor of New Hampshire, in 1784 and occupied by him till his death in 1819. He was with Captain Pickering, John Sullivan and others, engaged in the seizure of the powder at Fort William and Mary in Portsmouth harbor, December 1774, a part of which his cousin, Samuel Langdon, afterwards conveyed to the army at Cambridge and which was later used at Bunker Hill. Samuel conducted two loads of clothing to Washington's suffering army at Valley Forge by ox-team, it being a gift of the people of Portsmouth.

Mr. Langdon was chosen president of New Hampshire and five times governor of the state. His famous speech was made while he was speaker of the House of Representatives, convened at Exeter in 1777 during a protracted and important session of three days. He arose and made the following declaration which will ever enshrine his memory in the hearts of sons of New Hampshire:

"I have a thousand dollars in hard money. I will pledge my plate for three thousand more. I have seventy hogsheads of Tobago rum, which will be sold for the most they will bring. They are at the service of the state. If we succeed in defending our firesides and our homes, I may be remunerated; if we do not, then the property will be of no value to me. Our friend, Stark, who so nobly upheld the honor of the state at Bunker Hill may be safely entrusted with the honor of the enterprise, and we will check the progress of Burgoyne."

John Langdon was the first president of the United States Senate and was acting president of the United States and while in that capacity informed George Washington of his election. In 1812, the office of vice-president was offered him, but he declined.

Louis Phillippe and his brothers were entertained at this home while exiled to this and other countries in 1793. General Washington dined several times with Mr. Langdon when here in 1789 and recorded it as, "the handsomest house in Portsmouth."

The carvings of this beautiful mansion are fine specimens of Corinthian order, and the introduction of a *fleur-de-lis* in the keystone of the arch in the large library is a very artistic and significant feature. President Munroe was entertained by Governor Langdon here in 1817.

The house was afterwards owned by Rev. Dr. Burroughs, who was rector of St. John's church for 45 years. It is still in the possession of the Langdon family and occupied by them. The small brick lodges in front are unique features. Similar ones were in front of the Samuel Langdon House on State street before the Rockingham Hotel was built.

In 1827 the Marquis de Chastelleux wrote:

"After dinner, we went to drink with Mr. Langdon. He is a handsome man of noble carriage. His house is elegant and well furnished, and the apartments well wainscoated."

It is to be hoped that these monuments of a faithful and liberty-loving people will be preserved and cherished through succeeding years, giving the modern masses a glimpse of a culture that was not effected but came as a steady growth out of suffering, privation and lean but happy years.

THE WARNER MANSION

The first of the name that I have in this country was Archibald McPhetres, a Scotchman, who lived in Portsmouth. He was a leading projector of one of the first iron works in America being the head of a small company which commenced the manufacture of iron from the ore at Lamphrey river, near Dover, N. H. He married Sarah, daughter of Lieutenant Governor John and Sarah (Hunking) Wentworth. He was a wealthy merchant, and a king's councillor in 1722. He built a brick house in Portsmouth in 1718; it stood a few years since at the corner of Daniel and Chapel streets and was known at the Warner House. It is the oldest brick building in the city, the bricks being imported from Holland at a reputed cost of 3,000 pounds sterling. He died in 1728. A portrait of Mrs. Warner and of her mother painted by Copley still hangs in the parlor of the old McPheters House now known as the Warner Mansion.

In The Foot-Prints of General John Stark

FRED W. LAMB

Chapter One

WHEN quite young, Archibald Stark, (the father of Gen. John Stark), went with his father from Glasgow, Scotland, where he was born in 1697, to Londonderry, in the north part of Ireland, where he married Eleanor Nichols, the daughter of a fellow immigrant from Scotland. In 1720 he embarked for America in company with many of his countrymen and after a tedious voyage arrived at Boston late in the autumn. Many of the company being ill with the smallpox, they were not permitted to land but went to the present town of Wiscasset, on the Maine coast, where they spent the winter.

The following year Archibald Stark joined the settlers in old Londonderry, N. H., where he lived until 1736 and where Gen. John Stark was born. During this year he had the misfortune to have his buildings destroyed by fire and instead of rebuilding there he came to Manchester, or Derryfield as it was then known, that fall with his family and settled on the Thaxter grant at Amoskeag Falls. He afterward occupied the Stark-Paige house which was built about 1747 by one Alexander McMurphy of Londonderry and thus it was that General John Stark came to live here.

The house may be called plain but it corresponds perfectly with the old colonial houses of this time. The house faces the south, is a square low-posted affair with five large rooms on the ground floor and with two unfinished rooms in the second story. The rooms are very large and finished off in typical English style about like what may be seen at the Governor Wentworth house at Newcastle. The walls of each room are paneled, while the high oak mantels and the great fireplaces, with their primitive cupboards and warming seats, are fit illustrations of what this house contains.

In the kitchen fireplace hangs the great crane as seen in the picture, calling to mind the wonderful "Snowbound" of Whittier's. The fireplaces have long since been put out of commission but they stand today as curios of the past.

One of the most interesting stories told about the old house is one which concerns the manner in which General Stark put a stop to teams running into the corner of the building. The old road in those days turned at the southeast corner of the house and one dark night a woodman had driven his oxen too near the house and in some unknown manner he had fallen from the pile of wood and was pinned in between the house and the team, his life being crushed out instantly. General Stark, fearing that the accident might happen again, decided to have a large boulder placed at this corner of the house where it may be seen today.

During the course of years this boulder became sunken in the earth until it projected only a few inches above the surface of the ground. Through the courtesy of Hon. Perry H. Dow, this stone was raised to its original position and on October 25, 1911, the Manchester Historic Association unveiled a bronze

tablet fastened upon the stone reading as follows:

The Home of General John Stark,
1758-1765.

From the Starks the house passed into the possession of the late Mr. George Clark, who lived in it himself for a period of about thirty years. In 1836, Mr. Clark sold the house and a large tract of land to the Amoskeag Corporation. Since the house was purchased by the company several well known families have occupied it. The family of the late Andrew Bunton at one time lived there. Afterwards came the family of the late Horace Paige and others. The old house stands today a landmark that the city should well be proud of and one that should be cherished in the years that are to come.

Like all the structures of the period the chimney was the most important feature about the building. About it the house was built. Beside the fireplace, it is said, there was the spacious brick oven, the powder place above it and to the left, over one of the big fireplaces was the pocket for the rifle. These have all been bricked up. All in all this house is probably the most historic structure now standing in Manchester and is well worthy of a visit.

Later on, General Stark built a house for himself on the North River road on land now belonging to the State Industrial School where he lived and where he died, May 8, 1822. The site is now marked by a boulder placed there by Molly Stark Chapter, D. A. R. A bronze tablet fastened to the boulder bears the following inscription:

This Stone
Marks the Homestead of
Major General John Stark
Hero of Bennington.
He Died Here May 8, 1822

Erected By
Molly Stark Chapter
Daughters of the American Revolution
1906.

This house was destroyed by fire in 1866 while occupied by the inmates of the State Industrial School, whose buildings had been destroyed by fire shortly before.

Chapter Two

On this beautiful afternoon, dear reader, you and I will take a ramble to one of the most, if not the most, historic spots in the city of Manchester, namely Stark park. On alighting from the trolley car we stroll out Ready street to the North River road and pause for a glimpse of the wonderful view of mountain and valley spread out before us. In doing this we recall the words of John G. Whittier:

"Oak-shaded, elm-tufted, by Amoskeag's Fall,
Rise thy twin Uncanoonucs, stately and tall."

The view from this spot is one of the most entrancing to be found anywhere in this part of New Hampshire.

Strolling down into the park we note with interest the battery of four Dahlgren cannon and large pile of cannon balls, the guns pointing to the west. These guns were secured from the Charlestown, Mass., navy yard by William C. Clarke when he was mayor of the city and mounts were manufactured in the Amoskeag machine shop. They form a very picturesque feature of the landscape.

Further west we come to the burying ground where the remains of the gallant old "Hero of the Hills" were deposited ninety-three years ago and where a very plain granite shaft, bearing the inscription:

M. G. John Stark,
Died May 8, 1822.
Act 94.

is the only monument to mark the spot.

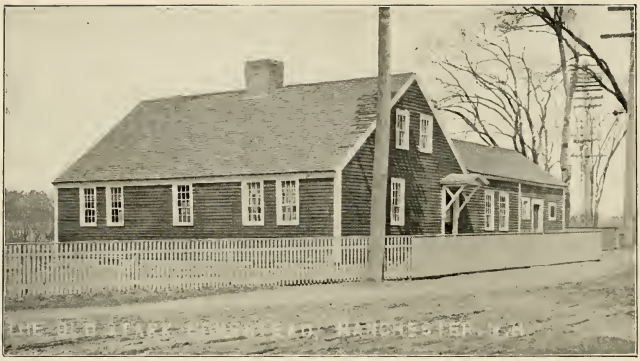
It may be of interest to know how the city of Manchester came into possession of the park.

On the section of the old Stark Farm given to John Stark, 3rd, by Gen. John Stark was located the Stark burying-ground, where rest the remains of the general and many of his descendants. It was situated on a bluff about half way from the River road to the river, overlooking the river up and down for quite a distance. On the anniversary of the battle of Bennington, 1829, the granite obelisk with his name inscribed thereon was erected to his memory by his family. This stone was of Concord granite and was hewed and fashioned by the inmates of the state prison at Concord. Several bills have been introduced into Congress appropriating money for a monument to be placed over his grave, but for various reasons they have all failed of a passage by both houses, and consequently nothing has been done.

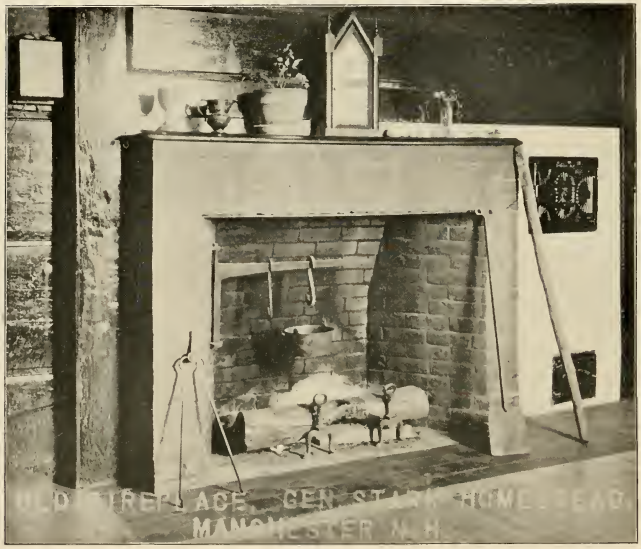
In 1876 Augustus H., and Elizabeth Stark, the surviving children of John Stark, 3rd, gave to the city of Manchester about two acres of land, on which the burying ground was located. The description of the land and the restrictions placed thereon are as follows:

"Beginning at a stake standing at the intersection of the northerly line of Trenton street with the westerly line of Bennington street as shown on a map of the northerly portion of Manchester, dated 1875, said map having been adopted by the city councils of said city, October 19, 1875, as a guide for the future construction of streets in the section embraced within its limits; thence running northerly by said Bennington street two hundred and fifty feet; thence westerly by Princeton street three hundred and fifty feet; thence southerly by Lexington street two hundred and fifty feet; thence easterly by said Trenton street three hundred and fifty feet to the bound begun at; containing eighty-seven thousand five hundred square feet. The foregoing tract of land is known on said map as Monument square, and contains the family burial ground of Major-Gen. John Stark. This conveyance is made upon the condition that said city shall within three years from the date hereof properly enclose said premises with a suitable enclosure and shall thenceforth at all times properly secure, protect and preserve said premises with the monuments thereon erected or that hereafter may be erected; and that said city shall not alien or convey said premises to any person or corporation but shall forever keep and maintain the same as a public ground or square to be beautified and adorned from time to time as may seem proper and reasonable; and said premises shall never be occupied for any purpose whatever inconsistent with the uses aforesaid.

"A burial place with proper space for monuments within the present enclosure is hereby reserved for the following individuals, to wit: The grantors hereof and three other persons whose near relatives are now interred therein. And it is further provided that said city shall maintain a suitable enclosure around the burial lot upon said premises or such enclosure may be provided by the friends of those interred therein, the design or plan being first approved by said city. Provided, however, that if it shall ever be deemed expedient to convey said premises to the state of New Hampshire to be preserved and protected by said state, said city may convey the same to said state upon the conditions herein



Home of Gen. John Stark, 1758-1765.



Fire Place in Old Stark House at Corner Canal and West Salmon Streets.

expressed and with such other conditions as said city may think it necessary to impose. The right is hereby granted to said city or its employees to pass and repass over said Princeton street between the River road and said premises for the purposes of carrying out the provisions of this deed. And whenever said granted premises shall be enclosed as herein provided then said Princeton street together with the streets surrounding said square as indicated on said map shall became the property of said city, but they shall be used as public highways and for no other purposes whatever."

Subsequently the entire section of this farm from the River road to the river was acquired by the city, the deed from the Stark heirs being dated January 3, 1891. It contains about thirty acres, and is known as Stark park. The three restrictions contained in this last mentioned deed are:

First. To be kept forever as a park and not to be conveyed by said city unless to the state of New Hampshire or the United States for the same use.

Second. No buildings to be erected thereon except such as are appropriate for park uses.

Third. The city to expend on an average three hundred dollars a year on the same.

West of the old monument is a granite block with sockets drilled therein which hold a cluster of small flags placed there by Louis Bell Post, No. 3 G. A. R. of Manchester, every Memorial Day. There are quite a number of headstones marking the burial places of other members of the family. Among them being a new one bearing the inscription:

Archibald Stark, 1689-1750.
Eleanor Nichols, his wife, 1680-1740.
Gen. John Stark, 1728-1822
Elizabeth Page, his wife, 1734-1794.
John Stark, 2nd, 1762-1844.
Mary Huse, his wife, 1762-1838.
John Stark, 3rd, 1790-1872.
Sarah F. Pollard, his wife, 1794-1883.

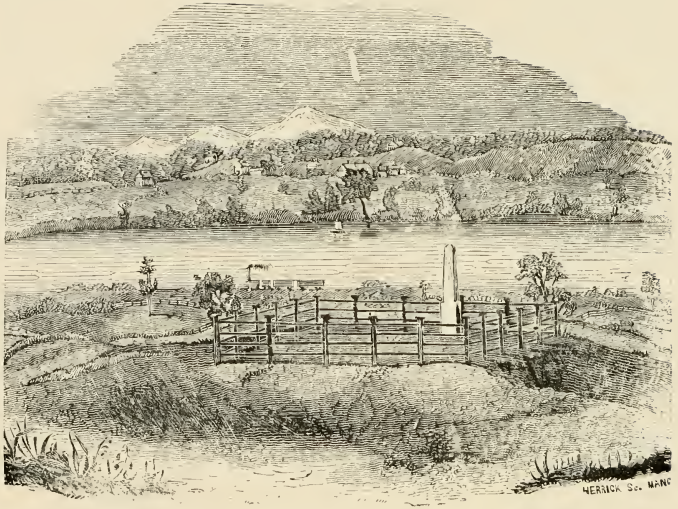
Some two years ago on account of disgraceful chipping of the old monument and other depredations, complaint was made by the descendants that the terms of the deeds were not being lived up to by the city and asking that suitable protection be given. This resulted in a substantial iron fence being erected around the entire burial lot and it is kept locked at all times.

Chapter Three

Upon the alarm of April 19, 1775, the patriots, as is well known, began to pour into Cambridge, Mass., from all the surrounding country. Among the patriot leaders who were the first to arrive was John Stark, from Derryfield, now Manchester, N. H. He was followed by a large number of his friends and neighbors from all over the southern part of New Hampshire. With these men he soon organized a regiment and was stationed at Medford, Mass.

The headquarters of the British army under General Gage was located in Boston, Mass., and British troops were distributed at various points from Roxbury Neck to the foot of Hanover street, in Boston. A detached force of some three hundred men was about this time stationed at an outpost on Noddles Island (now East Boston), and formed the extreme right of the line.

To keep up the enthusiasm of the patriots there were several expeditions projected by the leaders to seize the supplies of live stock and hay which had been gathered on the islands in Boston harbor by the British. One of these and the most important, the never half known battle of Chelsea Creek, occurred on the 27th of May, 1775, at which time



View of the Stark Burial Ground as It Was in 1852.

quite an engagement was fought and won by the patriots.

Col. Stark was ordered by the Committee of Safety to take a detachment of some three hundred men and drive the cattle and sheep from Hogg and Noddles islands across Chelsea Creek, which could be forded at low water. For the first time in the American Revolution artillery rumbled between Chelsea's hedgerows, along with the marching hosts, or rather two little four-pounders commanded by Capt. Gideon (?) Fostor.

The sheep on Breed's Hill, Winthrop (then Hogg's Island), were removed successfully, but when it came to crossing to East Boston (Noddles Island) for the cattle there, the outposts of British regulars, which were later reinforced, stood its ground and opened fire by platoons, briskly, upon the embattled Yankees on the Chelsea side of the creek.

The British Admiral, Samuel Graves, immediately sent a schooner and a sloop towing barges filled with soldiers up Chelsea Creek, intending to cut off the return of the patriots to the mainland from Hogg's Island. The schooner was armed with four six-pounder cannon and the barges were provided with twelve swivels, but with all their banging away at the green hillsides of Chelsea (where round iron balls have been found quite frequently) none of the patriots were killed, while on the decks of the armed schooner ran blood until it dripped out of the scuppers, according to a British letter home about this affair.

A force of grenadiers was also sent to aid the British marine guard on Noddle's Island, as stated before, and Col. Stark was finally obliged to withdraw to Hoggs' Island, and then to the mainland, taking advantage of the ditches cut through the marshes, at the same time returning a hot fire, inflicting a heavy loss of killed and wounded on the enemy. He succeeded, however, in carrying off the greater part of the live stock.

The schooner continued to fire at the Americans after they had reached Chelsea Neck, but General Putnam, who fortunately came up with reinforcements, among whom was Joseph Warren serving as a volunteer, opened a brisk fire in return.

All the afternoon the popping at the redcoats lasted, and at nine o'clock at night the impetuous Putnam began the work for a finish. Mounting his two cannon on a knoll near the river edge, backed by his whole force, as the becalmed British vessels approached that point on their retreat, towed by the sailors and marines in the barges, all fair and near shots from the shore, Putnam and his men waded out waistdeep into the water and poured a fierce fire to kill into the vessels and boats with demands for surrender. It was too hot for the regulars. At eleven o'clock at night, abandoning their vessels, they sought safety in flight in the boats, and the enemy's schooner was burned by pulling her ashore at the ferries and burying her up in heaps of hay, after removing from her decks four cannon, the sails from her masts and clothes and money from her cabin. In this way the schooner fell into the hands of the patriots with all her supplies, stores and equipment.

As the Americans were all trained marksmen, the casualties among the British were many. The action at this point lasted from nine to eleven. The Americans had three or four wounded but none killed. The British loss was greatly exaggerated at the time. General Gage stated in his official report that "two men were killed and a few wounded." The *New Hampshire Gazette* of June 2d, 1775, said "'Tis said between

two and three hundred marines and regulars were killed and wounded and that a place was dug in Boston twenty-five feet square to bury their dead." One man stated that he saw sixty-four dead men landed at Long Wharf from one boat. Edwin M. Bacon's "Historic Pilgrimages in New England" in an account of this engagement says that "the Americans had four men wounded, while the British had twenty men killed and fifty wounded." "Putnam," Bacon says, "got the credit for this fight;" and it is stated that the conduct of this affair influenced the vote in the Continental Congress to make him a major general. The schooner was named the Diana, and was commanded by Lieutenant John Graves, a nephew of Admiral Samuel Graves.

In the battle of Chelsea Creek which opened so redly, our men fighting in the water with the shore rising behind them in the darkness, or standing or lying on the higher land, could be but dimly seen, while themselves firing at figures clearly cut out against the surface of the water.

Judge Bosson (of Chelsea) in his address delivered to the old Suffolk Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution several years ago expresses his conviction that between two and three hundred of the British were killed and wounded. There is very little to be found of record of this engagement in print, which should be accorded a place as the second battle of the Revolution, Lexington and Concord being the first actual clash of arms between the British and American troops.

▼

Encouragement

LILIAN HALL CROWLEY

My poppies hung their drooping heads;
I put them in the bowls,
And placed them high as I could reach
And looked into their souls.

When morning came each poppy bright,
Lifted its low-hung head,
And fearlessly gazed on the world,
Because its soul was fed.

That is the way with people, too,
When love has passed them by,
If we but lend a helping hand,
They will not droop and die!

A Cryptic Message

ALDINE F. MASON

ROBERT DALE, forest ranger, stepped out of his cabin with Meto, his golden German police dog, at his side. Supper was over, and it was not time to take the final observations for the night, so Dale had a few moments of leisure. His sense of responsibility would not let him quite forget the purpose of his presence there, however, and he half-consciously scanned the horizon for fire signs, but none were visible to the naked eye, and as it was not yet sun-down no reflection would show against the sky.

"Well, Meto, we must take our observations; musn't take any chances these dry times, and you know the chief depends on us more than any other station, for our range is longer, and 'Old Spec' tops them all; then, too, he has not sent me the extra man he promised, so I must look sharp," and with a searching glance down at the Umbagog Trail about three miles below, he turned to the glass, taking extra time and care for fire signs had been reported far to the south.

"All serene, old boy, thanks be! and now we will say good-night to Elizabeth and prepare for the night. Oh, that makes you sit up and take notice, eh?" as Meto turned an inquiring head toward the wall telephone. "Well, let's go; maybe she will send a hello to you." Going inside the cabin, he rang twelve "on the line," and a clear voice answered,—"Hello, Bob dear, I was just thinking of you. All's well here, and I hope it is the same with you." "Really O. K., old girl?" a bit anxiously; "Yes, indeed. A bit lonely, naturally, but with all the family here I ought not to be." "Wish I could run down, but the chief reported fire signs near Number Forty, and that is near Brown's, you know, so I will watch most of the night. Fire travels faster then, and it's the dark of the moon, so it will show up plainly." "All right, dear, tell Meto to be a good dog. Good-night, Bob. Oh, have you your service testament in your kit?" "Surely, but why?" "Keep it handy," and with that she rang off.

"Now what did she mean by that, Meto?" said the puzzled Bob, stroking the long pointed muzzle of the golden dog. Meto did not know that, but he did know the meaning of the word "kit," and he proceeded to haul the suitcase from under the bunk, as he had been taught to do. Bob found the testament and carelessly laid it on top of the radio. Usually this was part of his evening program, but tonight he had other things on his mind, and if he had felt inclined for it, he would have been afraid its noise might deaden the sound of the telephone, and he would miss a call.

Bob was a wireless operator at the time the war broke out, and was among the first to volunteer. He joined the engineers and went across on one of the first transports. Invalided home, after a brief rest, the government gave him this post on "Old Spec," to stay until he should be replaced. He had held it nearly a year, and was prepared to receive word from the chief at any time that his successor had been appointed.

He had taken Forestry at Yale, being strongly interested in re-forestation, so this post fitted in splendidly until his strength warranted a return to heavier

duties, and the outdoor air, exhilarating and life-giving, with the sometimes strenuous exercise necessary in his work, had made a new man of him.

The road down the mountain to the trail below, twisted and curved as the letter S, to make the steep grade a bit easier to climb, was still only about half built, and his supplies were mostly taken up by pack to a half-way station, where they were loaded into an iron-shod packing box and hauled the rest of the way to the top with a rope and windlass. A large mail-box at the foot of the mountain, heavily padlocked, held any letters and parcel post packages left by the R. F. D. postman. No railway station or post-office being near this was a great convenience, and although a forest ranger's station must of necessity be somewhat isolated, what with telephone, radio, U. S. mail, and telegraph, unless cut off by fire, this post in Grafton Notch was not so far from civilization as it would have been without these points of contact with the outside world.

Bob had a tiny locked mail pouch of his own, which was sent locked from the nearest post-office, and he kept one at the cabin so his mail could be exchanged readily, and as he could see the mail-box with his glass he could tell when mail was left, so did not have to make the trip down unless necessary.

No signs of fire appeared on the night in question, so Bob slept soundly until midnight, when he arose for a special survey, but found no cause for disturbance.

Early next morning, which was Sunday, came a call from Elizabeth. Friends from Portland had arrived late the night before, and suggested that Elizabeth go back with them, her trip to be made with a special friend in her roadster, a very enjoyable trip in prospect, as they had much to talk over. Bob was willing, and suggested that they stop on their way and give him a hail. He would be on the lookout for them and plan to get away long enough to chat a minute with them all.

This was agreed upon and about an hour later he heard the sirens of the approaching cars far up the trail and hastened down to meet them, Meto running ahead. After a brief talk the merry party sped on their way, with Bob standing at salute in his picturesque uniform, Meto by his side.

That was a rather lonely evening, with no call from Elizabeth, but Bob, who was always a good sport, said to Meto: "We won't worry, boy, she is safe with the folks, and you and I are all right; let's tune in on the old radio and see what we can get. Maybe Portland is broadcasting." After several stations had been tested, Portland came in strong; WCSH was giving a splendid program, and soon the beautiful strains of MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose" filled the cabin. This was a special favorite with both Bob and Elizabeth, and he suddenly remembered that the usual broadcaster was a friend of theirs, and might be sending that number on request. Bob wished for the thousandth time that he could ask as well as receive, but he *could* listen, and he did. He felt almost sure of his friend's voice, and so was not overly surprised when, during an interval of silence, it came clear and strong: "Oh, Bob, all here and safe!" It was the first time anyone had ever transmitted a personal message to him, so it did bring a thrill, and of course relieved his mind greatly.

Assuring himself that the next few minutes would be musical only, he left the cabin for an observation trip, and found all well, so heard the program

through, and wrote Elizabeth a long letter and put it in the pouch for next morning's delivery. He wanted to send her a telegram, but decided against it, as he would have to telephone his chief and have him send it through, and he did not wish to do this except in emergency.

Next day was fair and the surrounding country showed clear with no sign of smoke, so after catching up on a number of small tasks that had been neglected during the special watch for fire signs, Bob felt safe in waiting for the postman, as the chief had called him shortly before that, and though he occasionally got a call from some other station, they were not of great importance, and his duties often took him out of range of the telephone.

The postman brought news of a fire in the next township, and this made Bob feel uneasy, as it was in line with the great timber tract owned by the Brown Company, and over which Bob had an almost uninterrupted view.

He accordingly collected his mail and hastened back to the lookout station. He thought he could discern a faint smoke sign far to the south, and training his glass on that point, he saw it plainly, with indications that it was headed north and traveling fast.

Leaving the glass, he reported to the chief, after locating and marking the position of the fire on the relief map and making the record in his report book. The chief said reinforcements would start immediately for Bob's station, to be sent out at his discretion. By this time the fire could be seen without the glass and Bob proceeded to call the volunteer reserves who were located near his section, in order to give ample time to prepare and assemble in case of a hurry call.

Having done all he could for the time being, Bob stood in the door of the cabin, to watch the surrounding country and still remain within sound of the telephone.

A flash caught his eye from a high rock in an open space far below, on the other side of the trail. A heliograph! Still watching the flashes, Bob reached inside the cabin for the flags he kept by the door, and stepped into the sunshine, wigwagging in code, "O. K.!" From the heliograph came the message: "Fire, lower southern section, Brown's!" Bob signalled, "Wait!" and dashed to the telephone. No response; dead wire or trouble somewhere. Back to the door Bob rushed and signalled, "Dead wire. Report Chief!" Again the "O. K." and the signaller vanished, to communicate with his chief as best he might. This isolated Bob for the time being, for he could not leave the station to cut in on the telegraph, except in special emergency, so he could only wait and watch the progress of the fire.

He alternately studied the fire prospect and the trail below, and finally saw an approaching car traveling at breakneck speed. This halted at the base of the mountain, and four men started the ascent, while the car took the others in the direction of the fire tract, so Bob knew his message reached the chief. The men confirmed this when they reached the top, and after a breathing space Bob sent two of them out to find the break in the telephone wire before dark if possible, and the others busied themselves about the cabin, preparing supper, leaving Bob at the lookout.

Dusk showed the reflection of the flames much dimmer than might have been supposed, which showed the fire was under control.

Supper was late, as the men stayed out hunting the wire trouble as long as the

light held, and as they sat down Bob tuned in to see what Portland was doing, with the remark that they might as well have a dinner concert if it could be had. The loud speaker was softened to insure clarity of tone, and as the belated meal was eaten at leisure, the program was enjoyed.

Bob listened closely, with a feeling that there might be a word for him from Ned at the broadcasting station. He had not taken time to go down after the mail so had not heard from Elizabeth that day.

Owing to very dry weather, Bob asked the men not to smoke outside the cabin, and they were all busy with pipes and cigarettes around the table, relaxing after the day's labor and the hearty meal, when the intermission was announced. The men were talking among themselves, and under cover of the conversation Bob took his stand in front of the radio, ostensibly to tune off, when the hoped-for voice came through: "Bob, Elizabeth says: 'Isaiah, 9-6.'" This was repeated, evidently to be sure it was heard if Bob was listening. With a hasty glance at the men, none of whom had noticed the interlude, Bob slipped his flashlight into his pocket, took down the book from the radio and went out. "H'm," he mused, "I don't think Isaiah is in the New Testament, but mine happens to be both old and new, so I think I will find it." Seeking a secluded spot, he read the message. Meto had followed him, and to his amazement, his master grabbed him up in his arms and proceeded to tread the measures of a war dance! He would have shouted for joy, but remembered in time the men in the cabin. Putting down the dog, he returned to the men and told them to turn in, as the fire seemed to have diminished to a great extent. He would watch until midnight, and would not call them unless necessary.

The men were weary and gladly obeyed and were soon deep in slumber. Bob sat in the doorway in range of the tract he was watching, when suddenly the telephone rang. The chief had located the trouble at his end of the line.

He reported both fires well under control and praised Bob for his alertness and quick action which saved thousands of dollars.

Bob asked that the chief send a telegraph message for him, as it was important, though he hated to bother the chief. The chief replied that he would gladly send it, and Bob gave him Elizabeth's address, and the double quotation,—"Revelations 19, 1-16," and "Luke, 1-13." "What on earth?" stammered the chief. Bob dropped his voice almost to a whisper, covering the transmitter with his hand, so no sound could carry outside the room, and rapidly told his chief the story of the two messages. A moment's silence, then, "Bob Dale, you are a man in a thousand! Leave your station in charge of the men I sent you yesterday, and take forty-eight hours leave of absence." Bob thanked him, and when the chief rang off, he called a friend with whom he had made a previous bargain, and at daybreak Bob was on his way to Portland, after calling one of the men for instructions for the next forty-eight hours, or until he returned.

Left to his own reflections, the chief in his turn thumbed the leaves of a small Bible which he always kept in his desk. It took him some time to find the three references, and when he did locate and read them, he wrote them down:—"Unto us a son is given;" and Bob's answer: "Alleulia!" "Thou shalt call his name John!!"

Speaking of Legislatures

WILLIAM E. WALLACE

THE 1929 Legislature isn't much to brag about. Yet they did kill two hundred and thirty of the five hundred and seventy-four measures that were introduced, counting among the casualties the bills comprising the Recess Tax Commission legislative program, which were tucked away with the less summary reference to the next Legislature. Quite a number of the three hundred and thirty-nine bills and resolutions that were enacted could have been thrown into the discard without any incommodity to the state. Yet, considering the addiction of American legislators to interference with every possible human action which has developed us into the most law-ridden nation in ancient or modern history, the 1929 grist of statutory regulation in New Hampshire may be held no more than a moderate infliction, as such things go.

Editor James M. Langley, commenting on the method of correcting an oversight of a previous Legislature, in the closing days of the session, declared, "A poor Legislature has given final proof of its meanness." Had that characterization come from any other than Captain Langley one might have been inclined to deem it rather a strong statement. But those within the sphere of his mentorship well know he is not given to hasty or ill-considered judgments, that he is tolerant of other men's opinions when they happen to run counter to his own and though adhering firmly to his own decision, when duty compels him to lead misguided persons back on the right track, he accepts his responsibility without hesitation, and admonishes in an unruffled, chaste language that is a never-ending joy to those who admire meticulous diction. There have been instances when his admonitions have been impatiently taken; but even Aristides was blackballed by an ancient Athenian.

The legislative reporters, naturally prone to snap judgments and probably biased by personal feelings, rather than to the calm and dispassionate consideration typical of the editorial mind, were pretty generally agreed that it was a session lacking in strong leadership. This opinion was based upon the tendency of both the Senate and House to run wild on slight provocation, the result being that not one of the delegated leaders escaped repudiation at one time or another. The members displayed such variability of attitude toward legislation, both individually and collectively, that there was a never-ending uncertainty as to their probable attitude on any measure of a controversial nature. The dopesters were chary of making guesses on the fate of bills after a few line-ups for final passage.

Outstanding examples of inconsistancy were the way the senators handled themselves in dealing with Anti-Saloon League's prohibition bill, and the flip-flop of the House on the workmen's compensation bill. The senators, early in the session, made a gesture of adamantine opposition to the bill introduced in the lower branch of the prohibition organization. They stuck out their chests and bombastically asserted that they were taking no dictation from the Anti-Saloon League. And to prove it they passed several bills which they called dry and the

League called wet. The bills were sent down to the House accompanied by manifestoes that thus far would the Senate go and no farther. Platitudinous statements about personal liberty and a man's home being his castle were made by senators and the people were getting to think they were actually self-controlled as they said they were. Then in the closing days six of the senators meekly knuckled to the will of the Anti-Saloon League and gave the League what it wanted. Ten of the senators stuck through to the bitter end and are entitled to credit for courage of their convictions.

The House was frankly subservient to the Anti-Saloon League and amended the several Senate bills as the League's legislative agent ordered, although the majority on the first test vote was the smallest the League has mustered in the House since the state prohibition law was enacted. If the membership of the House, as is generally claimed, is representative of the public mind on political issues, the votes on the prohibition bills at the recent session indicate that prohibition is losing ground in New Hampshire, despite the moral cowardice of the senators who shifted their position on the final show-down. What is needed to complete the panic of the political weaklings is a strong organization of those opposed to prohibition and such an organization is on the way.

The House was less abject in its change of front on the workmen's compensation bill than the Senate was in its surrender on the liquor bill. Nobody was standing over them threatening dire political punishment if they failed to obey orders, as was the case with some of the senators who have their eyes on future campaigns. Yet, there was little in the House action on the workmen's compensation bill to commend the intelligence of the representatives. When the bill was reported by the judiciary committee, it was thoroughly debated and approved by a sizable majority and sent to the appropriations committee under the rule requiring that all bills carrying money expenditures must go to the latter committee. The appropriations committee, it would be assumed, was expected to pass on the salary and administrative expense provisions in the bill. But the committee went further than that and returned the bill with a recommendation to kill it, which the docile representatives forthwith did do with never a word of discussion, despite the fact they had approved the bill within the preceding week.

As a matter of fact, the explanation of this somersault by the House is simple. It was not, as might be inferred off-hand, a show of deference to the superior wisdom of the appropriations committee. The House, on occasions, had shown itself as ready to turn thumbs down on action recommended by the appropriations committee as it had on recommendations from the judiciary and other committees. The reason for the unquestioning acquiescence in the recommendation was that final adjournment was in sight and the members, being desirous to get their pay and go home for keeps, figured the easiest and speediest way to wind up the session was to dispose of the bill amicably. As legislators are constituted the closing days of a session are always the seasonable period for fixers to kill off or slip through legislation. And the workmen's compensation bill was not popular with the lawyers, although satisfactory to both employers and employees. It simplified the procedure and tended to do away with litigation.

Talking about lawyers, the lobby

naturally comes to mind. The 1929 session of the Legislature produced a curious phenomenon in the lobbying line. The people had an official lobbyist. Not one of those volunteers like Judge James W. Remick, who probably qualifies as New Hampshire's one simon-pure altruist, always striving earnestly not infrequently effectively, to attain something he conceives would promote the moral welfare of humanity. He works without hope of reward in the shape of political preferment by a grateful people, and unmindful of advice from well meaning friends that his zeal is misdirected. Judge Remick is a refreshing, if sometimes exasperating, figure in this era when most of our reformers seem obsessed with a notion that the only thing worth considering is material prosperity.

Nor was the official lobbyist like Judge Jesse M. Barton, who was stirred to such mighty wrath over the proposal to inflict an income tax on the people of the state that he rushed over to Concord from Newport to flay the instigators of the monstrous wrong. Incidentally he took a fling at the railroad and at Massachusetts motorists who come to New Hampshire, as Judge Barton declared, chiefly to eat hot dogs and clutter up the scenery. He had little patience with the disposition to spend eight million dollars to provide better highways for such trash to drive over. Judge Barton, however, was concerned for the protection of the people's pocketbooks from further gouging by the tax gatherers, which was a generous motive, but rather utilitarian than humanitarian.

The people's official lobbyist was Mayland H. Morse, public service commissioner, and he did a good job. He might, perhaps, be charged with something of a selfish interest, as most of his efforts were in the nature of obtaining wider authority for himself and his associates, but his purpose was to gain the authority to use for the material benefit of the customers of the utilities. His methods were unusual for a state official to employ in petitioning the Legislature for anything, whether a salary increase or improved facilities to carry on the work of a department. He lacked the habitual deferential attitude and registered a protest against certain members of the judiciary committee sitting in consideration of bills in which their firms were interested, and while the chairman questioned the assertion that the challenged members were disqualified to sit, they withdrew voluntarily from the committee hearings. Mr. Morse also adopted a critical attitude toward certain of his fellow lobbyists, who were representing the utilities, some of his statements smacking of the uplifter bunkum, which it is charitable to attribute to the fervor of an enthusiasaic young advocate making his first essay as a lobbyist and bucking against formidable opposition.

In the past, the public service commission has not had much success in its request for larger authority or for appropriations sufficient to carry on the work it could do, but this year it was different, due to the mixture of persuasive eloquence and logic Mr. Morse brought to bear on the members. Maybe his bunkum helped also, but at any rate he got about all he asked for, except another appropriation to investigate the Boston & Maine. And now, let's hope he will return to his normal state of levelheadedness.

Milan Dickinson was the pathetic figure of the session. He was laboring under the handicap of an incompatible role, trying to portray a watchdog of the treasury with an ambition to achieve popularity with the proletariat. Those things

simply do not go together. If you are a treasury watchdog you have an eye single to husbanding the state's resources. If you are courting popularity you dribble out the dough in the grand manner. Now, the late James E. French was a veritable watchdog. He headed off raids on the treasury with a cold disdain that froze the most persistent seeker for a handout. But Uncle Jim cherished no delusion that holding the purse strings tight made a man popular. He knew well that many who greeted him affably had murder in their hearts and would gleefully slaughter him if he ever gave them a chance,—as a candidate for governor, say.

Frequent references to free-handed slashing of department estimates by Mr. Dickinson were made by the reporters in course of the session, the idea being to create an impression that he was playing hob with department appropriations. Department heads always ask for more than they expect to receive, except those departments whose needs are so little and so definitely known that nobody could be fooled, and they are invariably reduced. That was done this year, but not so painfully as in past sessions, for most of the departments requiring large appropriations to carry on their work have more money to spend during the next two fiscal years than ever before.

There was also much talk about the reduction of $25,000 a year in the state tax, which was owing to the smaller allowances for new buildings by this Legislature. The state tax reduction would have been more had it not been for the increases in the regular departmental appropriations. The only large department to have a material cut in its appropriation was the Board of Education, which for a readily understandable reason has felt the animosity of the present administration. That animosity contributed one of the humors of the session, the investigation to determine if the state normal schools and the state university are duplicating work. The fun was not expensive, as such things go, only twenty-five hundred dollars being appropriated.

After an extended survey, the educational experts reported that they found no present duplication of work, but it was discovered the state was not spending enough money on the normal schools, instead of too much as contended by those who were deeply concerned about a small state like New Hampshire maintaining three colleges, as the *Concord Monitor* stated it when the normal schools added the fourth year course. The experts recommended that normal school instructors' salaries be increased and other expenses added so that the cost to the state and the students at Keene and Plymouth would be raised to the level at Durham. A further recommendation was that for the present the fourth year normal school students continue their studies at Keene and Plymouth until the state university could make arrangements to take care of them, when they should be transferred to Durham and the normal school should take only two and three year students. The experts found that the heads of the normal school could perform their duties as well if they are called presidents instead of directors, a change in nomenclature that was deemed a startling innovation and which greatly troubled a few worthy persons.

The tragedy of the session was the Sisyphean labors of Laurence Whittemore on the tax bills. Whittemore's diligence deserved a richer reward. He believes that taxes are the great panacea for the office-holding class, but he is conservative in the sense that

he takes recognition of the danger of permitting the voters in the towns and the city councils unlimited power in making appropriations for local uses. He would have the city and town appropriations made subject to supervision by the State Tax Commission. As secretary of the Tax Commission he knows the commission's judgment is sound. Mr. Whittemore assembled a little band of competent boosters to help him put over the tax program, and they might have thrown a scare into the senators in the closing days, as the Anti-Saloon League did, had not the Supreme Court handed down an opinion on the Gilsum tax exemption case which enveloped the tax bills in such a fog of constitutional dubiety that they lost their momentum and were finally flattened out for keeps.

▼

At Hillcrest Farm

GEORGE W. PARKER

On the highlands south of Concord, where Wood Hill surmounts the scene,
Is a farm with view surpassing all the beauty spots I've seen;
From this upland stretch of terrain, sun-kissed, wind-swept, clear and free
Sweeps the eye in panorama from the mountains to the sea.

In a cordon northward stretching to the Presidential Range,
Stands the guardian mounts of Hampshire, peak on peak, defying change;
And between the valleys fertile, where the matchless lakes in sheen
Mirror forth the skies and forests, add their vernal tinge of green.

At our feet the far-flung city, blanketed in smoke and fog,
In strange contrast to this beauty teems with industries that clog;
Instinct wed man to Dame Nature from primeval age till now,
With her charms his soul is sated, in her temple he doth bow.

Gorgeous are the bright-hued sunsets, painting sky with pigments rare;
Clear the nights, the moonlight mellow, whippoorwills are chanting there;
When my spirit's torn and wearied with life's false, alluring charm,
Then I gladly journey thither to my dear old Hillcrest Farm.

The Ricker Inn

Home of the late Chief Justice Charles Doe and Family

ANNIE WENTWORTH BAER

THE name Ricker was found early on the records of old Dover. George[1] is mentioned first in 1670, and was taxed in 1672. Deeds of land to him from Elder William Wentworth are recorded, showing that he lived near the Wentworths on the east side of Garrison Hill, and probably traveled over the wheel path now hard to trace, where Elder William's heirs went to and from their fields north of the homestead. It was always spoken of in after years as "up the road," even after the Dover Turnpike, built in 1804-5, had severed the Wentworth farm on the east, and later when the Boston and Maine Railroad had aggressively pushed its way through cherished acres on the west. There is a tradition that George[1] came from England with Rev. John Reyner, the sixth minister of the Dover church, and, as soon as he was able, sent passage money for his brother Maturin[1], who lived near him.

George[1] married Elenor Evans, and had nine children. They were living in a troublesome time and the Indians were making misery for the settlers in many towns. June 4, 1706, George[1] was going up the lane toward Heard's garrison, which was on the west side of Garrison Hill, when the Indians killed him, and Maturin[1], his brother, who was working in his field nearby; they captured Maturin's son Noah, who was about six years old, and carried him to Canada, where he was educated in the Roman Catholic religion, and became a priest, and spent his days there.

Maturin[1] left four children; the eldest, Maturin[2] Jr., married Lucy Wallingford; their children were Moses[3], Sarah[3] and Ebenezer[3] who was born in 1741. He married first Elizabeth, daughter of Thomas and Abigail (Hill) Wallingford, grand-daughter of Colonel Thomas Wallingford. She died April 19, 1781 leaving five children; two sons, Thomas and Ebenezer who died single; Elizabeth, the third child, married (second wife) Michael Little, attorney-at-law. Lucy, the second daughter, married Elisha Hill of Portsmouth, N. H., and had Lucy Hill, who married Charles Cogswell, who lived in South Berwick, Maine, and practised law. Abigail married William Lambert and had Thomas Ricker Lambert, and Lucy Lambert who married Hon. John P. Hale of Dover.

Ebenezer[3] Ricker married second, Mary Bodwell, April 2, 1782. Their daughter, Mary Bodwell Ricker, was born in 1787. The mother died September 15, 1796, aged 45, leaving the little girl of nine years. Ebenezer's[3] third wife was Margaret (Roberts), widow of Mark Wentworth. There was no children by this marriages.

Ebenezer[3] Ricker early showed great business ability, and turned his attention to seafaring. Many voyages he made to the West Indies, and long foreign trips brought him the title which distinguished him, and great financial

success. The story of the ship "Ranger" and his liking for the craft has been handed down to this day. He was young and ambitious to make good, but since he was to sail as supercargo on the "Ranger" he was not allowed to carry any commodity on his own account in the hold of the ship, but his stateroom was for his own use, so he packed it full of salt fish, leaving scant room for his comfort. Arriving in port, he sold his fish at a great premium and came out ahead financially.

In his early married life he lived in a large house close to the river on the Somersworth side of the bridge separating South Berwick and Somersworth. Here his children were born, grew to womanhood, and left the home nest for good homes of their own. Captain Ricker, after his marriage with Mary Bodwell, began to make preparations to leave his Quamphegan house by the river. He was in possession of a farm on the road leading to the old "meeting house," and proposed to build a house there large enough to accommodate travelers—an old time inn.

With his usual good judgment he dug a well first, to be sure of water; then he built a barn, possibly eighty feet long, low-posted with two floors running across the barn, and a wide bay between them; bays, or tie-ups in the ends. Double swinging doors on the front and small doors at the back; teams were driven in and backed out. There was no call to pitch hay very high, it was dropped into the wide bays, well boarded up, three feet or more, keeping the hay very clean.

This barn stood for a century, and in the last years it was more beautiful than useful perhaps. Woodbine had been planted close to the sills and in time nearly covered it. The glossy green leaves were attractive in summer, but its chief beauty was in autumn when the foliage was wine color and the purple berries were in evidence. About the year 1790, Captain Ricker built the house still standing and cherished by his descendants. Very few changes have been made in the old mansion by the owners since his time; a few windows have been put in for more light and air, and a kitchen built on, leaving the inn kitchen for a dining room; here we have the wide fireplace, with the brick oven inside the fireplace, an usual arrangement. The crane, loaded with pot hooks, still swings, and andirons, shovel and tongs keep company, as in the days gone by. The two front rooms are generous in size, finished in the heavy style of the time, with a fireplace for heating. The chambers are the same size as the lower rooms, fireplaces with quaint fire irons in each room. The brick used in the building of the immense chimney was burned in the pasture below the house.

Captain Ricker was a famous host, and his inn has passed into history through the writings of no less a person than Timothy Dwight, a grandson of Jonathan Edwards and president of Yale College from 1796 until his death in 1817. During this long term of faithful service the president's health gave out from overtaxing his strength in his college work, and he decided to make trips through the New England states, keeping a written account of each town visited. In October, 1796, he records: "Lodged at an excellent house kept by a Captain Ricker. This gentleman (for he amply merits the title,) had just buried his wife and quitted the business of innkeeper. With some persuasion he consented, however, to lodge us; but with evident apprehensions that we should find less agreeable accommodations than we wished. The

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In his early married life he lived in a large house close to the river on the Somersworth side of the bridge separating South Berwick and Somersworth. Here his children were born, grew to womanhood, and left the home nest for good homes of their own. Captain Ricker, after his marriage with Mary Bodwell, began to make preparations to leave his Quamphegan house by the river. He was in possession of a farm on the road leading to the old "meeting house," and proposed to build a house there large enough to accommodate travelers—an old time inn.

With his usual good judgment he dug a well first, to be sure of water; then he built a barn, possibly eighty feet long, low-posted with two floors running across the barn, and a wide bay between them; bays, or tie-ups in the ends. Double swinging doors on the front and small doors at the back; teams were driven in and backed out. There was no call to pitch hay very high, it was dropped into the wide bays, well boarded up, three feet or more, keeping the hay very clean.

This barn stood for a century, and in the last years it was more beautiful than useful perhaps. Woodbine had been planted close to the sills and in time nearly covered it. The glossy green leaves were attractive in summer, but its chief beauty was in autumn when the foliage was wine color and the purple berries were in evidence. About the year 1790, Captain Ricker built the house still standing and cherished by his descendants. Very few changes have been made in the old mansion by the owners since his time; a few windows have been put in for more light and air, and a kitchen built on, leaving the inn kitchen for a dining room; here we have the wide fireplace, with the brick oven inside the fireplace, an usual arrangement. The crane, loaded with pot hooks, still swings, and andirons, shovel and tongs keep company, as in the days gone by. The two front rooms are generous in size, finished in the heavy style of the time, with a fireplace for heating. The chambers are the same size as the lower rooms, fireplaces with quaint fire irons in each room. The brick used in the building of the immense chimney was burned in the pasture below the house.

Captain Ricker was a famous host, and his inn has passed into history through the writings of no less a person than Timothy Dwight, a grandson of Jonathan Edwards and president of Yale College from 1796 until his death in 1817. During this long term of faithful service the president's health gave out from overtaxing his strength in his college work, and he decided to make trips through the New England states, keeping a written account of each town visited. In October, 1796, he records: "Lodged at an excellent house kept by a Captain Ricker. This gentleman (for he amply merits the title,) had just buried his wife and quitted the business of innkeeper. With some persuasion he consented, however, to lodge us; but with evident apprehensions that we should find less agreeable accommodations than we wished. The

treatment which we received from him and all his was such as favorite friends might have expected from a very hospitable and well bred family. I never found an inn more agreeable. The tenderness and respect with which our host spoke of his deceased wife, would indeed, of themselves have rendered ordinary entertainment sufficiently pleasing to us." This visit was made less than a month after the death of his second wife. After a time Captain Ricker married his third wife, Margaret Wentworth.

With the many cares of his inn and his great property, Captain Ricker was interested in other matters. He built a fine house on top of "Somersworth Hill," opposite the Nathan Lord house, for his daughters who married Michael Little and William Lambert. Here the young people of the families had the privilege of attending Berwick Academy; for this institution many people of that time in the nearby towns stood sponsors. The Rev. John Lord, historian, said in his historical address given at the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of Berwick Academy in 1891; "Thomas R. Lambert was in my class at the Academy, and frequently wrote our compositions from the freedom of his pen. He was noted for extraordinary vivacity, which he has not yet lost at the age of eighty-one." To this grand house on the hill, came John P. Hale of Rochester, N. H., when he was wooing Lucy Lambert.

Captain Ricker, then over sixty years, directed the building of the Turnpike from Somersworth line to the Dover limit, four and one-half miles. This was the sixth turnpike to be built in New Hampshire.

Joseph Doe, Jr., was born at Newmarket, N. H., November 15, 1776, the son of Joseph and Martha (Weeks) Doe. He came to Somersworth, now Rollinsford, when about twenty-three years of age, and became interested in town affairs at once. He was constable from 1802 to 1809. The great event of his life occurred November 25, 1811, when he married Mary Bodwell Ricker. They went to housekeeping in the Quamphegan house near the river. Soon the War of 1812 was waged and Joseph Doe, Jr., followed the fortunes of the American soldiers until his patriotism reached such a pitch that he enlisted as a soldier in Capt. Peter Hersey's company, serving for some time in 1814. Before he enlisted he had been elected as a director of Strafford bank of Dover, New Hampshire and served until 1919 when he decided to move to Derry, N. H., with his family, where he had bought the famous Derby farm, with everything on it. This change was a matter of great importance, and the business transaction was large. The great farm with many buildings, house furnished with rich Sheraton furniture, all came into his possession and he was happy to be so well situated to carry on the business he enjoyed.

Ten years he worked out his plans, when the fear came upon him that he would lose his eyesight. Cataracts were forming on his eyes, and he deemed it wise to give up the great undertaking and return to the home in Somersworth where his cares would be less. Again he was interested in town business, and several times was elected to represent the people in the Legislature. He was a man of powerful intellect and exercised a controlling influence. He was not a professional lawyer, but wrote legal papers and was known as "Squire" Doe. He settled estates, and steered vexed questions to a peaceful solution among his neighbors. He was a man

of sturdy stature, and great physical strength. The story of his wrestling with an Indian for a bottle of rum and taking it from the Redman in spite of his best efforts, has been handed down to this generation.

He tussled for his opinions in business matters with vigor, as the continuance of a bit of town road shows. On the Foundry road, toward the village of Salmon Falls at the foot of Doe's Hill, the "Willow Walk" began its course on the rim of the Salmon Falls river, running in a northerly direction to the yard of the lower mill. This narrow way was bordered by willows and was a very romantic roadway, frequented by Cupid-wounded couples in summertime, and, therefore, sometimes called "Lover's Lane." As time went on and business increased, the dam of the Portsmouth Company at Quamphegan, a mile below, was raised and occasionally the water flowed over the "Willow Walk." The company, to make good the damage from flowage, built a few rods of road a little west of the river, giving a dry passage to the Griffin Nail Factory and to the village beyond.

In after years the "Willow Walk" was only a thing of beauty and of not much use, and some of the townfolk wished to discontinue the road. An article was put into the town warrant and when it came up in town meeting, there was a heated discussion. To settle the matter "Squire" Doe said: "As long as my head is hot, 'Willow Walk' shall continue." He spoke truly, and today, when the water is low, one can trace the course of the unusual thoroughfare by the stumps of the willows, drowned by the continual flowage caused by a second raising of the dam below. Time and circumstances discontinued the road, but town meeting was silenced by "Squire" Doe's statement.

While the Doe family were living in the Captain Ricker House, it was decided that the horse stable across the Foundry road, built to accommodate the horses of the numerous guests at the inn, should be moved to a site near the barn. Two men capable of such an undertaking were engaged, with the understanding that the building should be moved beyond the entrance to the Foundry road the night of the day it was started from its base. The master movers agreed, and in due time the building started on its way. Everything pointed to a successful journey when a difference of opinion came up between the managers. The difference grew so rapidly that business ceased; a war of words followed; night came on and the inn stable stood across the entrance to the Foundry road. This was Saturday night, and the next day church goers were obliged to make a detour to get by the obstruction on their way to the churches in South Berwick. There must have been some settlement made between the exponents of England and America, for the building stood for years under the shadow of the noble elms near the barn.

"Squire" Doe was a good judge of men and seldom failed in his conclusions. When he was considering a man for his farm work he invited him to dinner with him; if the man settled back when he had finished his dinner and waited for orders instead of going out at once ready to begin, he was not engaged.

While the family was in Derry, the youngest child, Charles, was born April 11, 1830. This boy was educated at Kennebunk and Berwick Academies. He received the Lord Bible as all who attend Berwick Academy do, but unlike others, he was prepared and entered college when he was fifteen years of

age, graduating from Dartmouth in the class of 1849. Later he entered Harvard law school and graduated. After his graduation he entered the office of Daniel M. Christie of Dover, and began the study of law. He commenced the practice of law at Dover in 1854. Soon after he opened his office he received the appointment of county solicitor which he held for two and one-half years. During this time he was building up a great practice, having important cases both criminal and civil to consider and dispose of. Judge Smith says: "Charles Doe, though loving the law for its own sake, was not wholly absorbed in the practice of his profession." He earnestly entered into politics. His father was one of the old war horses of the Democracy and the son naturally joined the same party. He was assistant clerk of the state senate in 1853-54 and was active as a stump speaker in the campaigns which followed the repeal of the "Missouri Compromise." In 1859 he became an active and ardent speaker for Republican principles.

Charles Doe was appointed an associate justice of the Supreme Judicial court on September 23, 1859, when he was only twenty-nine years of age. Judge Smith says of this appointment: "At the start there was a strong political prejudice against him. This obstacle, if it had been the only one, he would soon have overcome by his immediate manifestation of ability and impartiality. But there were other causes of offense which alienated from him some lawyers who would naturally have been his closest friends. He was, from the very beginning, a reformer. He insisted upon having cases tried civilly, expeditiously and upon the merits. The result in certain counties was a somewhat stormy season, which would have induced the majority of new judges either to submit to the old regime or resign the office in despair. Not so with Judge Doe. He stood his ground and carried his main points." He remained a member of the supreme judicial court until the law establishing the court was repealed in 1874. In 1876, upon the re-organization of the judiciary system of the state of New Hampshire, he was appointed chief justice of the supreme court which office he held until his death in 1896.

After his appointment to the bench, Judge Doe made his home in Portsmouth and was married there on his birthday, April 11, 1865, to Edith Haven, daughter of George Wallis and Helen Haven, a woman of great intellectual gifts, which had been carefully trained by her father, a man of excellent mind. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College and had traveled for years in Europe, and came back to America to find his wife in a Hanover, N. H. family. She was a child when he graduated from college, but on his return he found her a lovely girl on the brink of womanhood, and it was a case of love at first sight. Helen Bell, though several years younger than Mr. Haven, was pleased with the fine manners of the polished gentleman and they were soon married. She went to Portsmouth to live and their home was one of the colonial houses of the governors' time. There were three girls born to them during the eight years of their wedded happiness, one dying in infancy, and then the young mother was called. Mr. Haven, after the death of his wife, devoted himself to his daughters.

After Judge Doe's marriage with Miss Haven, he came to Rollinsford to live, not intending to make it his permanent home, but to care for the interests of his aged mother. Mrs. Doe came to the

Captain Ricker house as if to the manner born. Her youth, beauty and fine physique found a proper place in the home she came to. Here the wonderful pieces of the Derry furniture were waiting for her and she cherished each one of these, and perhaps most of all the study chair "Squire" Doe had used for years. In the dairy of the mansion house she discovered a wonderful gate-legged table. It was old, old beyond account. She had it released from its imprisonment and restored, and for years it has held the center of the floor in the living room.

At the end of the year 1869, the mother died. But the Judge and his family lived on; it seemed that he had grown to love the old homestead too much to leave it. Two boys had come to gladden their hearts, Ralph and Perley. Mrs. Doe was interested in every inch of the farm; and "Betsey," a mahogany bay horse of low stature and aimable disposition, made frequent tours over the neighborhood roads with the young mother and her children, accompanied by dogs of high degree.

Judge Doe, as his wife once said, had his playtime on the farm. "The pasture," as it was known then, and is so called today, gave scope for the great man to carry out his love for trees, and to rest his brain while he aided nature on every side. Pines of two and five leaves were already growing in company with hemlocks and birches; while alders and willows fringed the brook. To associate with the native trees, he brought sugar maple, beech, purple beech, hornbeam, mountain ash, English hawthorne, magnolia, coffee tree, cucumber tree, Scotch pine, Norway pine, chestnut, horse chestnut, Judas tree, and a host of others unknown to the writer flourished under elms planted by Captain Ebenezer Ricker a century before. Under the foreign trees periwinkle, brought by Mrs. Doe from her Portsmouth home in a grape basket, has increased and covered the banks, and the ground is blue in blossoming time. This was said to be the finest private collection of trees east of Boston. On the farm, choice apples and pears were grown, and Mrs. Doe's flower garden was a thing of beauty. The trees grew, and there were paths leading through them, coming out unexpectedly upon clear places, where the brook rippled on to the river.

Children came until there were four boys and five girls, and the young folk were educated in the home until they went to college. During the time the family was unbroken, the children had dogs of the best breeds, thoroughbred cows, sheep from Scotland and horses from everywhere, especially Jessie's ponies, Dexter and General, which lived twenty years on the estate and summered amid the rare trees where Guinea fowls ran about in coveys, while stately geese walked with majestic mien and hissed their disapproval of approaching strangers. Fowls of studied descent were heard and seen about the barn.

With the older children Mrs. Doe found a boy of the neighborhood coming often and lending a hand with light chores. He grew with the young people and being older, tried to impress upon their minds the beauties of the farm. As time went on, he was made manager and was proud of his position with Judge Doe. He was always interested in the younger children and wondered why they ever wanted to visit other parts of the country. He would show them "the pasture" and with hand extended say: "Where can you find anything better than that? I don't see what you want to go somewhere else for." His devotion to the family and the home stood the test

of years, and he educated his son to appreciate the "Ricker Inn" and grounds. As he neared the half century mark, an incurable disease claimed him, and he was unable to attend to all his duties on the estate but was a frequent caller.

When it came to his knowledge, through some out of town family, that Elmer E. Doe of Orleans, Vermont, had compiled and published a genealogy of the Doe family, he came to Jessie and told her what had been done and urgently advised her to buy a copy, clinching the plea with the statement that her father's picture was on the front page. The book was purchased and soon went home with the manager. He studied it daily while his strength lasted, then laid it on his table awaiting the summons. Other managers came and went, but no one loved the place like the boy who grew to manhood with the family.

A great grief came to this family when it was known that Ralph, the eldest child, had met his death in the west. Following this sorrow there were continued changes. Boys and girls away to school, coming and going. Haven married Miss Mora Hubbard of South Berwick, Maine, and for years has made his home in Somersworth, N. H. Two children, a son and a daughter, have blessed their home. Mary married Charles H. Ayers, a young lawyer, a graduate of Dartmouth College. He settled in New York state and was very prosperous. Not many years later Mary was stricken with a fatal disease and left him with three children, two boys and a girl; Catherine, Mary's older sister, went into the broken home and made it possible for the family to go on. A few years she smoothed the way for the motherless children, then the father died, and the noble woman has been father and mother to the growing family.

Dorothy, while a student in the University of New Hampshire, by her scholarship and beauty, attracted Ernest R. Groves, a member of the faculty. Later they were married, and when two little daughters had come to them, the young mother contracted influenza and died.

Mrs. Doe, living in her home, was made desolate by the sad changes. She was indeed a woman of sorrow and acquainted with grief. Added to this her health was failing. Helen and Jessie were with her, and as her strength grew less nurses were constantly in the house. In April, 1922, the release came, and the townfolk, remembering her nobility of character and her many kindly deeds, mourned the departure of a good woman, a good mother, a kind friend and a generous neighbor.

Perley, after months of hope and doubt, believed that he must make a fight with tuberculosis for his life, and proposed to test his strength in Colorado. His wife and sister Helen went with him. It was soon evident that he had waited too long, and the end came quickly in the summer of 1922. Not long after Mrs. Doe's death the old house was closed, and the neighborhood pitied it in its loneliness.

Robert, the youngest son, had graduated from Dartmouth College, studied law and opened an office in Dover. This decision was a great joy to Rollinsford folk. Their dread of legal questions faded away. They could consult Robert. He added to the pleasure of his many friends by taking in marriage Miss Abbie Thompson, of York, Maine, a most estimable woman of colonial stock; and when he bought a fine estate which had been Ricker property in the early days, Rollinsford was jubilant. Two boys and two girls came to gladden their hearts, and then his life-long friends said: "Now Robert must be made a

judge." When that time came, as it did, the townfolk said: "It is well."

Time went on. Robert, like his father, spent much time planting trees and shrubs about his grounds, and they flourished under his care. In time, it was rumored that Robert was not in good health; that he was afflicted with the dread disease that claimed his father years before. There was no complaint, no open protest, but in October, 1925, his tired heart ceased to beat, and he walks with us no more.

Helen, a graduate of the University of New Hampshire, who was a brilliant scholar and good to look upon, decided, after consultations with the president who had called her attention to the matter, to accept a position in South Africa as a teacher in a Boer school. Five years she taught among the Boers, learning their ways and customs. During this time the Boer War was waged, and the girls under Helen's charge turned Queen Victoria's picture to the wall, and felt better therefor. After Helen's return to the United States, she made the old homestead her home, making long visits with her Portsmouth relatives, and with her brothers and sisters. Last November she was taken seriously ill and died in Portsmouth the last of the month, 1928.

It would be a difficult task for one who has always admired Jessie for her good sense and great ability, to say aught of her that she would countenance. As a child she cantered over the roads and byways with dogs of indisputable breeding at the heels of her red roan horse. She drove Dexter and General (a pair of black ponies) with the same escort. She was in school; then climbing mountains; an ardent member of the Appalachian Club. Not satisfied with the tame exploits encountered in the White and Green Mountains, she challenged the Canadian Rockies, and was glad once—perhaps more times—of the skilful guidance of a Swiss guide amid those apparently inaccessible tracks. Even with perils and pleasures on every hand, her great love for horses came to the fore, and only by a strong desire to go on to Alaska was she prevented from purchasing the animal which bore her safely over the rough trails amid the incontrovertibly savage mountains known as the Canadian Rockies. The World War and its demands attracted Jessie, and she was generous with herself, her automobile, her time and means. Only her mother's failing health kept her in Rollinsford.

When women ceased to be classed with idiots and paupers—as far as having a voice in governing themselves—then the blood of her ancestors came to the surface. Rollinsford, a Democratic town, sent Jessie, a Republican, as representative to Concord, by a majority yet to be attained by any woman candidate. She bore herself with dignity and was a credit to herself and to her constituents. This was only the beginning of her work in politics. May the lure of the mountains cease, and the love for horses increase, and the "Ricker Inn" and its broad acres appeal to the busy woman more and more as time goes on. The writer wishes for words to express her admiration and respect for the noble, kindly woman who had been an honor to the community so many years.

This faulty story would have failed of its purpose if the tribute to Mrs. Doe, written by Chief Justice Robert G. Pike in his "Memories of Judge Doe" read before the Bar Association of the state of New Hampshire in 1916, was not incorporated. Judge Pike says: "In

the spring of 1878 I entered Judge Doe's office as a student and remained there with him for about ten years. I thereby had an opportunity of knowing him as he was in private life, and what were the methods of his daily work. His family relations were certainly ideal. Mrs. Doe was a woman of great intellectual endowment, delightful as a companion and a helpmeet in the best and highest sense of the term. Ever solicitous for his welfare, she quietly and effectually aided him in every way toward the accomplishment of his great life work. She read the magazines, reviews and papers of the day and marked for his perusal those matters that she felt he should know. It was a peaceful home and one best suited for the giving undivided thought to the problems he was called upon to solve."

Several years before Judge Doe's death, his position as chief justice of the supreme court brought so much research work with it, that he found himself unable to make frequent visits to the large libraries in Boston for consultation. He applied to a competent librarian in a law library for some one to collect authorities for him. A young professor was recommended and did so well along his line of work that he became interested in him. He never met the young lawyer personally, but when he knew that he was to go to Japan, he wrote him a very generous letter of approval; advised him about taking care of his health, and added: "I trust you will be fortunate in your companion. The wives of the present generation of professional men are generally, in one way or another (often in more than one) a heavy burden and incumbrance,—a drain upon the time, the attention, the comfort and the mental and financial strength of the unhappy victims. I know more than one able man whose success at the bar has been made impossible by domestic distraction, extravagance, folly and misery. A young woman of education and refinement, content with her lot and willing and able to be anything but a constant annoyance and inordinate expense to her husband, has become a rare bird. I hope you will both begin right, with sensible notions of expenditure, contentment and harmony, and thus stand some chance of attaining that position of honor and independence to which your talents are entitled."

One reads between the lines a great tribute to Mrs. Doe. She was all and more to the judge, than what he so kindly wished for the young lawyer.

New Hampshire Necrology

JOHN C. FAULKNER

John Charles Faulkner, born in Keene, February 23, 1861; died there March 5, 1929.

He was the son of Charles S. and Eliza (Eames) Faulkner, and was educated in Keene and Boston schools, and Harvard College, graduating from the latter in 1886. Upon leaving college he entered the Faulkner & Colony Woolen Mill, and continued through life. For many years he was treasurer of the company and president since 1924.

He was not active in politics, but had served as an alderman and upon the Union district and Franklin School Building Committee. He was an active member of the Unitarian church and of the Keene Country Club.

On June 6, 1888, he married May, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William A. Barrett of Keene, who survives, with two sons and two daughters; also eleven grandchildren.

PERHAM PARKER

Perham Parker, born in Bedford, November 16, 1862; died there March 13, 1929.

He was the son of Col. Daniel, and Mary E. (Way) Parker and was educated in the schools of Bedford, and McGaw Institute at Reed's Ferry. He was a farmer and lumberman by occupation, and was extensively engaged in the latter business. He was a Republican in politics, and had served nearly twenty-five years as a selectman of Bedford; as a representative in the legislature in 1893-4 and in 1913-14; also as a state senator in 1925-26. He is survived by one daughter.

PROF. WILLIAM C. POLAND

William C. Poland, born in Goffstown, N. H., January 25, 1846; died in Providence, R. I., March 19, 1929.

His father was Rev. J. W. Poland, a Baptist clergyman. He graduated from Brown University in 1868.

He was an instructor in Latin and Greek in that University for thirteen years, an associate professor till 1892, and professor of art since that date. During an extended leave of absence, largely spent in Europe, he prepared the two sons of Mrs. John Carter Brown, John Nichols and Harold for college.

He was a member of the American Philogical Association and the Archæological Association; also a director of the Providence Athenaeum. He married in 1882, Clara F. Harkness, daughter of Prof. Albert Harkness, who survives with three sons.

REV. CLARENCE E. CHURCHILL

Clarence E. Churchill, born in Nashua, August 15, 1852; died there March 29, 1929.

He was the son of Stillman and Lucinda (Hathern) Churchill and was educated at the Nashua high school and the Tufts College Divinity school, graduating from the latter in 1872. He entered the Universalist ministry after graduation, and spent several years in different pastorates in the west, but was obliged to cease his work as a pastor on account of health and returned to Nashua, where he engaged in business. He was an active member of the Universalist church in Nashua, and a director of the Protestant orphanage. Two nephews and a niece survive him.

JOHN C. SMITH

John Coleman Smith, born in Thornton, N. H., in 1868; died in Kittery, Me., March 6, 1929.

He was the son of Rev. David F. and Rebecca (Stout) Smith, and was educated in the Thornton schools. He was for some years engaged in business in New York and the west, but removed to Kittery in 1918, where he engaged in the insurance business. In 1920 he accepted the position of vice-president and manager of the York Press Corporation, with offices at York Village. The corporation published several newspapers, including the *York County Transcript* and the *York Pioneer*. In 1924 the *New Hampshire Democrat* was started and continued four years. It was issued from Portsmouth and was the last Democratic paper circulated in New Hampshire.

He was appointed by Governor Baxter, Judge of the Yorkshire Municipal Court, and was a popular magistrate. Judge Smith was twice married and is survived by a widow and four children by his first wife—Richard of Lockport, N. Y., Rebecca of Arizona, Donald of Lakeport and Helen of East Hartford, Conn. He was a member of the Masonic order, under whose auspices his funeral was held, and interment was at Campton, N. H.

WALTER H. PAGE

Walter H. Page, born in Gilmanton, April 10, 1859; died in Portsmouth, April 14, 1929.

He was the son of Samuel M. and Mary P. Page. In his youth he engaged in newspaper work, first in Biddeford, Me., and later on the *Portsmouth Times*. He was chosen tax collector of Portsmouth in 1891, and served as such continually till the present year, except for the term of three years, when the office was held by James M. Parker.

He was prominent in Masonry, being a Past Master of St. Andrew's Lodge of Portsmouth and Past Eminent Commander of De Witt Clinton Commandery, R. T.; also a member of Portsmouth Lodge of Elks. He had been for twenty years treasurer of the Portsmouth Athletic Club.

Mr. Page was twice married, his first wife dying in 1911. He is survived by a widow and one son, Walter F. Page of Portsmouth.

Stimulating Community Interest

JOHN F. TINSLEY

Vice-President and General Manager, Crompton and Knowles Loom Works, Worcester, Mass.—Chairman, the New England Council Committee on Community Development

NEW ENGLAND'S prosperity equals the sum total of the prosperity of its individual communities.

For this reason the New England Council for three years has sought to stimulate the further development of New England's cities and towns and to cooperate to its fullest ability in community activities designed to that end.

Since the Council's organization in 1925, the field of community development has been one of its main spheres of activity. Industrial surveys have been stimulated in many communities and the cooperation of power companies, railroads, gas companies, banks and other interests having a direct stake in the industrial growth of New England has been secured.

It can confidently be predicted that New England will soon surpass any other section of the United States in its knowledge of the essential facts about itself, its industries, and its advantages as a location for the profitable conduct of industry. The recent announcement by the New England Public Service Company of its decision to conduct an industrial survey of the territories served by its Maine subsidiaries marks another step forward in this direction, and is an illustration of the New England Council's conviction that the industrial development of New England communities can be furthered through systematic gathering of the facts as to their economic assets and liabilities.

The New England Public Service Company's survey, taken in connection with similar studies now being conducted in Vermont and New Hampshire by the New England Power Association, means that the largest part of the industrial areas of the three northern New England states will have been industrially surveyed by 1930.

Each New England community holds within its grasp the power to add to or detract from the industrial welfare of New England as a whole, by itself progressing or retrogressing. Consequently, united effort and cooperation within each community is needed not only for its own but also for New England's welfare.

Working with chambers of commerce, boards of trade, and other local organizations, the Council has sought to arouse a "community consciousness" among the citizens of New England, and to assist those communities in constructive action for their own interests.

The value of scientific, organized community development programs has become recognized in modern economics. From coast to coast cities are devoting a great deal of energy and are spending large amounts of money in developing their resources. As a result, competition among the cities of the country is keener today than it has ever been.

Intelligent forces working together within each New England community for the definite goal of industrial development, will go a long way toward keep-

ing New England in the forefront of industrial prosperity, even in the face of this competition.

Obviously, the most important requisite for a community development program is the desire on the part of each community to expand and to approach the full extent of its potentialities. And this desire must be fostered and encouraged until it becomes the nucleus around which all community activity centers. Until there exists in the community this unity of purpose there can be no effective activity toward this goal.

The second important step in a community development program is to translate this unity of purpose into action. The Council has urged New Englanders to take stock of the economic situation in their respective communities—to make inventories of their assets and liabilities as the basis of intelligent planning for future development and for the encouragement of those industries which are already established. By means of such a survey, any community will be shown the strong and weak points in its industrial condition, and it will be all the more apparent what action is needed for immediate improvement and future growth.

One of the earliest activities of the Council was to propound a list of fourteen questions, as a sort of thumb-nail industrial survey, designed to focus community thought upon the most vital features of its industrial situation. These questions were sent to five thousand leaders of communities in New England, with the request, "Try These on Your Town."

The questions had to do with the diversity, the increase or loss and the general well-being of industry, always in relation to the community. For example, the first question asked the proportion of local employment each industry provides. The questions dealt also with the effect of state and local laws, state and local taxes, and business management in local government. The Council asked how many of last year's graduating class of the High School found employment in their own community and how many went elsewhere to secure their opportunities. It asked what is being done to make the home community more attractive as a place of employment for young people. One of the most important questions was as to the attitude of the management of industries in regard to their own future expansion plans as they relate to the community, and the degree of cooperation between industries and their communities.

A comprehensive and scientifically conducted survey of a community's assets and liabilities furnishes the statistical facts which are needed for any expansion program. Armed with this information, the community is able to combat effectively those forces which might tend to devitalize any of its industries, and can, on the other hand, develop new forces which will promote prosperity. With accurate facts on hand, too, the community can quickly and efficiently answer the questions of outside industries which are contemplating moving to a new locality or establishing branch plants. With this equipment of information, the community can even set about an active campaign for attracting industries to its locality. These facts, moreover, can provide the copy for intelligent and effective advertising of the town's resources and advantages. But, most important of all, they furnish the basis for a development program from within.

This, then, the third, and most important step in community development. After the desire to expand has been thoroughly instilled into the community, and after a comprehensive industrial survey has been made, a sound program for development must be drawn up by the

members of the community. The industrial development committee of a chamber of commerce, composed of representatives of some of all the following interests—industry, railroads, power, gas, real estate, retail establishments, telephone, banks, and press—is the usual body created to take care of all matters concerned with promoting the community's industrial growth. Each New England city and town should be made a "good place in which to live, work and play," and its growing industries should be given whole-hearted cooperation that will keep them satisfied with their location.

One of the most serious problems of New England communities today is the retention of their young men and women. The young people, in an effective development program, must be made to feel that the land of opportunity lies within their own communities. Youth, as well as industry, always tends to go and stay where they are convinced the opportunities are good and conditions are favorable.

The progressive community of today is the one that is taking stock of its actual resources, advantages, industrial conditions and needs, and that is taking steps to insure continued employment for its people through balanced growth and development along the right industrial and civic lines.

About forty New England communities have completed or are in the process of making industrial surveys. Twenty-six of these were started or completed in 1928. Outstanding among them were the surveys made for the Metropolitan Providence area, in Providence, R. I., and the joint survey of the cities of Lewiston and Auburn, in Maine. The Lewiston-Auburn survey is especially significant because it was accompanied by a special study of the advantages offered by the two cities as a location for one particular industry, rayon. One tangible result of this survey has been the establishment of the large plant of the American Electric Metal Corporation in Lewiston, definitely attracted there by the information gleaned in the survey.

Fifty-three chambers of commerce in New England have informed the Council that there are in their communities active industrial development committees. Of this total number, fourteen were organized in 1928. In the larger New England cities, industrial bureaus are set up to carry on a community development program. There are now industrial bureaus in fifteen New England communities.

Six New England cities have advanced to such a stage in their development work that they have industrial development funds, either in the form of a corporation, the capital stock of which is sold to business men of the community, or a credit fund guaranteed by the business men.

The sum of $52,000 was spent last year by 19 New England communities alone for advertising their advantages. This amount does not include state or regional activities of the sort which would bring the sum up to $150,000. Banks and public utilities in New England are cooperating with their communities in the effort to promote prosperity, by advertising the industrial and commercial assets of their own communities.

The importance of the New England Council as a coordinating agency for New England interests is seen strikingly enough in this community development work. Through the organization of cooperating committees of the Council, New England railroads for the first time are now organized for industrial development. New England gas companies have banded together to promote the development in the communities which

they serve. New England banks have made a study of what is being done, and what more can be done, by the banks to develop the industries of New England.

New England power companies have mobilized their forces and are cooperating with the Council's committee for the purpose of doing their share in promoting the industrial expansion of communities they serve. Out of a total of 117 electric service companies in New England, 105 have assigned personnel especially for community development work. Many of these companies are making or cooperating in industrial surveys.

An outstanding example of what a community development program can mean to a city, if it is backed by the cooperative endeavor of all interests in a community, is the story of Keene, N. H. Fifteen years ago the citizens of Keene awoke to the fact that their town was not on the road to progress. The Keene Chamber of Commerce was formed, and this organization was responsible for the formation of the Keene Development Company, which purchased factory sites and then brought in a great many diversified industries which established plants there. Later came the formation of the Keene Home Builders Corporation, which built homes for the employees of these industries, and then the Keene Building and Loan Association, also for the convenience of the workmen. As a result of the great development that took place in Keene in the last fifteen years, taxable valuation in that city has increased more than $10,000,000.

In the interests of Community Development, the Council has made annual surveys of the migration of industry within, to and from New England. The latest completed survey, made on the basis of reports from 266 communities in New England, showed that in 1927, 149 communities gained 483 new industries, employing 26,511 workers. Failure or removal elsewhere caused 58 communities to report the loss of 217 industries, employing 18,924 persons. There was, therefore, a net gain of 266 industries employing 7,587 workers. A similar survey for 1928 is now under way.

At the fifth quarterly meeting of the Council, held in Providence, R. I., Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, said, "New England is a reservoir of the most skilled labor, the most skilled direction, and the highest intelligence in the United States. If she has been lacking in anything, it is in that collective sense of the community which has pushed other localities ahead, and, as the Council is now on the way to the stimulation of that collective sense, it seems to me that one can look with confidence on the future of New England." In his inaugural address as President of the United States, Mr. Hoover declared: "Progress results from cooperation within the community." The New England Council is continuing its community development work with the hope that New England communities will increasingly give expression to the will to grow and the cooperative spirit which makes growth possible.

Mount Monadnock

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

THIS beautiful mountain in southern New Hampshire has an elevation of 3,186 feet. The altitude of Mount Monadnock should be compared with the altitude of Mount Katahdin in Maine (5,273 feet), Mount Mansfield, Vermont (4,406 feet), Mount Greylock, Massachusetts (3,505 feet), Bear Mountain, Connecticut (2,355 feet) and Durfee Hill, Rhode Island (805 feet). It should also be compared with the altitude of Mount Washington (6,293 feet). It is situated in Cheshire county, amid the region of Roxbury, Harrisville, Peterboro, Sharon, Rindge, Fitzwilliam, Troy, Marlboro, Dublin and Jaffrey. The city of Keene is about 10 miles westward from Mount Monadnock.

Mount Monadnock—also called Grand Monadnock—is an isolated elevation. No heights of any prominence rise in its vicinity. Mount Monadnock stands alone, unrivalled. It is indeed a monarch mountain. It possesses a unique picturesque beauty. It is unlike other mountains. Once seen, its form will be ever remembered. Years and years ago, from a town in Massachusetts, the writer beheld Mount Monadnock. What he saw was published in the GRANITE MONTHLY of that time. It was entitled, "Monadnock—Afar." The verses follow.

It rises grandly, far away,
  That mountain all alone,
A sentinel by night or day,
  A king upon its throne.

No human sculptor wrought that form,
  No human genius planned,
But time's slow change, and frost and storm,
  Was nature's magic wand.

In rock-bound garb of gray and green,
  Remote from ocean's shore,
It stands the same as it was seen
  In ancient years of yore.

Amid a rich and rugged plain,
  A land of husbandry,
It looms aloof in sun or rain
  With peaceful majesty.

Above its crest the white clouds sleep,
  Soft, basking in the sun;
Across its breast dark shadows creep
  In silence, one by one.

And, cloudlessly, beneath Sol's blaze,
  Embossed against the sky,
Monadnock lies in azure haze,
  Resplendent to the eye.

Majestic mountains, seen afar,
  A king from base to crest,
When Sol bedims the morning star
  Or paints the gorgeous west.

A monument which long shall last,
  Grand Mountain, far or near;
A patriarch that links the past
  With life now present here.

The sun descends, the shadows enshroud the county of Cheshire. The day is done and again we behold "Monadnock at Sunset."

Grand, grey-capped mountain, crowned with clouds aflame!
O monarch mountain robed in misty blue
At set of sun when falls the evening dew,
So changed from midday yet the very same
As I beheld thee, years and years ago.

The moments pass, the sun is shining low,
Resplendent, golden, dazzling to the eye,
Then like a beacon, lighting far and nigh,
It sinks from sight, and now the sunless sky
Is bright with colors, and yon mountain's crest
Looms clear amid the glory in the west.

O spectacle of which sight cannot tire,
Inspiring artist's brush and poet's lyre,
Grand, grey-capped mountain, crowned with clouds afire!

▼

Mother

GEORGE W. PARKER

One word is far the sweetest of all words we here may know;
One friend is far the dearest in a world where friendships grow;
One hand we press more gladly and one kiss we treasure most—
The spot that holds our mother is the best from coast to coast.

It was she who gave us being and who watched with tenderest care
O'er our progress as we journeyed and o'er all our daily fare;
It is she who e'er is constant as the pole-star in her love;
It is she who prays and blesses as the angels do above.

When our hands shall be inactive and our senses fate shall pall;
When we pass the Reaper's portals there to answer last roll call,
There'll be one face that will cheer us, we shall hear her voice so sweet,
As our mother in Elysium and the Master we shall greet.

The Struggle for Power

Between the Governor and the Assembly, in 1765

CHARLES E. PERRY

THE GOVERNOR of the Royal Province of New Hampshire in 1765, was Benning Wentworth. Entering upon his twenty-fourth year as the representative of His Majesty in this province, and in less than two years to be superseded by his nephew, John, as the last royal governor of the province, he had taken advantage of every legitimate means that his position afforded to promote his own interests, until he had attained an affluence that few other royal governors coud equal.

In his quarter century of office it had been his practice in granting land to reserve five hundred acres of every grant for himself. By 1765, so unremitting had his efforts been, he owned approximately one hundred thousand acres of the choicest land both east and west of the Connecticut river, scattered about in lots of five hundred acres.[1] Besides the value of this land, the governor received a quit-rent from almost all his grants, of one shilling per one hundred acres.[2] Yet despite his vast wealth in land, and due, perhaps, to his love of luxury, Benning Wentworth had been ailing for several years, and he was to a great extent confined to his Little Harbor mansion.[3] Perhaps the vexation of the governor in his dealings with the Assembly during his last few years of office, may be attributed to an exasperating case of gout. Lesser trivialities than this have altered the course of history too often to be ignored completely.

It was the custom at this time, established by bitter experience, for the governor to apply to the Assembly whenever money was to be raised or expended.[4] In fact, this prerogative was one of the most jealous possessions of the lower house. As they were the immediate representatives of the people, they considered themselves to be the ones chiefly interested in the financial concerns of the province. This privilege of making their own revenue laws appears to have grown more prized than ever after the close of the last war with the French (1763), and was destined to conflict with the new policy of the British ministry, embracing the taxing of the colonies by Acts of Parliament.

Just how strongly intrenched in the minds of the representatives was this idea of their right to raise money, is shown by their refusal to relinquish the right even in periods of invasion, when there was pressing need for quick action. If, when the very life of the province was in danger, the right to tax was not yielded to help save it, was it to be expected that in more peaceful times an infringement on this same right would be permitted?

It was also the practice of the house to make the payment of the salaries of most of the government officers depend-

1 N. H. State Papers, XXIV, XXV, XXVI; Belknap's History of New Hampshire, Vol. II.

2 N. H. State Papers, Vol. X, p 204.

3 N. H. Hist. Soc. Collections, Vol. III, p 282.

4 Prov. Papers, Vol. I, pp 498; 543.

ent upon the passage of annual grants. This necessitated a certain amount of dependence by the governor upon the whims of fickle legislatures. Even though the governor, by virtue of his instructions,[5] was responsible for issuing warrants removing money from the public funds, the house had practically usurped his power by appointing committees to dispose of all moneys, so that his issuing of warrants was virtually mandatory upon the requests of these committees, The committees attended to all the work of emitting and redeeming paper money.

The action of the legislature in 1765, of standing pat until the governor gave his assent to such bills as they wanted him to sign, was not without precedent. In 1745,[6] in 1747,[7] in 1756,[8] and again in 1761,[9] the house had stood stolidly against taking any further action until the governor had approved the legislation which was before him.

So in 1765, we find the house engaged in one of its perennial efforts to coerce the governor. All other business must have seemed trivial compared to this. The precedents that had been established must be upheld; a lapse would be fatal to the prestige of the house. For the moment all attention was focused upon the affair with the governor. A principle was involved; a powerful prerogative was at stake. The right to control the money of the province must be preserved inviolate!

Before proceeding further, let us gain an impression of the adversaries of Governor Wentworth in this struggle for power in provincial New Hampshire, in 1765.

The House of Representatives consisted of thirty-one members. These members had been chosen from such places as the governor had seen fit to issue a writ of election in the King's name. Portsmouth, where the Assembly met, and the largest town at this time, had three representatives, and Dover, Hampton, Exeter, and New Castle (including Rye), had two each. All others had one.[10] Among some of the more prominent names found in the Assembly during this time were Meshech Weare, from Hampton Falls; Josiah Bartlett, from Kingston, later a signer of the Declaration of Independence; John Goffe, who represented Amherst and Bedford; and Henry Sherburne, one of the three Portsmouth members and speaker of the house.

The Assembly could adjourn only from day to day, but neither house had the power to prorogue or dissolve itself. Those powers were solely in the hands of the governor. Through the whole ninety-six years that New Hampshire was a royal province, can be discerned the ever-increasing aggressions of the lower house, and their constant efforts to usurp legislative powers.[11]

The Council was, as usual, a small body. The members were appointed on the recommendation of the governor, by the king, and were always men of position and ability in the colony. Most generally the Council was in accord with the governor who had recommended them.

The Council acted in several capacities. As a council of state, it advised the governor; with the governor, it formed the highest court of appeal in the province; when the Assembly was in session, it formed the upper house. In this latter capacity lies its greatest interest to us.

5 Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p 440; Prov. Laws of N. H., Vol. I, p 56.
6 Prov. Papers, Vol. V, p 290.
7 Prov. Papers, Vol. V, p 558.
8 Prov. Papers, Vol. VI, p 518.
9 Prov. Papers, Vol. VI, p 777.
10 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, pp 59-60.
11 Fry, N. H. As a Royal Province, pp 168-169; 173.

There were, in May, June, and July, 1765, six members of the Council. But since, as was stated above, the Council was usually of the same mind as the governor, our concern is almost wholly with the house. And as the trouble between the Assembly and the governor was over money, it behooves us to consider briefly the policy of New Hampshire in regard to paper money.

In 1704, Queen Anne issued a proclamation fixing the rates at which the various foreign coins should pass in the American colonies. About the same time the province of New Hampshire began to issue paper bills upon the credit of the government. These bills of credit were paper money issued by the Assembly, secured by the promise of the government to raise by taxation within a certain number of years the amount of the emitted bills.[12] It was necessary from time to time to retire these bills of credit by issuing others to replace them, or by exchanging for them other kinds of money. Whenever the treasury of the province had gold or silver in it, the practice was to use the gold or silver to redeem bills of credit, and to destroy the latter. But sometimes, due to the scarcity of money or the pressure of war, taxes collected for redemption purposes were re-issued and used for entirely different purposes. Naturally this tended to lower the credit of the bills. In spite of fluctuations in value, the bills of credit had a general circulation, and until the end of the last French war they constituted the regular medium of exchange.

About 1735, to prevent the depreciation of paper money, governors were ordered to disapprove further emissions, but they were often forced to disregard their instructions by pressure of the Assembly.

In 1742, to stop the continuing falling value of the paper money, bills of a new form and tenor were issued, known as "new tenor bills," and in value they were equal to a specified amount of coined silver. Over-issue soon made them depreciate, and when Massachusetts redeemed her paper money and put her currency on a gold and silver basis, the depreciation was greater than ever.

In order, therefore, to pay the heavy expenses of the Seven Years War, (1756-1763), the province was forced to issue a new form of bill. These were known as "sterling bills;" their value in sterling was stamped upon them, they bore interest, and they were redeemable within a definite time in silver or gold, or in bills of exchange.

At the close of the war no more bills were issued, and all those in circulation were redeemed as fast as it was possible. The close of the Seven Years War was accompanied by a speedy return of prosperity in the province of New Hampshire. Through the frequent grants of Parliament the colony was receiving gold and silver as its share of the spoils of war. This money was devoted to the redemption of the bills of credit still in circulation. Efforts were made at the same time to make gold and silver a legal tender in all payments and business transactions. In this manner, the province would get rid of all its paper currency as quickly as possible, and like Massachusetts, be put on a sound money basis.[13]

So prosperous were the affairs of the province two years after the close of the war, that on January 8, 1765, the Assembly found itself able to remit the taxes of 1764 and 1765, which had been levied (but not paid) for the purpose of redeeming the bills of credit issued in

12 Prov. Papers, Vol. III, pp 411, 417, 425.

13 Prov. Papers, Vol. VI, pp 861, 878.

1760 and 1761. Also, the agent of the province in London was ordered to sell the £12,000 sterling, which was there credited to the province, and the proceeds were to be used to further retire later emissions of bills of credit.[14] Certainly here was a remarkable recovery for a province which had borne the brunt of assault on its frontiers.

In June, 1764, a committee was appointed to take under consideration the state of the currency for the province; to investigate methods for establishing silver and gold as legal tender; and to suggest a scheme for restraining persons from charging exorbitant rates of interest in the province.[15] As the entire coin of the land, except coppers, was the product of foreign mints, and as English guineas, crowns, shillings, and pence were still paid over the counters, mingled with many French, Spanish, and German coins, it is not to be wondered that legislation was needed to establish the exact values of such coins.[16]

The labors of this committee brought about the passage of two bills by both houses. One set a stated value on coins current in the province, and the other fixed the rate of interest at six per cent.[17]

In May another Assembly was called and the clash between it and the governor commenced. Although both proceeded cautiously at first, this game of testing each other's strength could not long continue, and as the matter progressed it became increasingly evident that the house was as insistent in its demands on the governor to approve the bills, as the governor was stubborn in demanding a salary for the Chief Justice and other Superior Court Judges. Every persuasive influence that Governor Wentworth could exert was brought to bear on the house. But that organization, sensing that this was a trial of endurance between the representative of the king and the representatives of the people to secure a right which the latter already considered theirs, firmly set itself to withstand any encroachment of its prerogative.

The house which met on May 23, 1765, to hear the message of the governor read, could not foresee the difficulties which it was going to encounter. The governor's message was conciliatory and disarming.[18] He especially urged the fixing of salaries for the Chief Justice and the other Justices, and he hoped this assembly would pay more attention to the king's instructions relative to the matter, "notwithstanding former Assemblys have so lightly passed over it." The necessity of provisioning Fort William and Mary was also presented.

Under the rules of procedure adopted by this Assembly,[19] every bill must be read three times and there must be two adjournments before any bill became an act.

In answer to the governor's message he was assured that the Assembly was "sincerely disposed to pursue with firmness and attention those things that are most essential to the real interest and prosperity of the Province."[20] He was requested to send as soon as possible the treasurer's report, so that the necessary appropriations might be made.

On the 12th day of June the house decided that it could not see its way clear to burden its constituents by granting a salary to the Chief Justice and other Justices of His Majesty's Superior

14 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, pp 51-52.
15 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 45.
16 McMaster, History of the United States, Vol. I, pp 190-191.
17 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, pp 76, 77, 78.
18 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 61.
19 Prov. Papers, Vol VII, p 63.
20 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 64.

Court,[21] and then is revealed to us the first intimation of the impatience of the house with its governor, evidenced in the message sent him (June 13th). He was reminded that the two bills sent to him must be signed before any further appropriations for the support of the province could be made.[22]

After a week of waiting, Governor Wentworth just as firmly reminded the assembly that the Chief Justice and other Justices of His Majesty's Superior Court had not yet been granted a salary, although this was the third Assembly whose attention he had directed to this matter. If no action should be taken by this one, he concluded, "I have washed my hands clear from all future blame or censure."[23] Just a suggestion of irritation in this message; a hint that if trouble arose from failure to do the king's will, the name of Benning Wentworth was exculpated.

The very next day came the message of the Massachusetts Assembly inviting a committee from New Hampshire to attend a meeting in New York to discuss the "present circumstances of the Colonies."[24] Apparently the invitation received only passing attention in the Assembly. There is no record to show that undue importance was attached to it. When we consider the nature of the controversy which was absorbing the interest of the house, we may readily understand why the matter was laid aside in order to effectively deal with the more pressing affair of the moment.*

The house seemed willing to give the governor's recommendation a fair hearing and so again took under consideration the matter of salaries to the Justices.[25] And again they decided against granting such salaries. The message explaining their decision is just the least bit suggestive that they did not wholly trust their Royal Governor. "But last week hearing from divers persons that you Expected our determination in that matter (salaries) to be sent you previous to your considering some Bills before your Excellency, on which the Weal of the Province depends: We anew turned our attention thereto," and "we think it Duty to say as before that we cannot charge the Government with such salary."[26]

Then followed the period of watchful waiting for the decision of the governor relative to the two bills,—one for establishing the money of the province on a gold and silver basis and setting values on foreign coins; and the other fixing the interest rate at six per cent. The journal of the house during this period is replete with entries such as the following: "this forenoon was spent chiefly in waiting to hear from his Excellency;"[27] and, "still in waiting to hear his Excellency's determination;"[28] and again, "The House still sitting in an inactive state;"[29] and so on.[30]

Becoming restless on account of their inactivity and uneasy through sitting so long spending their time to little or no purpose, the house, on June twenty-fifth, drew up and sent an earnest appeal to the governor, entreating him to either

*Historians have often commented upon the failure of this state to be represented at the Stamp Act Congress, but no explanation has been offered for this deficiency. The bare fact that the Provincial Assembly at Portsmouth declined the invitation of Massachusetts has generally been accepted without further inquiry into the conditions which led to the refusal. The difficulties confronting the Assembly at this time appear to have held the attention of its members to the exclusion of everything else. It is quite likely that had the invitation been received at any other time, it would have been accepted.

21 Prov. Papers, Vol VII, pp 67, 68.
22 Prov. Papers, Vol VII, p 69.
23 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 70.
24 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 71.
25 Prov. Papers, Vol VII, p 71.
26 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 72.
27 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 73.
28 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII. p 73.
29 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 74.
30 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, pp 72-75, incl.

pass the bills or permit the representatives to go home and attend to their private affairs.[31] Here was impatience indeed, and we may well imagine the exasperation of those members whose farms were neglected by their absence.

The governor's patience had evidently been under a strain also, for the very next day his curt message in reply was received. He said that since the message of the house of the day before had contained nothing new, he would again remind the house that as soon as they made their appropriations for the year he would consent to the whole or reject the whole.[32]

This would appear to be the end of all hope for an amicable adjustment of the difficulties between the house and the governor, but evidently the house felt differently about it. Immediately a committee was appointed to wait upon his Excellency and pray him to give his consent to the bills. How efficacious the work of this committee was may best be judged by the results which it produced: two days later both bills had been signed by Governor Wentworth!

31 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 74.
32 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 75.

The fight had been won. The voice of the people was triumphant. There still remained the details of carrying into execution the provisions of the two bills before the assembly should adjourn. Then was brought up again for consideration the question of the Massachusetts invitation.[33] But the representatives were not interested. They were now devoting their energies to finishing up this matter of the finances in order that they might go home. So a resolution was passed, in which the Assembly expressed its hearty endorsement of the idea of such a meeting, "yet the present situation of our government affairs will not permit us to appoint a committee to attend such a meeting but shall be ready to joyn in any Address to his Majesty, etc."[34]

On July fourth,—eleven years before that date was to become famous,—this Assembly which had challenged the Royal Governor to a finish fight and had emerged victorious, was prorogued not to meet again until November nineteenth.[35]

33 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 81.
34 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 81.
35 Prov. Papers, Vol. VII, p 84.

Dream

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

I picked a dream from out the night,
Fashioned of moon dust and the silver light
Of flower-stars,
With fragrance of Spring violets
And sweet remembering
Of happiness with you.
It held the music of the wood thrush's song,
The sound of waters in a little brook,
The nocturne of remembered Spring
When all the waking world was flowering.
I picked a dream from out the night
And dreamed that silver dream to my delight.

Suspicion

EUGENE PILLOT

"IF IT were anyone but Jim Dawson! But Jim—why, it's absurd even to imagine anything off-color about him. He's got a happy home and plenty of money. You and I have both known him here at the club for ten years anyway. And we know that Jim is as steady as they make 'em." Harry Hargrave blew a decidedly forceful puff of smoke from his cigarette to emphasize his point; then he settled back in his chair with rather an air of wishing to ponder his own words, in spite of the conviction with which he had uttered them.

Freddie Connors, the man who was dining with Hargrave at a small table in a rather centrally located spot of the main dining room at the Civitan club, smiled across their nearly finished meal and replied: "Nevertheless, you must admit Jim hasn't been quite the same toward us lately."

"Well, he's always pleasant enough." Hargrave never liked to malign anybody.

"Yes, pleasant—but distant. You can't say you've not noticed that Jim is distant?"

"I have, but I might only have imagined it."

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Connors. "You know, I've been watching him and he does something mighty strange. Every time he comes into a room or is near anybody unexpectedly—he shies! Yes, sir, *shies*! Just as though he were half-scared till he got used to the room or the person. It doesn't last long, but it invariably happens."

"Surely he can't be going batty?" came from the startled Hargrave.

"Jim's going through some kind of trouble and it's doing him up. I'm positive of that."

"Have you ever intimated that he might unburden his soul to you?"

"Yes, once. But the queer glint that came into his eyes stopped me. *I* shied off. Funny, but it's gotten so that I don't feel at all comfortable in his company any more."

"Come to think about it, you must be right. Seems to be affecting most every one else the same way. I've hardly seen him with anyone for a long time now. And when he eats here at the Club he usually eats alone. Poor chap, something surely must be eating on him. Wonder what it is?"

"Oh, possibly some dame. That's what usually eats on or off a fellow in New York."

"Ssh! Why, that looks like him crossing the corridor out there now. Yes, it *is* Dawson! Dining here tonight, I guess. Let's watch him and see if he shies."

Dawson sauntered about the outside corridor, spoke a few words to the clerk at the desk, nodded to some one out of sight of Hargrave and Connors, then appeared at the threshold of the dining room. Appeared, but did not enter immediately. For an almost imperceptible instant he paused, shrank back slightly and made a quick survey of all the tables.

Jim Dawson was a tall, thick-set man, a substantial, culture-suggesting type that both men and women are only too willing to glance around at, if they can manage to do so unobserved. He wore

loose-fitting, navy-blue flannels, tan oxfords, a sennet straw hat with a blue and gray striped band, and a robin's egg blue scarf that did what was intended—intensified the shade of his eyes, eyes that under ordinary conditions would remind one of the gay blue of summer skies, now, however, they were indigo as troubled waters of an uncertain sea. Dawson was about forty years old.

"Well, he did shy all right," admitted Hargrave. "Suppose we get him to stop at our table and see if we can get his complex out of him."

When Dawson came into the dining room and passed near their table, both Hargrave and Connors made the effort to stop him, but failed miserably. Jim flashed a greeting at them, but a sideways one, and quickly passed on to a remote table, where he sat with his back to the whole dining room and stared at the blank wall before him.

"Look here," declared Hargrave, "he may be afraid of us and of the whole world, for that matter; but we're not afraid of him, are we?"

"Why, no," smiled Connors. "What are you trying to get at now?"

"Let's go sit at *his* table, even though he did pass us up. Let's see if we can't make him spill what's in him. Who knows, perhaps we can help him somehow."

"Rather risky to *force* one's self into a man's hidden springs. However, I'm willing to take a chance any old day. My Dad wasn't a race-track man for nothing. Come on." He scribbled his name on the dinner check, left a tip for the waiter, then he and Hargrave ambled over to Dawson's table.

They stood behind him a moment, silently. Dawson had not heard them come up. The instant he sensed them he shuddered involuntarily and clutched the table-cloth in a grip of fear. Slowly, oh, so slowly, he turned his head and glanced up. "Oh, it's only—*you*!" There was a note of unspeakably great relief in his voice. And he sank back in his chair as though tons had been lifted from him.

"Thought we'd just come over and keep you company a bit," ventured Connors. "Eating alone, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes," said Dawson agreeably, "quite alone. Sit down, do. Won't you have something with me?" He was always a perfect host.

They waved away the suggestion of more food and sat down, one on each side of him.

A few inconsequential subjects were discussed casually enough, the stock market, the weather, golf, the new club dues, but an under-current of more electric significance eventually stopped the flow of empty words and silence embarrassed the three.

It was Dawson who broke the spell. He poised a bit of bread in a hand of muscular fingers a moment before setting his teeth on it with a scrunch much too heavy for so soft a substance as bread. He glanced first at Connors, then at Hargrave, then he burst out: "Men—the oddest thing has happened to me—"

Simultaneously the other two leaned toward him, intense in their interest.

But Dawson seemed unable to go farther. He sat there looking straight ahead, reiterating his dynamic and very descriptive phrase: "The oddest thing—the oddest thing—"

His eyes held a far-away look for several moments, then he straightened up and glanced at them with a reassuring smile and a glint of his old summer-sky look. "Oh, don't take it so seriously, fellows. I'm sorry I spoke. Forget it. I didn't mean to. I just got so full of something and—well, it broke."

Hargrave made no reply to his smile and attempt at a gay manner, but Connors gravely, quietly, began: "Jim Dawson, I've known you years and you've always been red and honest. But lately I've seen green fear around you. And I'd like to know what it means?"

The questioned man raised a nervous hand, then jerked it down again. "And have you detected a yellow streak about me yet, old man?"

"No, there is no yellow."

"For those words you shall be rewarded. Besides I've *got* to tell somebody or I'll expire before long. Do you really want to hear something utterly foolish, you two? You do? All right. Well, a month ago, about, I was motoring out Gloucester way, a lonesome drive as probably you know, and isolated. Dark woods line the road for miles. There are but few cross roads and they branch out of the woods quite unexpectedly. Well, I had been easing along the main road, half-dreaming I suppose—the night was *so* black, it either scared one to death or forced him to think of something remote. The remotest thing seemed my wife. There had been a little tiff between us that evening. I had wanted to go for a drive, at first, and she didn't. She made me go anyway, even though I rebelled. Declared I needed fresh air because I had been all day in the office. Absurd, of course. Plenty air comes in the office windows. We argued and I went for the drive by my lonesome. Riding and riding along I began to regret I hadn't held my ground and remained at home. It seemed absurd, riding out just for air. Elizabeth was so headstrong; she liked to carry a point just for the sake of the—

"What was that? A man had stepped into the road ahead. He was waving for me to stop. I drew up sharply. He stepped to the side of my car. 'I beg pardon for stopping you like this,' he said, 'but would you mind doing me a favor? I've a flat tire on my car over here by the side of the road. It's so dark I can't see to change it. Would you mind turning your lights on my car for a few minutes?'

"The man was so obviously a gentleman. A quiet, well-modulated voice with a note of actual apology for the intrusion. Nevertheless, one's first instinct on a lonely road at night is self-protection. I slipped my revolver into my side coat pocket as I complied with his request and turned the car lights where he directed. They fell on a great hulk of a black car drawn up close to the curb.

"'Thanks,' he called, 'that's fine! It oughtn't to take long to get her fixed.'

"I sat there a second or two, watching him fix the front tire. Suddenly it flashed over me that I was a cad if there ever was one. Calmly sitting there and not making the slightest effort to help the chap. Why should I fear that he was a highwayman anyway? The very same thing might have happened to me and I would have been mighty glad to have help. Why not have faith this once anyhow and believe that there were honest people in the world? Besides, if I wanted any evidence of the respectability of the man, hadn't he practically proved himself by the simplicity of his request and the unobtrusive tone in which he had voiced it? And the lights showed him up in tweeds that must have been put out by a tailor who knew his business. And a good tailor has turned the tables in a man's favor more times than one is willing to admit. He was positively good-looking working there in knickers, sport coat, and cap, all a rather tannish gray. I always had liked that peculiar gray-tan combination. I wondered where he got it?

"Suddenly he straightened up and turned toward me. 'This thing is worse than I thought. I'm going to have to change the tire. Rip here long as a mile. I wonder, would you mind—' he took a step or two nearer me, again half-apologetically—'would it be asking too much of you to give me a slight lift? I'm new at this driving game. I have a chauffeur, but he's on a vacation. Do you know anything about changing tires?'

"'Sure I do!' I exclaimed and leaped from the car. I dashed discretion to the winds. I remembered the first time I had to change a tire. There wasn't a solitary soul around to pull to my rescue and I had gone home on a flat. Simply because I hadn't known where to begin to take the blame thing off. Just suffer something yourself and you're willing enough to help every other chap that's suffering the same thing.

"His tire was rather unwieldly and we both worked pretty steadily, and silently, before we got it on. Twice it occurred to me that, after all, I certainly was taking a long chance—all alone here on a lonely road with a strange man. What if he was well-dressed and suave? Wasn't I completely at his mercy, if he wished to do anything to me? Well, I'd finish the job, but I'd keep an eye on him all right. Wouldn't do to have too much faith in strangers, especially near New York. I was born in the middle west and had the idea that all New Yorkers must be bad, else why would they be in New York? Finally the tire was in shape. I stood up. As I did so, it flashed over me—suppose the fellow had robbed me already? While we were working. He could have done it. Easy enough. I glanced down at my vest. My watch and chain were gone.

"He seemed to catch my amazement and stepped back quickly. But I already had him covered with my gun. 'You just hand over that watch and chain, my fine bird,' I demanded.

"Without a murmur he took the watch and chain from his vest and placed it in my out-stretched hand. I dropped it in my side pocket. 'Now you'd better turn your back till I'm well on my way, understand?' Without a word he nodded and complied with my suggestion. I backed away from him, gun in hand, scrambled into my car, and raced away.

"My wife was waiting up for me when I got home. Had been having a fit of remorse and was sorry she had insisted on me taking fresh air when I didn't want it. You know women sometimes get queer notions that way, when they're lonely. I merely smiled, kissed her, cuddled her a bit, said I was sleepy, let's go to bed. She agreed and went into the bath-room to undress.

"I took out my watch, wound it absent-mindedly, and went over to lay it on the dresser.

"'My God!' I cried, terror-stricken. There on the dresser lay my own watch. The one I held in my hand was a strange one. It belonged to the other man."

"Never saw him again?" asked Hargrave.

"Oh, I've done everything—advertised, *everything*! No use. I live in deadly fear of every one!"

"I wouldn't do that, old man," Connors tried to pacify him.

"I bet you would, if you lived in constant fear he was going to find you."

"I knew that man," said Connors. "He told me about that hold-up."

"So?" yelled Dawson. "You aim to turn me over to him. That's it!"

"Never! He died last week."

The New New England

KENNETH ANDLER

A NUMBER of people in the United States still think the New England of today is the same as the New England of Mary Wilkins Freeman. They picture these six States as a museum repository of ancient relics doted upon as symbols of departed glory. Winters are still mentioned with the adjectives "drab" and "drear"; the people are thought of either as hide-bound and fatalistic farmers or as Brahmins whose conversation is legendarily limited to the Supreme Being; industries are said to be moving South where labor conditions are ideal (!), and the deserted farm is the picture of our agricultural progress. One hears "poor old New England" in one breath and "decadent" in another.

There is, however, today a new New England, or rather perhaps, a better realization of what New England actually is. It is not only a land of beauty in which three million visitors spend more than two hundred and fifty million dollars each year, but it is also a territory in which industry is on the march.

According to statistics given out by the New England Council, New England's industries compare very favorably with the industries of any section, and have a value not fully enough appreciated by New Englanders themselves. For instance, although New England has only two per cent of the area of the United States, and seven per cent of the population, its tangible physical wealth amounts to twenty-seven and three-quarters billions of dollars, and the annual production of its manufacturing industries is worth more than six billion dollars.

Although some industries are going out of New England more are coming in. "One hundred and ninety-four communities, representing more than one-half the population, gained in 1926, 431 new industries and lost only 207. The total number of employees in the industries gained was 19,054; and in those lost 8,056."

There is a wide diversity in New England's manufactures as may be seen by the five leading industries (cotton goods, boots and shoes, electrical machinery, worsted goods, foundry and machine shop products) accounting for only 28½ per cent of our total manufacturing value. More than two hundred other lines of manufacture make up the remaining 71½ per cent.

Says the New England Council Blue Book, "In 24 classes of industry, each exceeding eight million dollars, New England produces more than one quarter of the entire value added by manufacture in the United States."

* * * *

In agriculture, New England has, by no means, fallen behind. Our farms made a two per cent increase between 1920 and 1925, as against a decrease for the United States as a whole. Moreover, the per acre value of farm real estate increased between 1920 and 1925 while all other sections of the country showed a decrease. New England's farm property is worth more than a billion dollars with an annual production of 250 million dollars.

Last year Idaho's auto license plates

bore the likeness of a potato, but the humble spud is not entirely unknown here for New England grows 13.4 per cent of the entire white potato crop of the United States.

Increased facilities for marketing together with the establishing of grades and standards and the use of labels is going to have a telling effect within a few years for primarily the agricultural problem in New England is not one of production but of marketing.

New England, by the way, is much more fortunate in one respect than other sections of the United States. Our rural districts and urban centers are extremely accessible one to the other. The farmer of northern New England, unlike his brothers in the Middle or Far West, is not hundreds of miles from large cities, but is only a few hours distant from the thickly populated areas of Massachusetts. Half a day's drive and he is in Boston. Or, if he craves for what Manhattanites insist is *the* metropolis, he can arrive in a few hours at that largest city in the world.

Not only is he personally able to reach large cities but his products can be shipped to market without being several days on the road.

Urban dwellers likewise do not have to travel far to get out for recreation among the lakes, woods and mountains, for these natural beauties aren't hundreds of miles away but in their very backyard.

The factories of northern New England are so situated that they afford opportunities for recreation unparalleled elsewhere. The workers are able to step from their factory doors into woods filled with game and brooks with trout.

* * * *

The vast quantities of New England's water power are almost beyond the imagination to conceive. Undeveloped power goes brawling down our valleys all the year. Yet we have tapped some of it, for the annual production of electric power in New England has increased 60 per cent since 1921 and we have 1/3 of the total number of power plants in the United States.

We have many and diverse advantages but there's no sense in leaning back and thinking how well off we are, for there are factors which every wide awake New Englander might well think over. For instance, a leaden weight is hung on the neck of New England progress by our vast amounts of creditor capital, that is, capital in the hands of savings banks, trust companies or individual trustees. Such capital neither aids the expansion of our productive enterprises or the establishment of new ones. It is exactly like a great reservoir of water which, tapped, would provide power to light homes and drive the wheels of industry, but which, stagnant, affords pleasure and profit only to the fortunate ones who lie in it and soak.

Personally we are not expert at farming and do not pretend to know more than farmers about their own business but we would like to know why the one or two frosts which are likely to kill northern New England's crops during a season cannot be warded off by smudge pots similar to those used in the orange groves of California; also why sheep—on farms in the very backdoor of our woolen mills—cannot be raised with a substantial profit as they were raised years ago; also why our production of apples which are so far superior to western apples cannot to immensely increased.

While we are asking questions we would also like to inquire of the railroads why observation cars are not put

on trains going through one of the most scenic parts of the United States, especially along the Connecticut River, one of the few rivers adjacent to a railroad for a long distance.

We know by experience that one's first impression of a new locality is the strongest and that such an impression is gained on the train carrying one thither. What then must people think who enter New England on our trains! We submit that a modern observation car, flat with wide seats and windshields such as those on the Gold Coast Limited would change the whole aspect of travel into New England. Heaven knows there is more to look at here than in the Mojave Desert!

But these are all points that can be remedied. The main thing is this, a different New England is growing up about us, one developing highly skilled industries for the most part; agriculture, assisted by new forms of marketing, is gaining; our recreational income is enormous. There *is* such a thing as the new New England, for which "getting together" is largely the cause.

One of the brightest signs of combining in our common cause was the creation of the New England Council, and that this organization is a forward looking one may be seen by its whole-hearted attempt to get New England in on the ground floor of the aviation industry. Says a report of one of its committees, headed by President Stratton of M. I. T. regarding New England's adaptation to aircraft manufacture, "All raw materials are either available or easily accessible except certain woods which are becoming of less importance as the trend to all-metal types increases. All parts, instruments and accessories either are or can be made in our present factories. New England workmen with requisite skill for this industry are available. Airplane engines are already being manufactured here in quantity. Factories at convenient sites are obtainable.

"In short, there is at hand an opportunity for New England's commercial interests to make capital of these favorable factors, and to take a proper share of this new industry whose future possibilities show indications of equalling even the remarkable development of the automobile."

In respect to the new sense of group spirit, which we mentioned, we will quote the words of Herbert Hoover addressed to the New England Council, "New England is a reservoir of the most skilled labor, the most skilled direction, and the highest intelligence in the United States. If she has been lacking in anything it is in that collective sense of the community which has pushed other localities ahead, and, as you (the New England Council) are now on the way to the stimulation of that collective sense, it seems to me that one can look with confidence on the future of New England."

Amoskeag Manufacturing Company

FRED W. LAMB

Chapter One

THE BIRTH OF THE AMOSKEAG MANUFACTURING COMPANY

AS is well known, the first attempt toward starting a cotton mill in the vicinity of Manchester was made by one Benjamin Pritchard who came to Amoskeag Falls, then a part of Goffstown, about 1805. Securing a water privilege from Jonas Harvey, who then operated a sawmill at the Falls, he commenced operations, as he realized that he would obtain sufficient water power here.

The mill first erected by him was a small wooden building of one story and rough finish. The machinery, it is said, was secondhand and it was secured through Samuel Slater, of Pawtucket, R. I., who was then engaged in the manufacture of cotton at that place. The machinery being old, proved to be quite unsatisfactory.

Mr. Pritchard, finding the concern too much for him to manage alone, interested several other men in the enterprise and by 1810, things were developed to such an extent that a corporation was formed under the name of "Proprietors of the Amoskeag Cotton and Woolen Manufactory." This was the first time that the word Amoskeag was connected with manufacturing in this vicinity.

On March 12, 1810, Ephraim and Robert Stevens, who had acquired the Harvey sawmill, gave a bond to the corporation to keep in good repair their mill dam so as to turn into the channel, conveying the water to the cotton mill, as much water as would be sufficient for carrying an old-fashioned undershot wheel at all seasons of the year and on all days of the year. It appears that Ephraim and Robert Stevens as well as one David Stevens had become interested in the organization of the factory some time previous to the incorporation.

The names of the proprietors of the corporation are given as follows: Benjamin Pritchard, Jotham Gillis, William Walker, Samuel P. Kidder, Robert McGregor, Joseph Richards, Seth Bartlett, Ephraim Stevens, David L. Morrill, Isaac Hardy, Moses Hall, Alenson Pritchard, Elnathan Whitney, David Sergeant, all of Goffstown; James Parker, William Parker, William Parker, Jr., Ephriam Harvell, Benjamin Allcock, all of Bedford, and John G. Moore, of Manchester or Derryfield, as it then was.

It was on January 31, 1810, that the company under the name of the "Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufactory" was organized. Joseph Richards was chosen as the first president and Jotham Gillis was elected as clerk. Dr. William Wallace was chosen as agent. He declining to serve in this position, Mr. Gillis was elected to fill the place and accepted it. This company enlarged the original mill into a wooden building of two stories, forty feet square and immediately began to spin cotton yarn.

But their capital still proved far too small to meet their requirements and in order to be in a position to raise the

money necessary to develop the business it was decided to petition the legislature for an act of incorporation, and this was granted under the style of "Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufactory" on June 15, 1810, just five days later than the act of the legislature which changed the name of Derryfield to Manchester on June 10, 1810.

For the next twelve years these pioneer manufacturers at Amoskeag Falls were meeting their share of disappointment. In spite of all the improvements which they had gradually made in the plant, the results accomplished had been far from satisfactory. The corporation had paid to Mr. Pritchard about eight hundred dollars for his mill and machinery, much of which sum he had taken in stock of the new company. The valuation of the property had not increased in proportion to the outlay in improvements and investment.

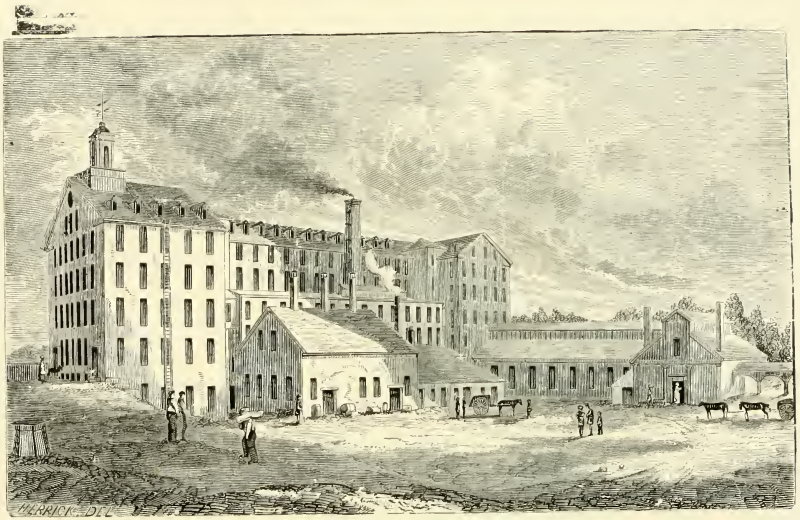
An unanimous decision was therefore reached to sell out the property if a purchaser could be found. During this twelve years that the "Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufactory" had existed there had been four agents in their employ, the three besides Jotham Gillis being Philemon Wolcott, chosen in November, 1812; John G. Moore, elected April 26, 1813 and Frederick G. Stark, elected at the annual meeting on July 28, 1813. The list of stockholders now numbered twelve, mostly farmers and all living in the vicinity.

Early in 1822, one of the directors of the company, with the hope of interesting him in the purchase of the property, wrote to Samuel Slater, then living in Providence, R. I., and asked for a loan of money to be secured by a mortgage on the mill property. His request was not granted but Mr. Slater's keen business judgment quickly foresaw the possibility of success being achieved at Amoskeag Falls. He therefore encouraged a man by the name of Olney Robinson, then in his employ, to buy the mill and water privilege. He probably loaned Mr. Robinson between four and five thousand dollars towards making the purchase and on October 22, 1822, the sale of the property was carried out.

He was full of enthusiasm and soon began to branch out. A month before he purchased the cotton mill he had acquired the saw- and gristmill, owned first by Jonas Harvey and later by the Stevens brothers, having selected its site for a new mill he had in mind to build. Starting in with this enterprise, before long he was obliged to borrow more money in order to carry on his manufacturing and building operations.

He soon succeeded in placing a loan of $6,025.12 of one Larned Pitcher, of Seekonk, Mass., and Ira Gay, of Dunstable, now Nashua, N. H. He secured these gentlemen with a mortgage on one half of the property under date of November 6, 1824. By the terms of this deed, we understand that the original mill erected by Mr. Pritchard was still in operation. The new mill, which was afterwards to be known as the "Bell Mill," had not progressed far in its construction. There was a space of about twenty feet between this mill and the old mill which stood below.

As he has stated before, Mr. Robinson was possessed with an unbounded enthusiasm, but the mortgagors soon realized that he was not likely to be very successful. So on January 24, 1825, only three months after making the loan they foreclosed the mortgage and came into possession of half of the mills and machinery. On May 6, of the same year, Mr. Slater



Old Manchester Print Works.
Built 1845. Burned 1852.

paid Mr. Robinson three thousand dollars for the other half and thus cleared him of all his interest in the mills.

The three new owners, Pitcher, Gay and Slater, with their experience and confidence in the undertaking, at once decided to enlarge the plant by finishing the second mill and by building another mill upon the island. In order to carry out these plans they interested still other parties in the enterprise, these new men being Dr. Oliver Dean, of Medway, Mass., and Lyman Tiffany, of Roxbury, with Willard Sayles, of Boston. It is said that Messrs. Slater, Dean, Tiffany and Sayles each became the owner of one-fifth of the capital stock, while Pitcher and Gay had one tenth each.

Be that as it may, this organization was completed on December 17, 1825, and the title of the new firm became "The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company" from this hour. This event begins the unbroken story of the rise and progress of manufacturing at Amoskeag Falls. Very little was done by the new company during that winter, but in April, 1826, active work was really begun. Dr. Oliver Dean was elected agent and Lyman Tiffany, president, while the board of directors consisted of Messrs. Slater, Sayles, Pitcher and Gay.

The old mill which had been repaired by Mr. Robinson was fitted with improved machinery, it soon becoming a scene of activity. The new mill which he had begun to build, eighty by forty feet and two stories, was enlarged sixty feet in length and twenty-five in width and another story added to its height. This mill, now one hundred and forty by sixty-five feet in size, was soon equipped for the manufacture of the fabric known so favorably as A. C. A. ticking. This was the mill known as the "Bell Mill" from the fact that it had a bell hung in the belfry, which was rung to call the operatives to work in the early morning.

In 1827, the company erected still another building eighty by forty feet in size on what was known as "fishing island." This building was originally intended for use as a machine shop but the manufacture of the ticking had become so profitable that it was soon enlarged fifty feet in length by thirty feet in width and fitted up with the machinery to make the same line of goods. A small machine shop was soon after built on the mainland not a great distance from the old mill, and still later another shop of this kind was erected upon the island.

In the next few years the success of this little body of manufacturers had been sufficient to encourage them in the belief that they should expand and also become an incorporated body. The six owners accordingly met at the counting room in the old Bell Mill and drafted a petition to the state legislature which was then in session, asking for power and protection in raising the sum of one million dollars, with which they might develop the plant. The legislature looked favorably upon the petition and the "Amoskeag Manufacturing Company" was incorporated by the laws of the State of New Hampshire on July 1, 1831, with an authorized capital stock of one million dollars.

Five days later the partners of the old firm met and conveyed its property to the new corporation for one hundred thousand dollars.

At seven o'clock on the evening of July 13, another meeting was held to perfect the organization of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. Dr. Dean was chairman and Ira Gay clerk

Old Amoskeag Mill No. 4.
Built 1847.

of this meeting. A committee of three was selected to draft by-laws to govern the company and they then adjourned until the following morning at the same place. At seven o'clock the next morning the by-laws offered by the committee were adopted and the annual meeting was fixed for some date in July. Lyman Tiffany was elected the first president, Ira Gay, clerk; Oliver Dean, treasurer and agent; Lyman Tiffany, Ira Gay and Willard Sayles, directors and the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company was now a reality and fairly started on the road of prosperity.

Chapter Two

SOME EARLY MILL MEN

Israel Dow

The year 1838 was an eventful one for the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company and the future city of Manchester. The company was rapidly shaping itself to take the position it has held at the head of the great list of cotton manufacturies of the world and incidents that happened during that year had a great bearing on the future of the concern and community. One of the most important events was the fulfillment of plans for a town, laying out streets, commons, sites for building lots and public buildings and planting rows of trees to complete the setting for a beautiful, healthful place in which to live. This same year the company disposed of many building lots by public auction and private sale, started the building of the first mill for the Stark Manufacturing Company and adopted for the first time the idea of having sales agents handle the output of the mills. It has been shown, in the years that followed, that the foregoing events were indeed important ones and to these might well be added the fact that two young men, who later proved their worth to the company and state, commenced a service that has meant far more than most people realize. Ezekiel A. Straw was one of these men, and Israel Dow was the other.

Israel Dow was born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, on January 18, 1815. Soon after his birth his parents removed to Deerfield and later still to Raymond. In these two towns young Dow obtained a public school education and his later life exemplified the worth of the knowledge gained in the district schools of those days. At an early age he showed an inclination for mechanical work, but had no real opportunity to indulge his desire until he had reached the age of twenty-one years. In 1836, he went to Lowell, Mass., and found employment in assisting to construct the first mills in the city. Mr. Dow's work in Lowell proved of inestimable value to him and with a feeling that Manchester offered an excellent opening, on account of plans being made to build new mills, he came to this town in 1838 and secured employment at once working at his trade. He became actively engaged in building the first mills on the east side of the river, working especially in that department relating to the construction of wheels and lock-gates on the canals. In 1840, he went to Great Falls, entering the employ of the Great Falls Manufacturing Company. Finishing up after a few months he returned to Manchester and resumed his former position with the Amoskeag Company.

Mr. Dow assisted in the construction of Nos. 1 and 2 mills on the central division of the big corporation in 1840, and No. 3 mill in 1844. He built many of the old breast wheels then in general

use, besides assisting in the reconstruction of the old locks. Late in 1844 he was sent to Lowell and Lawrence on work with which he was thoroughly familiar, and at the latter place he hung the first shafting that was ever turned by water power in that city. Upon returning to the Amoskeag, Mr. Dow was placed in charge of many of the improvements that were under way and in 1853 superintended the laying of the pipes from the river to the Amoskeag reservoir at the head of Brook street and from there to and through the mill yards to supply the plant with water. From 1854 to 1859, he acted as master mechanic of the Manchester Print Works and during the Civil War, when the Amoskeag Company was rebuilding the old Blodget paper mill and changing it to a cotton mill for the Langdon corporation, Mr. Dow superintended the work. He also built No. 2 Langdon, in 1868. In 1867-8-9, the Amoskeag Company put up the dye house, now a part of No. 7 mill, which, with No. 8, were built during that period, as was also the main office building. In 1870, No. 3 mill was rebuilt. In 1879, he superintended the construction of No. 3 Amory mill which was built by contract and the next year was in charge of building No. 9 mill.

It will be seen that under Mr. Dow's supervision, in the mechanical department, the Amoskeag Company had grown to immense proportions and through his wonderful ability many obstacles were met and swept away. He retired from active work in January, 1885, upon which occasion he was presented with an elegant gold watch and was highly complimented for his efficiency. He had been with the company for nearly forty years. During all those busy years Mr. Dow, in his enthusiasm, found time to devote to other matters besides building mills. He interested himself in the state government and was sent to both bodies of the legislature, serving as representative in 1857 and 1858, and as state senator in 1883. He was connected fraternally with Lafayette Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; Mount Horeb Royal Arch Chapter, Adoniram Council and Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar. He was also an active member of the Amoskeag Veterans and had served as captain of that organization. For a period of ten years he was actively connected with the Manchester Fire Department, serving as assistant engineer from 1860 to 1868 and as chief engineer during the years 1868 and 1869. Mr. Dow married on July 1, 1846, Miss Levina Hobbs and had five children of whom one is the Hon. Perry H. Dow, former superintendent of the land and water power department.

Edwin H. Hobbs

In the engineering and land and water power departments of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, Hon. Edwin H. Hobbs for many years occupied a most prominent part. Mr. Hobbs was born at Sanford, Maine, May 5, 1835. Receiving his early education in the public schools of Great Falls, he came to Manchester in 1853, at the age of 18.

Here he immediately entered the employ of the Amoskeag Company under the direct supervision of Hon. E. A. Straw, in the civil engineering department. Mr. Straw well knew how to estimate a man's worth and he soon recognized the native force of the young man and in due course he was placed by him in charge of the important construction work of the corporation. Later his duties were added to,

the care of the canals being placed in his charge and he finally became chief engineer of the land and water power department.

In this position he superintended the putting in of the foundations and the erection of buildings. In this capacity he transacted an immense amount of business and his energy seemed untiring. In all of these enterprises he proved his ability to handle men, a large number always being under his direction. Some of the more important building operations in which he was engaged were the building of the new dam across the river in 1870, No. 9, No. 10 and No. 11 mills on the central division.

Mr. Hobbs was one of the organizers of the First New Hampshire Light Battery of field artillery in the Civil War and the whole command was raised by him and F. M. Edgell; Mr. Hobbs going out as a junior first lieutenant. So popular was Lieutenant Hobbs that just before leaving for the front, in recognition of his activity, the citizens of the city raised the money by subscription and purchased a valuable horse, saddle, bridle and complete outfit, which they presented to him. He served with the battery until, in 1863, a change was made in its organization, and he was given an honorable discharge and returned home. As a soldier his record was one of the best.

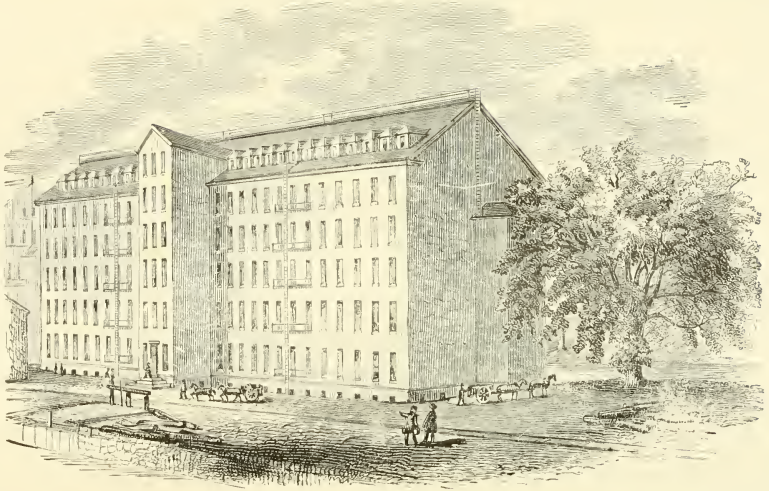
During his useful life, Mr. Hobbs was honored with many public trusts and he executed them all with ability and fidelity. He served as alderman from ward two in 1876-1877 and in 1883 was sent to Concord as a representative from his ward. Later in 1885 he was elected a member of the state senate. For ten years he was a member of the board of water commissioners of the city of Manchester.

Fraternally, Mr. Hobbs was connected with Lafayette Lodge, A. F. and A. M.; Mount Horeb Royal Arch Chapter and Trinity Commandery of the Knights Templar. He was also a charter member of the Manchester Lodge of Elks. His death was the first in the local lodge. In religious affairs he was a member of the Unitarian church.

Mr. Hobbs married on October 29, 1863, Miss Ellen M. Kimball and had three sons, Harry, Thomas and Alfred K. and one daughter Lavina. He died November 27, 1890. He was known everywhere and by all classes. Those who knew him loved him and those who were acquainted with the character of his work admired him. He was a man of rare individuality and of very exceptional ability. His position was one of much power and responsibility but he never prided himself upon either. He was master of his business and could manage men as only those can who are born to command. Quick to decide, prompt to act, he had wonderful skill in shaping work in his charge. A staunch Republican, he could always be depended upon to do his level best for the success of his party. Enjoying the confidence of those who employed him, those who worked under his supervision were always his firm friends and devoted followers. His friends were legion and everyone who came in contact with him felt the influence of the strongest ties of friendship and loyalty.

Samuel Webber

Samuel Webber was born in Charlestown, this state, in 1823, and was carefully brought up by his father, a physician, in the outdoor life of a country boy, developing from a delicate child into a strong, vigorous man. Educated at home, with the intention of pursuing



Old Amoskeag Mill No. 5.
Built 1855.

a mercantile life, he studied French. Italian and Spanish and a little Latin. Although with a mathematical taste, inherited from his father and grandfather, the current of his life was early turned towards mechanics and accordingly, at the age of seventeen, he left home for the city of Lowell to "seek his fortune."

He entered the employ of Dr. Samuel S. Dana, the chemist of the Merrimack Manufacturing Company who was then investigating the newly discovered process of electrotyping and he was at once set to work on experiments to apply this process to the engraving of copper rollers for calico printing. In connection with a Mr. Milton D. Whipple, he built a pantograph machine and made a success of it.

Having studied mechanical drawing, he soon secured a position as draughtsman and assistant engineer at the Bay State Mills, then being built at the new city of Lawrence. When the mills were completed he became assistant superintendent and finally superintendent, employing at one time 1700 hands. His health failing, Mr. Webber was obliged to give up business.

He was later called to New York to take charge of the arrangements for the proposed exhibition at the Crystal Palace on 42nd street. Here he remained through 1853, alloting the space, installing the exhibits and finally acting as Commissioner of Juries. In December, 1853, he went to Indian Orchard, in the city of Springfield, Mass., to take charge of an unfinished cotton mill there, which had been abandoned for financial reasons.

Remaining there until the panic of 1857 caused a suspension of work, Mr. Webber came to Manchester and assumed the position of manager of the Manchester Print Works. Here his previous experience in Lowell came into play to good advantage and he held this place for six years, resigning the position to take charge of the Portsmouth steam mill, at Portsmouth.

In 1861, the Civil War having broken out, Mr. Webber was appointed an aide-de-camp to Gov. Berry, of New Hampshire. In addition to his other duties, he was very busy for many months in raising and looking after troops for the army. He organized and equipped the First New Hampshire Battery of Light Artillery, under the supervision of the Governor and Council and escorted them to Washington.

While in Lowell, Mr. Webber acquired a great fund of information upon the subject of the measurement and tests of power utilized by turbine wheels and consumed by other machinery. This stood him in good stead when after his return from the Census Bureau, he was invited by Mr. Straw to examine and determine the amount of power actually consumed by the Amoskeag Mills which had apparently exhausted their water supply. Upon these measurements being made they resulted in a general reorganization of the Amoskeag power plant, the power consumed being found to be largely in excess of that conveyed by the deeds of water.

This was followed by many tests of the power in the different cotton and woolen mills in various parts of New England including two sets of tests of the turbines furnished for the Manchester Water Works. In 1876, Mr. Webber was appointed one of the judges of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia and served on many different groups. In 1879, he published a small, but invaluable book entitled "A Manual of Power."

In 1880, he became one of the founders of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers. In the summer of 1880 he was appointed one of the judges of the cotton exposition at Atlanta, Georgia, and spent some time attending to the duties of that position.

Returning to Manchester, he removed in 1883 to Lawrence, Mass., to advise with his sons in a machine shop which they had established there and where he made the calculations and drawings for a portable dynamometer which they constructed for him and which has since been called by his name. In 1884, he was called to New Orleans, where he laid out the power plant for the New Orleans exhibition and arranged the engines, shafting and machinery exhibited. In the spring of 1885 he removed to his native town of Charlestown, on account of his health. In 1876 he was appointed chairman of the New Hampshire Fish and Game Commission and with the late Judge Sargeant, of Concord, revised and compiled the fish and game laws of the state.

He spent much time examining the lakes and streams of New Hampshire, introduced the fresh water salmon into the lakes at the head of the Merrimack and Connecticut rivers and endeavored to restock the Merrimack with seagoing salmon by constructing hatching houses and fishways. In this attempt he was unsuccessful, however, on account of the pollution of the water by the various manufacturing establishments. In his latter years he did much engineering work, going from his home to where he was needed. He also spent much time in the course of his life in examining steam engines and boilers and testing various forms of boilers and taking indicator cards of engines.

He died at Charlestown, February 23, 1908, at the age of eighty-five.

Beyond the Voices

L. M. PETTES

THE crowd leaned forward expectantly as the next number on the program was announced. It was the typical audience of the New England village that has not yet arrived at the size and dignity to call itself a city, and refinement and intelligence marked the greater part of the eager faces. As the man stepped forward to the platform he was greeted with enthusiastic applause, and a flush, not of embarrassment but of pleasure, overspread his strong and expressive features. He was no stranger to these people, he was one of them, a dweller in their midst, a sharer of their fortunes, touching elbows with them in the marts of trade, yet indefinably lifted above them by the magic of his art.

The homage these home people paid John Earle's genius was very sweet to him and was in part a compensation for the years of hard and often discouraging labor he had experienced in his cultivation of art for art's sake. For although his talent would have won him an honored place upon the public stage, he chose to forego that life and its associations for the humbler lot, and yet was always willing to respond when he might give pleasure to others, and through his rare talent many were given new and higher conceptions of the products of great writers and of the dramatic art than they had ever known. John Earle was the friend of every man, woman and child in Barrington, yet there was that about him that barred intimacy. And, though he was no longer young, no woman had yet called him lover.

As he began speaking to-night, the audience seemed to him to resolve itself into a misty cloud, out from which looked one face, its clear eyes shining, their rapt gaze fastened on him, every inflection of his voice seeming to vibrate on the sensitive chords of the soul that shone forth from the delicate countenance.

This woman before him seemed strangely responsive. Her pale finely molded face was framed with soft and wavy hair, brown—with a sheen of gold in it that gleamed under the lights. She was dressed in a white gown of soft, lacy material, and a single ornament, a gold cross set with diamonds, glittered at her throat. There was an indefinable air of pure fragrance about her, as of an exquisite flower, and Earle could half imagine he detected the faint odor of the white rose at her breast.

For weeks Earle had been conscious of a new presence in the village; she had come among them to fight, and fight bravely, her daily battle in their little business world; a battle which many of sterner mold seek for the mere love of strife, but which, to such as she, is but a dreary round. Something of the tragedy of her life, of her shattered ideals, her broken home, her lonely lot, he had heard from those who make it their chief business in life to unearth family skeletons. He had come to recognize the fact, in their casual meetings, that she held a peculiar fascination for him; he was conscious of a strange thrill, never before experienced, when by chance they met.

Often, when speaking before the home people, Earle selected the old favorites, bringing forth new beauties from choice passages of Shakespeare, reading new meanings into well loved and familiar poems or selections in prose that have

stood the test of time. To-night he elected to present parts from that superb poem of Tennyson which will never grow old, "The Idyls of the King."

In low, expressive tones he began:

"Queen Guinevere had fled the court, and sat
There in the holy house at Almsbury
Weeping, none with her save a little maid,
A novice; one low light betwixt them burned
Blurred by the creeping mist, for all abroad,
Beneath a moon unseen albeit at full,
The white mist, like a face-cloth to the face,
Clung to the dead earth, and the land was still."

He seemed to be speaking to this woman before him alone, and the cadence of his voice held her like a spell. Although there was little similarity between Guinevere's sad tale following the revelation of her love for Lancelot, and the sorrowful life of her who listened, save the common bond of woe, yet she seemed for the time being transferred to other scenes, and, in a by-gone age, suffering the woes of the poet's unhappy queen. In breathless silence all in the room listened to the eloquent unfolding of the tale, and none seemed aware that the speaker was conscious of only one listener, and that she to whom he spake sat as one entranced.

"And then they were agreed upon a night
* * * * to meet,
And part forever: Passion pale they met
And greeted; hands in hands, and eye to eye;
Low on the border of her couch they sat
Stammering and staring; it was their last hour,
A madness of farewells."

Then, his wondrous voice rising and falling like the sobbing and moaning voices of the wind in a storm, he gave the story of that lonely flight, when "They rode to the divided way, kissed and parted weeping, * * * But she to Almsbury fled, all night by the waste and weald,
And heard the spirits of the waste and weald,
Moan as she fled."

In spirit the spell-bound listener rode through the long night with Guinevere, coming in the morning to the peaceful nunnery, and, hardly conscious of her own identity, passed with the unhappy queen the weary days and nights with the holy sisterhood.

In agony of pain she experienced the heart-rending misery of that hour when King Arthur found his well loved though faithless queen, and in words of almost divine pity and forgiveness held out the hope that

"Hereafter, in that world where all are pure
We two may meet before high God, and
Thou wilt spring to me and know
I am thy husband."

All the agony of their parting was for the time being hers; all the bitterness of the revelation when the holy sisters learned the rank and station of their charge, and why she was among them; all the weariness of the after years.

With exquisite pathos the speaker uttered his closing lines:

"And she, still hoping, fearing, 'Is it yet too late?'
Dwelt with them till at last their Abbess died,
Then she for her good deeds and her pure life,
And for the power of ministration in her,
And likewise for the high rank she had bourne,
Was chosen Abbess, there, and Abbess lived,

For three brief years, and there an Abbess past
To where beyond these voices there is peace."

"To where, beyond these voices there is peace." As his voice lingered sadly over these lines she vanished before him. She was unnoticed by the audience, which was so busily engaged applauding that her quiet departure to the balcony beyond was seen by none save one.

How he got through the humorous selection expected by his hearers, he hardly knew. Drawn irresistibly toward the door through which he had seen her pass, he followed, groping his way quietly across the dimly lighted balcony, guided by the sound of repressed sobbing. As she recognized the sound of footsteps she tried to shrink back into the shadows. He found her quickly but when she saw who approached she drew back still further into the darkness and bowed her head upon her hands.

"What is it?" he asked, softly, placing a kind hand upon the bowed head.

At the sound of his voice and the touch of his hand she was again shaken with ill-controlled weeping.

"What is it?" he repeated patiently.

"O, why am I so childish!" she exclaimed, trying bravely to rally herself. "I, who have seen the full measure of life's woe, seen all that makes life worth the living swept ruthlessly away by the hand of fate, and gift of my love—or what I believed to be love—trampled on and thrown back, crushed beyond repair." She voiced her plaint drearily and as though to unseen hearers. "Love is such a mockery—such a mockery," she repeated.

And even as she railed at love there was a strange new emotion rising within her, something she could not define or understand, an emotion born in the subjective mind and closely linked with all things spiritual. She began to feel strangely at peace, yet distrustful.

"Why did I permit myself to sit under the magic spell of your voice to-night, held by your compelling gaze, and listen until heartbroken over the woes of a woman who never existed, save in a poet's imagination? Haven't I woe enough of my own?"

He had taken both her hands and once more, in the dim half-light, they were looking in each other's eyes, she with the hunted look of a frightened animal in her soft brown eyes, he with untold tenderness.

"I pray God that I too may, some way, pass to where beyond these voices there is peace," she added more quietly.

"Poor child, poor little girl," he said softly.

"The world is indeed a dreary abiding place with many a 'waste and weald;' only in perfect love is there abiding peace. As I looked in your face to-night I knew that, whether you yet realized it or not, I had at last met the one who has been mine and will be mine through all time. For us henceforth there shall be no more solitary places."

With a little cry, as of one who sees the lights of home after long wandering, she clung to him murmuring:

"At last—beyond the voices—here is peace."

New Hampshire Men and Matters

Recollections of a Busy Life

HENRY H. METCALF

Chapter Four

GRADUATING with my class, in the spring of 1865, after a successful examination and the presentation of a thesis on the "Law of Marriage" which was highly commended by Prof. Cooley, I found my way back home amid the New Hampshire hills, while my chum and classmate, Merrill, found his way to the west. As I heretofore indicated I was in a precarious state of health and weakened physical condition, but not so weak but that I was able to appreciate the change of scene and air. I found that during the year previous my father, finding the care and labor incident to carrying on a large farm too much for his advancing years, had sold the Grout Hill farm, and removed to another of less extent, across the Cold River valley, and just above the old Aaron Brown homestead, where in recent years the late B. Frank Tucker of Concord used to spend his summers, it having passed into the hands of his son, True, now residing in Lowell, Mass. Making my way to this place, I was thankful that for a time at least I was anchored in a real home, like which there is no other place, as the poet has said, no matter how humble it may be.

I remained at home during the entire season following my return east, gradually regaining my health and strength, and was able to assist in the farm work to some extent, especially in the haying season, a kind of labor which always appealed to me more than any other kind of farm work. By the close of autumn I had effectually recovered my health, and finding it necessary to engage in some occupation which would bring a little financial return I entered the employ of James H. Brown who was a near neighbor and was then carrying on the home place where the large family of Aaron Brown had been reared. The family included four sons and three daughters, all of whom were away from home except James H. and all married except him and George R., to whom I have heretofore referred. The oldest son, Isaac, was settled in Indiana, and the second, John C., was a resident of the town of Walpole, where he was a prominent citizen, and at one time a representative in the Legislature.

My work in the winter consisted, mainly, in cutting poplar wood, of which there was a considerable growth on the Brown farm, for pulp manufacture, and although I was not an adept in the use of the axe, I managed to get along very comfortably on account of the readiness with which this particular wood is cut. As spring opened up and the maple sugar season approached, we proceeded to build a new sugar house, the frame for which I hewed out and Mr. Brown and myself proceeded to erect. I never claimed to be a carpenter, and this sugar house was the only building whose erection I ever supervised. How long it stood I am unable to say, but I am sure that it served its purpose that year, for

I assisted through the sugar season and there was a very creditable amount of the sweet stuff produced.

It may properly be stated here that the town of Acworth in those days, and long before, was celebrated for the large amount of maple sugar produced within its borders. At one time it claimed to lead all other towns in the state in this regard, though the towns of Warren and Sandwich were always leading competitors.

The old South Acworth Lyceum was revived and actively functioned during the fall of 1865 and the subsequent winter, though there had been considerable change in the membership since the days before my Michigan adventure. Ezra M. and Edward M. Smith, who had come over from Alstead in the former days and participated in the debates, had studied law, been admitted to the bar and gone into practice, the former at Peterborough and the latter at Paper Mill Village, as the main settlement in Alstead was then called; and Orville Slater, who had been a frequent and forceful speaker had gone into the restaurant business in Boston; while Frank Whitman, another prominent participant, had entered the Union Army and been killed in the service; but James A. Wood was still "on deck," as voluble as ever, and the debating team was reinforced by Elisha M. Kempton, a returned soldier and a ready speaker, who was residing with his father on a farm near the Cold River road. Mr. Kempton, by the way, subsequently removed to Newport, where he held the office of register of deeds for Sullivan County, and afterwards that of register of probate for many years. At last accounts he was still living, retaining his mental faculties in good measure, at the remarkable age of 98 years.

Another new recruit was A. Dean Keyes, of whom I spoke while mentioning the lawyers who had gone out from Acworth. His father, Adna Keyes, was a prominent citizen who had been a carpenter as well as a farmer, residing on the eastern border of the town, but had retired from active labor and removed to the village of South Acworth, where he had built a fine residence. He had a daughter, Jennie, younger than A. Dean, who was a very attractive girl and a fine musician. She subsequently married a man named Merriam and resided in California. At last accounts she was living in Venice, on the Pacific coast of that state.

The female contingent in the Lyceum was strengthened by the active cooperation of one Emma Nelson, who was teaching the South Acworth school. She was a talented young woman, a sister of Mrs. Henry W. Blair, and very active and efficient in the literary work of the Lyceum, in which papers and essays in goodly numbers were presented. I took an active part in the Lyceum work, both in the debates and in writing for the paper. In the course of the winter the Lyceum put on what was called an "exhibition," in which the leading feature was the presentation of a play entitled "The Quiet Family," in which I took the part of Mr. Benjamin Bibbs. I do not recall the other principal characters, but I distinctly remember that "Snarly and Grumpy," the maid and waiter, were personified by Miss Nellie Atwood and Charles A. Brackett, then young people about fifteen years of age. The latter became a distinguished dentist at Newport, R. I., to whom I have previously referred, and the former was the second wife of the late W. P. Chamberlain of Keene, the well known merchant, musician and poet, author of the song, "Hurrah for Old New England." She is

still living in that city, and is noted for her works of benevolence.

In the spring of 1866, having fully recovered my health, I made arrangements to continue my study of law in the office of Hon. Edmund Burke, of Newport. I lived in the family of Mr. Burke and for the sake of necessary physical exercise, as well as for my financial advantage, arranged to pay my board by caring for his horse and garden and doing some work on a few acres of land which he owned near the village. Albert S. Wait had been in partnership with Mr. Burke, but the partnership was dissolved soon after I entered the office. Mr. Burke and Mr. Wait still continued to occupy adjoining rooms as previously. A young man named Marquis D. McCollister, or Collister, as he called himself, having dropped the Mc, was studying with Mr. Wait at this time. In another office down the street, that of Shepard L. Bowers, was another student in the person of Alfred R. Howard of Marlow, who subsequently became prominent in Republican politics in Portsmouth, and was long secretary and executive officer of the Granite State Fire Insurance Co. Other lawyers, aside from Burke, Wait and Bowers, practicing in Newport at that time, were Levi W. Barton, father of Jesse M. of present day fame, and W. H. H. Allen, who shortly removed to Claremont, and later became a judge of the Supreme Court. He was the father of Judge John A. Allen.

I remained with Mr. Burke through the season, and at the fall term of court I was admitted to the bar. The president of the Sullivan County Bar Association at that time was Hon. Edmund L. Cushing of Charlestown, who was made chief justice of the Supreme Court on the occasion of a Democratic overturn at a later date. It was on his motion, seconded by Ira Colby of Claremont, that I was admitted to the bar, and although, as it happened, I never engaged in practice, I suppose I am now the oldest member of the bar in New Hampshire.

Mr. Burke was a man of remarkable ability and, though not a college graduate, he was better informed on all subjects than any college man whom I have ever met, being a great reader and endowed with a wonderful memory. Although a good lawyer, with a thorough comprehension of fundamental principles, he was not so familiar with books as Mr. Wait, who though I was not his student, was ever ready to give me needed assistance. Mr. Wait, in his prime, was said to have a greater knowledge of what the books said than any other lawyer in the state; but in the ability to apply the law to any particular case he was surpassed by Mr. Burke. I have said that Mr. Burke was a great reader, and well he might be for he had one of the largest and best libraries in the state, aside from his large law library, and I enjoyed the privilege of using it to my heart's content, and derived therefrom more general information in reading, evenings and Sundays while there, than in the same length of time before or since.

In the realm of politics and knowledge of the science of government Mr. Burke was the peer of any man living. He had served six years, with distinction, in the National House of Representatives, and four years as commissioner of Patents under President Polk, and was for a time later an associate editor of the *Washington Union,* then the leading Democratic paper in the country, in which latter position he evinced remarkable facility and vigor as a writer, which he had manifested previously in published communications and essays, and which writing continued at intervals through

life. In fact it was the reputation he gained as editor of the *Argus and Spectator* that insured his first election to Congress. He wrote a series of essays on the tariff over the signature of "Bundlecund," which was afterward published in pamphlet form and really became a classic in economic literature, and which furnished a basis for the celebrated "Walker Tariff" of 1846, under which the country prospered until the time of the Civil War. While he was commissioner of Patents the Bureau of Agriculture (since raised to a Department) was established, and was attached to the Patent office, and it is a fact not generally known that the first agricultural report was written by Mr. Burke, who, by the way, was made the Sullivan County member when the State Board of Agriculture was established in 1871. Nor is it so generally known as it should be that it was through the influence of Mr. Burke, whose wide acquaintance and thorough knowledge of political means and methods gave him unwonted skill in the manipulation of conventions that Gen. Franklin Pierce, New Hampshire's only president, secured the nomination of his party, in the hard fought battle of the Baltimore Convention of 1852.

There had been a Lyceum in Newport years before, but it had gradually fallen into the discard, and had not been in operation for some time, but largely through the efforts of the three law students in town, Collister, Howard and myself, it was revived in the fall of 1866, and some lively and interesting sessions were held. Some of the lawyers and other prominent citizens, among the most active of whom were Rev. Paul S. Adams, a retired Baptist clergyman, and Col. Edmund Wheeler, as well as the students in question, participated in the debates; and several young ladies of the town contributed efficiently to the miscellaneous and literary program. One of the most prominent of these was Miss Etta Guild, a native of Walpole, who was then an assistant in the Newport postoffice. She was a talented musician in both vocal and instrumental lines, and especially an interesting writer. She subsequently became the wife of R. W. Musgrove, a newspaper publisher of Bristol, and the mother of the one time celebrated "Musgrove Family" of musical entertainers, of whom Miss Mary Musgrove, her father's successor as publisher of the *Bristol Enterprise*, and E. A. Musgrove of Hanover, a long time publisher of the *Gazette*, and once speaker of the N. H. House of Representatives, still remain in the state.

I continued my law study through the winter, when I found it necessary to earn a little money and set out on a canvassing trip, selling a book entitled "The Origin of the War," written by one George Lunt of Boston, who was a friend of Mr. Burke, through whom I became interested in the book. I operated in Keene, Manchester, Henniker, Hillsboro, and other places in the lower part of the state, and up the Montreal Railroad as far as Plymouth, and although my commission was not large and my sales not as numerous as I had hoped, I made a little money and some acquaintances that proved advantageous in later years. Among Democrats with whom I became acquainted while thus engaged, and whose friendship I enjoyed many years, were Horatio Colony of Keene, and William O. Folsom of Henniker; and among the Republicans who showed me much kindness and whose friendship I later enjoyed were Charles Gillis of Hillsboro and Henry W. Blair, then a Plymouth lawyer, and later a member of Congress and a U. S. Senator. Mr. Blair was especially kind and courteous, learning that I was a law student, and

labored in vain to convert me to Republicanism, which he assured me would be to my advantage.

While out on a canvassing trip I learned that I had been elected from my home town of Acworth as a delegate to the Democratic State Convention, held in Concord early in January, 1867, my associate being Adna Keyes to whom I just referred. When the time came I found my way to Concord and quartered at the old Columbian Hotel. Who was the proprietor at that time I do not recall, but I remember that the clerk with whom I registered was Joseph Mace, who was later in charge of the State House under Gov. Weston, and still later was clerk at the American House. His son, Frank P. Mace, was subsequently a prominent Democrat of Concord, and for some years proprietor of a bookstore now known as "Gibson's."

This convention was presided over by Mr. Burke who made a vigorous speech. John G. Sinclair of Bethlehem was nominated for governor, and made a sharp contest in the campaign against Walter Harriman, the Republican nominee. It will be remembered that a leading feature of the Sinclair-Harriman campaign was a series of joint debates which commanded great public interest. Harriman was a rhetorical speaker who wrote out his speeches and committed them; while Sinclair was a ready, offhand debater, who generally had the best of it in the contest, but Harriman won the election.

I had planned ultimately to go into law practice somewhere in the northern part of the state, having the village of Groveton in Coos County particularly in mind, influenced perhaps by the fact that Mr. Burke had started out on his professional career in that part of the state. With that object in view, and thinking to introduce myself to the people of the north country, I conceived the idea of starting a newspaper in that region, and selected the town of Littleton as an eligible point for the enterprise. Not having the capital to finance the project, I bethought myself of a former Lempster boy with whom I was acquainted, who had learned the printer's trade and had been working at the same for some time in Vermont. His name was Chester E. Carey and he was then employed on the *Vermont Union*, published by C. M. Chase at Lyndon. I made a trip to Lyndon and consulted Mr. Carey, who had saved a little money, and found him desirous of going into the newspaper business. It was finally agreed that Littleton was a promising point for such enterprise, and not long after, he and I met in that place to survey the field and see what could be done. We proposed to start a Democratic weekly paper, and found the leading Democrats of the town very agreeable to such an enterprise, and promising a hearty support.

There was a small local paper then published in the town by one Rowell, who had a fair printing plant, but not much business, and who was quite willing to sell. A bargain was consummated by which he was to transfer his plant and business to Mr. Carey in the fall, when we were to establish the new paper. In the meantime Mr. Carey resumed his work in Lyndon and I devoted myself to canvassing Grafton County and southern Coos for subscriptions for this proposed new paper. In the course of the season I travelled many hundred miles, mostly on foot, interesting the leading Democrats in the various towns in the project, securing what subscriptions I could, and making the acquaintance and gaining the friendship of many men, which I found of no small advantage in later years, entirely independent of the enterprise then in hand, which seemed to be assured a substantial support.

The last week in September saw us actively at work in Littleton, and on the fourth day of October the first issue of the *White Mountain Republic* devoted to the advocacy of Democratic principles, and the material welfare and progress of northern New Hampshire, made its appearance, with C. E. Carey publisher and H. H. Metcalf editor; terms $2.00 a year in advance. The appearance of a Democratic newspaper in Littleton was heartily welcomed by the loyal members of the party in the town and surrounding region, of whom there were many, as that part of the state was regarded as the stronghold of the Democracy. Harry Bingham was not only the leading lawyer of the north country, but also the acknowledged leader of the Democratic party, not only there but in the state at large; while his brother, George A., was scarcely less prominent. James J. Barrett, an ex-state Senator, and moderator of the town when the Democrats were in control, which was not always, as the parties were about evenly divided, was also active in party affairs, as was Charles C. Smith, a long time town clerk, at whose store and tin shop the clans gathered every evening to discuss political affairs and settle the fate of the nation.

Leaders of the party in surrounding towns strongly interested in the paper, were William H. Cummings and Edward D. Rand of Lisbon, the latter of whom afterward became judge of the new Circuit Court established when the Democrats got control under Gov. Weston; Michael M. Stevens of Lyman, afterward a resident of Lisbon, who along with Jeremiah Blodgett of Wentworth was a trusted lieutenant of Harry Bingham in Grafton County politics; John G. Sinclair of Bethlehem, Democratic candidate for governor, sharing leadership honors with Mr. Bingham for many years, and Elzear B. Parker of Franconia, the eldest of a notable family of brothers one of whom was Charles Parker, first head of the famous Parker and Young manufacturing company of Lisbon. There were also some earnest working Democrats in southern Coos who were hearty supporters of the paper, whose acquaintance I had made during my canvassing experience, prominent among who were Nathan R. Perkins of Jefferson, David M. Aldrich of Whitefield and Dr. John W. Barney of Lancaster. There was no Democratic paper in Lancaster, or anywhere in the state north of Littleton at that time. Colonel Henry O. Kent, who afterward became an active Democrat and the party candidate for governor as well as representative in Congress, was then publishing the *Coos Republican,* as a Republican party organ.

I have a vivid remembrance of a walking excursion to Franconia village, near where were located the famous "Iron Works" in the early days, and later and now the seat of Dow Academy, taken on a glorious autumn day in late October, when I made my first approach to the heart of the mountains, and saw many of the good citizens of the place. I got back to Littleton before dark, with about $25 of subscription money in my pocket, from new subscribers for the new *Republic.* I thought I had done a pretty good job. I remember another trip, this time taken for an evening gathering of Democrats at Sinclair's hotel in Bethlehem, when I came back to Littleton with a handsome cash contribution for the benefit of the newspaper, which was so gladly welcomed by the party. There had been a Democratic paper in Littleton some years before, established by one Francis A. Eastman during the Pierce campaign in 1852, and called the *Ammonoosuc Reporter,* but it lived only

a few years, Mr. Eastman going west to enter a larger field, and his successor not proving equal to the situation.

I continued my editorial work through the winter to the best of my ability, and became so attached to it that I reliquished all thought of law practice, and determined to devote myself to a newspaper career, with special reference to the support of Democratic principles, hoping for a wider field of effort in the not-distant future, and with that thought in my mind, and because I was not entirely satisfied with my association with Mr. Carey, I withdrew from my position in the following spring and left Littleton, looking for an engagement in a larger place.

Fortunately, as is seemed, I had not long to wait. John H. Pearson of Concord, a well known merchant and manufacturer, who had built the flour mills at Penacook, and who had just been defeated as the Democratic candidate for state Senator in that district, through the treachery of a group of Democrats supporting the old *N. H. Patriot,* and who had become interested in railroad affairs, in connection with other men opposed to the policy of those then controlling the management of the Concord Railroad, had determined to establish a new Democratic paper in Concord and had gone to work to carry out his project. He associated a few other active Democrats with himself, but kept the control in his own hands. The paper was named *The People,* its prime object being the defence of the people's rights, as founded on Jeffersonian democratic principles—"Equal rights for all and special privileges for none." Mr. Pearson's son, Charles C., who had just graduated from Dartmouth, was to be the publisher, though the firm name was Charles C. Pearson & Co.

An important item in the plan for the launching of the new enterprise was the selection of a political editor, who should also serve as managing editor, and superintend the general make up of the paper. One Samuel Burnham, a writer of some note and a friend of Charles C. Pearson, had been selected as literary editor, and William H. Gilmore of Henniker, who was a practical printer and had once been publisher of an agricultural paper in Manchester, was employed to superintend the mechanical work, and also to edit an agricultural department; but the choice of a political editor remained to be made. Finally, through some means or other, Mr. Pearson heard of me and invited me to come to Concord for a conference, and I promptly responded to the call. After due consideration it was arranged that I should take the position and do the work at a salary which seemed to me fairly munificent at the time, but which would be comparatively meager in these latter days. As I was young, and generally unknown among the party leaders in the state at large, it was deemed advisable, in order to command support, that some other name than mine —that of a well known Democratic leader—should appear as editor for a time and so an arrangement was made with Hon. Thomas J. Smith, who had been in the practice of law at Wentworth, had represented the town in the House, and his district in the Senate, and had a fine reputation as a speaker, and who had recently removed to Dover, that he should be advertised as editor and myself as assistant editor. Here I may be pardoned for saying that although he came up from Dover one day in the week for the sake of appearances, and sometimes wrote an article for my revision, I was in fact the editor and Mr. Smith could not fairly be called even an assistant, I might also add that the arrangement continued only for a year,

when his name was dropped from the paper and his service ended.

Early in the summer the first issue of the paper, which was a sample number, appeared, and after a brief interval devoted to active canvassing for subscriptions, the regular publication began, and before the legislative session for 1868 closed the paper was in full running order.

(*To be continued.*)

A Song of the Granite State

POTTER SPAULDING

(Tune—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains")

New Hampshire, dear New Hampshire!
Thy children sing thy praise!
Our fathers learned to love thee
'Mid dangerous, trying days!
Their hardships and their toiling
Make thee to us more dear,
The fruits of their great labors
Increasing year by year!

We love thy lakes and mountains,
They're Nature's treasure store!
Abundantly thy fountains
Their blessings on us pour!
Thy hills and streams and pinewoods,
Thy villages and farms,
Are always in their best moods,
And full of happy charms!

Prosperity is smiling!
Come, friend, and prosper too!
Success is here beguiling,
Your dreams may all come true!
Afar from Life's rough highways,
O'er roads both smooth and wide,
'Mid green inviting byways
Your life content may glide!

New Hampshire's friends are legion!
Each year brings faces new!
They come from every region
Our grand old state to view!
Farewells are never spoken!
Good-byes are all unknown!
Friendships are never broken!
New Hampshire keeps her own!

New Hampshire Necrology

COL. HENRY W. ANDERSON

Henry W. Anderson, born in Bath, Me., November 25, 1864; died in Exeter, N. H., April 25, 1929.

He was the son of Samuel and Almira M. (Norton) Anderson. He removed to Exeter in early life, and was for many years a druggist there, but later was engaged in the coal and wood business. He was a Republican, and active in public life. He served two terms in the State Legislature and was a member of the staff of Gov. John McLane. He was president of the Exeter Cooperative Bank and a director of the Exeter Banking Co.; also at one time a trustee of the New Hampshire State Hospital.

He is survived by one son and three daughters, his wife having died several years ago.

DR. SAM S. DEARBORN

Sam Starrett Dearborn, born in Milford, June 30, 1872; died in Nashua, May 3, 1929.

He was the son of Dr. Sam G. and Henrietta (Starrett) Dearborn, and was educated in the Nashua schools, Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard College and the Harvard Medical School, and located in the practice of medicine in his native city, continuing through life.

He was a member of the American College of Surgeons, of the N. H. Surgical Club, and of the Hillsborough County, N. H. State and American Medical Societies, and a member of the staff of the Memorial and St. Joseph's hospitals of Nashua. He had served as a member of the Nashua Board of Health, and the Board of Education, and was a director of the Second National Bank. He was a Mason and a Unitarian.

He is survived by his wife, who was Miss Mary Harmon Chandler.

DR. GEORGE W. CURRIER

George Washington Currier, born in Wilmot, N. H., March 8, 1841; died in Nashua, May 10, 1929.

He was the son of Nathan and Mary J. Currier, and was educated in the public schools and the Nashua Literary Institute, having removed to Nashua in early life. He studied medicine and was graduated from the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1864, and immediately commenced practice in Nashua, where he was eminently successful. He also became prominent in pharmacy, and was at one time a partner in the firm of Blanchard and Currier. He was at one time a member of the Nashua Board of Education and served as city physician, and on the U. S. Board of Pension Examiners.

For many years past his chief work has been in the interests of the Masonic order, in which no man in the state was more prominent. He was a prime mover in the creating of the Masonic Temple in Nashua, and for 30 years represented New Hampshire in the Supreme Council of the order in which he had held offices as follows: Worshipful master of Rising Sun lodge, 1873-1875; grand master of Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, 1888-1889; grand high priest to Royal Arch Chapter, 1879, thrice illustrious master of Israel Hunt Commandery, 1879-1880; grand master of Grand Council of New Hampshire, 1918; commander of St. George Commandery, 1878; and grand commander of Grand Commandery, 1891.

Dr. Currier had been twice married, first to Abba S. Walker, who died in 1888, and, second, to Emily N. Walsh, also now deceased.

DEACON JOHN C. THORNE

John Calvin Thorne, born in Concord, November 6, 1842; died there May 10, 1929.

He was the son of Calvin and Cynthia (Morgan) Thorne, was educated in the Concord schools and Kimball Union Academy, and in 1864 entered into partnership with his father who had been a pioneer in the shoe trade in Concord. He continued the business after his father's death in 1884. When the business was incorporated as the Thorne Shoe Co. in 1911, he became president, but retired in 1914.

He was a Republican in politics and had served as president of the Concord Common Council, and as a member of the Board of Aldermen, but his chief interest was as a member of the First Congregational Church of Concord, of which he had been a deacon for a generation. He was a member and had been president of the Merrimack Valley Congregational Club, and was long the treasurer of the Congregational Ministers and Widows Fund; also for 20 years treasurer of the Prisoner's Aid Association.

He was a member and past president of the N. H. Bible Society, and was long corresponding secretary of the N. H. Historical Society, and had been a trustee of the N. H. Savings Bank from 1880. He was governor of the N. H. Society of Colonial Wars from 1903 to 1906, and deputy governor general of the National society from 1912 to 1918. He was a prolific writer upon historical and religious subjects, and a frequent contributor to the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Deacon Thorne married Mary Gordon Nichols July 8, 1873. She died last January. He is survived by an adopted daughter, Elsie Thorne Hayes, wife of the Rev. James A. Hayes, and their four children.

FRANK R. PINKHAM

Frank R. Pinkham, born in Newmarket, October 9, 1854; died there May 12, 1929.

He was the son of Hollis and Abbie (Meserve) Pinkham and was educated in the public schools and Tilton Seminary. Upon the completion of his schooling he established the Newmarket *Advertiser*, a weekly paper in Newmarket, in September, 1873, and continued its publication through life, being one of the oldest publishers, if not the oldest, in the state.

He had served as town treasurer and treasurer of the school district. He was a Mason, Knight of Pythias and a Red Man, and is survived by a widow and two married daughters.

FRANKLIN P. RELLOM

Franklin Pierce Rellom, born in West Concord, N. H., August 16, 1852; died in Winchester, N. H., April 16, 1929.

He was the son of Stephen W. and Sarah E. (Ferrin) Rellom, and was educated in the public schools, and at Contoocook Academy. He served for four years in youth as clerk in a mercantile establishment in Contoocook, and in 1873, entered the office of the old New Hampshire *Patriot* as clerk and bookkeeper. When the *Patriot* was combined with the *People*, he was engaged as business manager and cashier continuing till 1892. In 1893 he was appointed as U. S. National Bank Examiner for New Hampshire by President Cleveland, serving till 1897, when he removed to Winchester and became Cashier of the Winchester National Bank.

He was a Democrat in politics, and represented Ward 3, Concord, in the Legislature in 1881-2. He served as treasurer of Merrimack County in 1883-4, and was a representative from Winchester in the House in 1904-5. He also served for several years while in Concord, as auditor of public printers' accounts.

In religion Mr. Rallom was a Methodist, and active in the affairs of the Baker Memorial Church while in Concord, as he was also prominent in church work in Winchester. He retired as cashier of the bank several years ago, and engaged extensively in lumbering, but remained as vice president.

On April 8, 1884, he married Mary M. Patton of Lees, Ohio, who survives with three sons, all college graduates, the eldest, James S., succeeding his father as cashier of the Winchester National Bank.

DR. EMILE D. MIVILLE

Emile D. Miville, born in Manchester, May 2, 1885; died there May 15, 1929.

He was the son of Francis C. and Josephine L. (Le Claire) Miville and was educated in the Manchester schools, graduating from St. Joseph's high school in 1903. His father was a prominent pharmacist, and for five years after leaving school he was engaged in his father's pharmacy, but decided to study medicine, and graduated in 1911 from the medical department of the University of Vermont, settling in practice in his native city after serving as an intern in a New York hospital.

Politically he was a Democrat, and was a member of the staff of Gov. Fred H. Brown. He was appointed a member of the Manchester Board of Health by Mayor Verette in 1918, and had served continuously since, being chairman of the board at the time of his death, as well as a member of the staff of the Notre Dame Hospital.

Dr. Miville served as lieutenant in the Medical Corps in the World War being stationed at Camp Greenbery, Ga., and was a captain in the Medical Corps of the 97th Division of Organized Reserves at the time of his death. He was a member of the Order of Elks and several Franco-American Societies as well as the Joliet and LaFayette clubs.

He was married, October 12, 1912, to Miss Eva Blanch Gauvin of Manchester, who survives, with one daughter, Miss Marcelle Miville.

Frank W. Rollins
President 1897-1914

Old Home Week

New Hampshire's Great Midsummer Festival

BY AN OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTOR

OLD Home Week is peculiarly a New Hampshire institution. It was established by Gov. Frank West Rollins in the summer of 1899. What inspired him with the idea is unknown, but that the idea was a good one is not to be disputed. The fact that annual town picnics had been held, for some years, in Nelson, Swanzey, Middleton and some other towns in the state, in the midsummer season, and "Old People's" gatherings in Cornish and Croydon, may have been called to his attention and inspired his action; but it is sufficient to know that the action was taken, that it was widely approved by the people of the state, and that the institution may now be regarded as permanently established. Other states set out to copy it—notably Maine and Massachusetts, but no State Association was formed in either, and the movement fell through, so far as any concerted state action is concerned; but some towns in these and other states hold occasional "Old Home Day" observances; some in Pennsylvania and some even in the far west.

It is matter of record that Governor Rollins made the first suggestion of an Old Home Week at a gathering of the "Sons of New Hampshire" in Boston, when he is recorded as having said: "I have a scheme which I think promises to help the state, and which I hope to see put into execution. It is this, to have a week in summer set apart, to be called 'Old Home Week,' and to make it an annual affair. I would have every town and city in the state make up lists of all its native-born sons and daughters living in other states, and send them an urgent invitation to be present through the week. I would have at Concord, during the week, appropriate exercises of a literary character, and also an exhibition of the products and industries of the state, I would make it a carnival week there. I would have it a part of the program that every visitor should, during the week, go to the place of his nativity and see what he or she could do to assist in the improvement and beautifying of the place, and its general upbuilding and uplifting. Is it not possible that such a plan would result in much benefit to the state, and also in the returning to her of many of her sons who have wandered abroad?"

This scheme of the governor was widely endorsed, and it finally seemed advisable to form an organization to carry out the plan, and, at the governor's suggestion, the State Board of Agriculture assumed the responsibility of calling a meeting for the purpose. Such meeting was held in Representatives hall in the State House, on June 6, 1899. Governor Rollins presided and, after calling to order, opened the meeting with appropriate remarks, setting forth the object in view and bespeaking general co-operation. There were several hundred people in attendance, representing all sections of the state and various interests, including selectmen of towns and delegates from different state societies, representatives of the Grange being particularly prominent.

Many speakers followed the governor, heartily favoring the project, and finally a committee, consisting of N. J. Bachelder of Andover, Joseph B. Walker and Gardner B. Emmons of Concord, Charles McDaniel of Springfield, and F. E. Roby of Chester, was appointed to submit a plan for a permanent organization of a state Old Home Week Association. A constitution and a set of by-laws, which had already been prepared, was submitted by the committee, and adopted. The constitution provided that the officers of the association should consist of a president, ten vice presidents—one from each county in the state—secretary, treasurer, and an executive committee of three members, and the meeting proceeded to elect the following:

President, Governor Frank W. Rollins, Concord.

Vice Presidents, Joseph B. Walker, Concord; Joseph D. Roberts, Rollinsford; John W. Sanborn, Sanbornville; Charles McDaniel, Springfield; Bertram S. Ellis, Keene; George T. Cruft, Bethlehem; Gordon Woodbury, Manchester; True L. Norris, Portsmouth; Charles E. Tilton, Tilton, and Chester B. Jordan, Lancaster.

Secretary, Nahum J. Batchelder, Andover.

Treasurer, Harry H. Dudley, Concord.

Executive Committee, Edward N. Pearson, Concord; William H. Stinson, Dunbarton; Henry H. Metcalf, Concord.

It may be remarked in this connection, as significant of the changes which time has wrought, that of this list of sixteen officers, chosen at the organization thirty years ago, only five—the secretary, treasurer, two vice presidents and one member of the executive committee—are now living.

The date of Old Home Week for 1899 was left to be fixed by the executive board who finally settled upon the week from August 26 to and including September 1. Local Old Home Week Associations were formed in sixty-five towns, but, as it happened, not all of them succeeded in holding an Old Home Day observance. In about fifty towns formal Old Home exercises were held on some day in the week, and in many others special services, pertinent to the occasion, were held in the churches, which services have generally been continued on successive Old Home Sundays, and many other churches have adopted the custom.

Lists of natives and former residents abroad were made up in the various towns, and invitations sent to all to be present and join in the festivities of Old Home Week. Governor Rollins issued the following formal invitation from the executive department of the state government: "The residents of New Hampshire have conceived the idea of celebrating the week of August 26 to September 1 of the present year as Old Home Week and of inviting every person who ever lived in New Hampshire, and the descendants of former residents, to return and visit the scenes of their youth and renew acquaintance with the people.

"It affords me pleasure, as Governor of New Hampshire, to extend this invitation in behalf of our people, and to assure those who may be able to accept that they will receive a cordial greeting in any section of the old Granite State.

"During this week our people intend to keep open house, and the doors of our hospitality will be swung wide open. A

Nahum J. Bachelder
Secretary 1899-1914

large number of towns and cities in the state will have local celebrations during the week to which all are cordially invited.

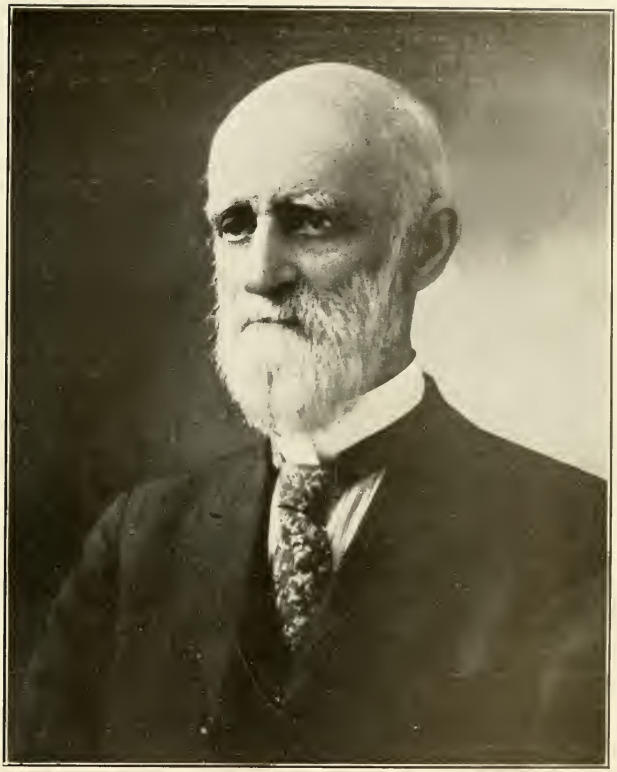
"Old Home Week appeals to every person of mature years, father, mother and children, and when you think of the old home, you bring back the tenderest memories possessed by man—true love, perfect faith, holy reverence, high ambitions—the long, long thoughts of youth. Few states have furnished more men and women who have achieved distinction and renown than New Hampshire, and our people hold these sons and daughters in high regard. In behalf of the people of New Hampshire I heartily invite all to whom New Hampshire is a former home, or place of nativity to visit the state during Old Home Week."

The opening of Old Home Week on Saturday was planned with the view of lighting bonfires upon the highest hills or mountains, in the various towns throughout the state, in the evening of that day, thus ushering in the festival with a brilliant illumination, and, although the custom has not generally been followed, as should have been the case, there was a grand display upon that opening night in 1899, when hundreds of hill and mountain tops were blazing with light, from Mt. Washington in the far north, down to Garrison Hill in Dover, within ten miles of the Atlantic. The old Rollins home, the summer resort of the family for years, was situated near the base of Garrison Hill, and it was here, undoubtedly, that the idea of Old Home Week first came to the mind of Governor Rollins. Appropriately one of the most brilliant illuminations of the evening was from the summit of this historic height, lighting up the city of Dover and the entire region for miles around.

Most appropriate, too, was the fact that the first Old Home Day celebration of the season, and therefore the first ever held in the state, was held in the town of Rollinsford within whose limits the Rollins home was located and at which Governor Rollins and family were then stopping. This was held on Saturday, the opening day of Old Home Week, at the Roberts Oaks, under the auspices of the Rollinsford Old Home Week Association, of which Joseph D. Roberts was president and Annie W. Baer, secretary. There was a grand parade headed by the Salmon Falls band of 25 pieces. Dinner was served to all present, in a pavilion erected for the purpose. The exercises of the afternoon opened at 2 o'clock, when Joseph D. Roberts, president of the day, gave an address of welcome, and Governor Rollins made his first Old Home speech. Mrs. Annie Wentworth Baer, the secretary, gave an interesting historical sketch and other speeches and musical selections filled out a delightful program. It may be noted that while Mr. Roberts and Governor Rollins, like the great majority of those who were prominent in connection with the Old Home movement at its inception, have long since passed away, Mrs. Baer is very much "on earth," as the readers of the Granite Monthly are very well aware.

Space does not permit detailed reference to all of the fifty or more celebrations held in the state during this first Old Home Week, but a few of the more important may be mentioned in brief.

One of the most interesting celebrations, if not particularly spectacular, was that held in the old historic town of Boscawen, where a prominent feature was the placing of bronze tablets,



Henry H. Metcalf
President 1914–29
President Emeritus

mounted on granite boulders, at different places of historical note, including the birthplaces of Gen. John A. Dix, William Pitt Fessenden, Gov. Moody Currier, and Charles Carleton Coffin; the first law office of Daniel Webster; the town's first meeting house; the site of the first fort, and the old Webster homestead, owned successively by Daniel Webster and his brother, Ezekiel; which was done by a committee headed by John C. Pearson. In the afternoon there was a long speaking program in the town hall, at which addresses were made by Gov. Rollins, Hon. William E. Chandler, Hon. John Kimball, Rev. A. A. Berle and others, the same being interspersed with excellent music by the Castle Quartet, composed of Messrs. Jackman, Flanders, Fowler and Webster.

The Concord celebration was one of the most elaborate and spectacular demonstrations of the kind ever held in the capital city. Hon. Joseph B. Walker was president of the association, and Hon. Edward N. Pearson, secretary, with a very efficient corps of committees working under them. On the evening of the opening day, Wednesday, August 30, there was a meeting of residents and visiting guests in Phenix Hall, at which Joseph B. Walker presided, and which opened with a grand concert by the Third Regimental band and the Schubert Quartet of Boston; after which the president gave an address of welcome with hearty greeting to all returning sons and daughters, and other visitors from abroad, and then introduced successively, Hon. John Kimball, Rev. J. E. Barry, Hon. Sylvester Dana, Hon. L. I. Stevens and Hon. Moses Humphrey, notable citizens, each of whom addressed the assembly with remarks pertinent to the occasion.

On Thursday, the second day, occurred the grand parade, under direction of Chief Marshal G. Scott Locke, made up of three divisions, embracing military and civic organizations and miscellaneous attractions, of all sorts and kinds. Gov. Rollins rode on horseback, with his staff, accompanied by the Commander of the National Guard, Gen. Tolles of Nashua, and Cols. Scott, Upham and Tetley of the First Brigade with their respective staffs. A striking feature of the third division, which contained many elegant floats and industrial displays, was a 24 horse team driven by George L. Theobald. The parade occupied an hour and a half in passing a given point, and was witnessed by a crowd estimated at 20,000 people; while the public and many private buildings, along the route, were elaborately decorated. Literary exercises were held in Phenix Hall in the afternoon, with Charles R. Corning presiding, and addresses by Mayor Nathaniel E. Martin, Governor Rollins, James O. Lyford, Senator Chandler, President Tucker of Dartmouth College and others. Edna Dean Proctor read her famous poem, "The Hills Are Home," which was written specially for this occasion. An extended program of sports was worked off at the Driving park, after the exercises, and a brilliant display of fireworks, on the Stickney lot, closed the celebration.

Another elaborate celebration, with a grand parade and extensive decorations, was held in the town of Newport, excelling in display any other in the state aside from Concord. A notable feature was an address by Rear Admiral George E. Belknap, Newport's most distinguished son. A poem was read by Edward A. Jenks of Concord, also a Newport native. Addresses were also

Andrew L. Felker
Secretary 1914—

made by Albert S. Wait, George R. Brown, Frank C. Chellis, Rev. George F. Chapin, Rev. James Alexander and others. Sports and a band concert closed the exercises. Newport has held but two Old Home Day observances since—one in 1911, when the 150th anniversary of the town's settlement was observed, and the other in 1923, when the 300th anniversary of the settlement of the state occurred. Few towns in the state have produced as many distinguished sons and daughters as the "Sunshine town," as it is frequently called. Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, in whose honor the N. H. Old Home Week Association has voted to erect a tablet, was born in this town. She was noted as the author of the old school poem, "Mary's Little Lamb," and was a prolific writer of both prose and verse. She was for forty years editor of *Godey's Lady's Book*, at Philadelphia, the first important woman's magazine in the country, but was particularly distinguished for her interest in the establishment of a National Thanksgiving Day, which she finally induced President Grant to proclaim, and which custom has been followed ever since.

Other notable celebrations were held in Dunbarton, Hancock, Henniker, Salem and Walpole. That in the latter town was specially successful; but the town has seemingly lost its public spirit and state pride, and although one of the richest towns in the Connecticut valley has had no celebration for many years past. Many of the towns which celebrated the first year never had another observance; some have had occasional observances; some have celebrated biennially, and one little town—Croydon—celebrates triennially, which is as often as it can afford to do with only 250 inhabitants, especially as it serves a free dinner to all present. A considerable number of towns, however, have celebrated every year since the start; while others have come into line from time to time, so that there were more observances last year than ever before, and it is hoped that on this thirtieth anniversary year there will be a still greater number. No town can do more to advance the general prosperity of the state than to call back its absent sons and daughters periodically, to revisit the scenes and friends of their youth and revive their interest in their old home state. Many who have thus been called back have given substantial evidence of their interest and love. If every considerable town in the state could observe Old Home Day regularly, in the manner that the founder designed, it would do more to advertise New Hampshire that any other scheme that has been or can be devised.

For the first fifteen years, while Governor Rollins was president of the association, N. J. Bachelder remained secretary. In fact it was because of his position as secretary of the Board of Agriculture, and as master of the State Grange, and the wide acquaintance which he enjoyed, and the strong influence that he was able to exert, especially in the rural sections of the state, that he was selected for the position, and the great assistance that he gave in perfecting the organization and carrying on the work amply justified the selection.

For the first few years, while Secretary Bachelder held the office of Commissioner of Immigration, the association was financed from the appropriation given for carrying on the work of that bureau, its work being considered one of the best means of promoting the object of the same; but after the com-

James S. Shaw
President 1929—

mission was abolished the association was left without financial support, which accounts for the fact that for several years no annual report of the association was published. In 1913, however, the legislature first recognized the association, fixed the date of Old Home Week for the week commencing with the third Saturday in August, and provided for a small annual appropriation to aid in conducting its work, which appropriation has been twice slightly increased, so that from 1914 down to the present time an annual report has been issued.

At the annual meeting in 1914 a considerable change was made in the official board, President Rollins and Secretary Bachelder declining further service. The election resulted in the choice of the following officers:

President—Henry H. Metcalf, Concord.

Vice Presidents—Gov. Samuel D. Felker, (Honorary) George A. Wood, Portsmouth; Joseph D. Roberts, Rollinsford; Charles McDaniel, Springfield; George B. Leighton, Dublin; George B. Cox, Laconia; True L. Norris, Portsmouth; Orville P. Smith, Meredith; Mrs. A. Lizzie Sargent, Concord.

Secretary—Andrew L. Felker, Meredith.

Treasurer—George E. Farrand, Concord.

Executive Committee—Richard Pattee, Laconia; George W. Fowler, Pembroke; James S. Shaw, Franklin; William E. Beaman, Cornish; Nathaniel S. Drake, Pittsfield.

The headquarters of the association were continued, as theretofore, in the Department of Agriculture at Concord, Mr. Felker having succeeded Gov. Bachelder as head of the reorganized department. The state treasurer was made the treasurer of the association, and the different incumbents of that office have been named as such ever since; though there have been various changes in vice presidents, the policy for several years past being to name the Governor of the state as first, or honorary vice president, with one from each county in the state.

The towns of Albany and Loudon held their first Old Home Day celebration in 1914. The latter town, for several years past, has contented itself with an Old Home Sunday service, but has made an appropriation for the purpose, and will have a real celebration this year.

Derry had a very elaborate celebration the same year, with a large crowd in attendance, Gov. Samuel D. Felker and Congressman Eugene E. Reed among the guests; but the most imposing affair of the kind that year was in the city of Dover—the only celebration of the sort which Dover ever had. In fact the cities have seldom held any Old Home Day observances, a good share of the inhabitants, aside from the foreign born and their descendants, coming from the surrounding towns, and their old home interest being in those towns. The city government had appropriated $500 for the celebration, while a much larger amount was raised by subscription. There was a parade several miles in length, made up of marching organizations, floats, decorated teams, etc., with band concerts, balloon ascensions and fireworks. The celebration continued through three days, and the searchlight from the battleship, Montana, loaned by the Navy Department, placed in the observatory on Garrison Hill, illumined the country at night for miles around.

New London had a four-day celebration that year, beginning with a bonfire

on the Colby Academy Athletic field, on Saturday evening, an Old Home Sunday service the next day; sports on Monday, with a concert and entertainment in the evening, and a ball game Tuesday morning, when New London defeated Tilton. A picnic dinner was enjoyed at noon, which was followed by a speaking program in the church, at which Charles C. Hayes, Mayor of Manchester, a native of the town, was heard, among others. There have been few Old Home observances in the town since, but this year there is to be an elaborate celebration of the 150th anniversary of the charter of the town, during the first week in August, which will present all the advantages of an Old Home gathering. Berlin also celebrated its 100th anniversary this year, which insured a gathering of the absent sons and daughters with the home folks.

At the annual meeting of the association this year, on June 4, Mr. Metcalf retired from the office of president, but retains his interest in the work of the association. He is succeeded in the presidency by Dr. James S. Shaw of Franklin, who has long been an ardent worker for the cause of Old Home Week.

The other officers of the association for this year are:

Vice Presidents—Gov. Charles W. Tobey (Honorary), George A. Wood, Portsmouth; Lorenzo E. Baer, Rollinsford; J. Fred Beede, Meredith; S. O. Huckins, Mountain View; James C. Farmer, So. Newbury; Miss S. Anna Stearns, Manchester; Elgin A. Jones, Keene; Arthur W. Benway, Lempster; Elmer E. Woodbury, Woodstock; Rev. Kenneth Carmichael, Pittsburg.

Secretary—Andrew L. Felker, Laconia.

Treasurer—Henry E. Chamberlin, Concord.

Executive Committee—Walter H. Tripp, Short Falls; Nathaniel S. Drake, Pittsfield; Agnes Barney Young, Concord; Samuel Head, Hooksett; L. Ashton Rollins, Dover.

That this anniversary year of the New Hampshire great midsummer festival may witness a more general observance than ever before, and greater numbers of the absent sons and daughters of the state in other parts of the country may respond to the call "Come home," revive their love for the old home town, and their pride in the old Granite State, the brightest jewel in the Union galaxy, is sincerely to be hoped.

New Hampshire Men and Matters

Recollections of a Busy Life

HENRY H. METCALF

CHAPTER FIVE

MR. GILMORE and I roomed at the house of a widow lady named Sanborn, on Green St., adjacent to the house on the corner which stood on the site of the present Central Telephone station, which was then occupied by Rev. D. W. Faunce, pastor of the First Baptist Church and father of the Rev. W. H. D. Faunce, D. D., long the president of Brown University, who fitted for college at the Concord High School. We took our meals at the American House, at first, but subsequently found a more convenient boarding place.

As we have mentioned Rev. D. W. Faunce as pastor of the First Baptist Church at the time of our advent in Concord, we may as well mention the pastors of other churches, the oldest and most notable of which is the First Congregational, generally known as the North Church, whose history is almost contemporaneous with that of Concord itself, the church having been organized simultaneously with the ordination and installation of the first minister, on Nov. 18, 1730, so that its 200th anniversary will occur in November of next year. Rev. Franklin D. Ayer was the pastor of this church in 1868, having been installed on Sept. 12 of the previous year, the day on which his predecessor, Rev. Nathaniel Bouton, had been dismissed. It may be remarked as a notable fact that in the two centuries of its existence this church has been served by only six pastors—Revs. Timothy Walker, Israel Evans, Asa McFarland, Nathaniel Bouton, Franklin D. Ayer and George H. Reed. Dr. Ayer served for thirty years and Dr. Reed, the present pastor, celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his pastorate June 11, 1928.

Rev. Elisha Adams was pastor of the First Methodist Church at this time, and was the only Methodist clergyman in the city proper, the Baker Memorial Church not having been established until some years later. Rev. James H. Eames was rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church and Rev. Joseph F. Lovering was the Unitarian pastor. He was a scholarly and eloquent preacher, and the church was also noted at this time, and for many years after, for the excellent quality of its music. Rev. F. E. Kittredge was the Universalist pastor, Rev. Henry D. Savage was pastor of the Pleasant St. Baptist Church.

The South Congregational Church, now the largest and most popular Protestant church in the city, had no settled pastor at that time. Its first pastor, Rev. Daniel J. Noyes, was installed in 1837, and served till 1849. The second was Rev. Henry E. Parker, who served till 1866, after which there was a vacancy until January, 1869, when Rev. Silas L. Blake commenced his pastorate which continued until October, 1877, since which time Revs. Charles E. Harrington, Wm. H. Hubbard, Harry P. Dewey, Edwin W. Bishop, Ashley D. Leavitt, Archibald Black, Robbins W. Barstow and Carl B. Bare, the present pastor,

have succeeded in the pastorate. The history of this church, as regards pastorates, thus appears to be very different from that of the First Church, it having had eleven pastors in ninety years, while the First Church had but six in two hundred.

St. John's Catholic Church, the only Catholic church in the city in 1868, was presided over by Rev. John E. Barry, who held a pastorate for forty-five years. He was killed in New York by a cable car November 14, 1900. It may properly be said that no Concord pastor ever did greater work or has been more generally esteemed than was Father Barry.

The more prominent Concord physicians at this time were Timothy Haynes, Alpheus Morrill, Abraham H. Robinson, C. P. Gage, Moses W. Russell, and Granville P. Conn, the latter having been for a long time president of the State Board of Health. Younger men, just established in practice, were Elisha and S. C. Morrill and A. H. Crosby. Jacob H. Gallinger had just come over from Keene, where he had been in practice a short time.

Notable among Concord lawyers were Josiah Minot, Wm. L. Foster, Asa Fowler, John H. George, John Y. Mugridge, Sylvester Dana, Anson S. Marshall, Charles P. Sanborn and Wm. M. Chase. Mr. Minot, who had been a judge of the circuit court, and was sometime a partner of Franklin Pierce, had withdrawn from practice and gone into railroading, and was the president of the Concord Railroad. Mr. Chase, who had but fairly commenced practice, was the partner of Anson S. Marshall, but was later associated with Jonathan E. Sargent in practice, after Mr. Sargent retired from the Supreme bench. He afterward became an associate justice of the Supreme Court. Lyman D. Stevens was at this time mayor of Concord, John Y. Mugridge, city solicitor and Sylvester Dana judge of the municipal court. Hamilton E. Perkins, who had moved down from Contoocook, was judge of probate for Merrimack County. He was the father of Com. George H. Perkins who won fame in the navy in the Civil War, and grandfather of Mrs. Larz Anderson.

As *The People* was a weekly paper, not all of my time being required for the editorial work, and as the building up of a large circulation was an object which every one connected with the paper had closely in mind, I devoted much time for several years to the work of canvassing for subscribers, and writing up towns and their industries for publication, visiting all sections of the state for this purpose. I have a vivid recollection of my experiences on some of these trips. I especially remember an excursion into Sullivan County where I was very much at home. I was in Newport at the time of the great October flood of 1869, and quartered at the Newport House, then kept by Elbridge Putney, who was its proprietor for many years and one of the most popular of New Hampshire landlords. I was marooned there by the freshet for two or three days, the high water preventing all travel. This flood in fact has never been excelled in the height of water in the river, and the amount of damage done. One circumstance, however, relieved the monotony of the occasion for me, and brought some satisfaction. Among others confined at the hotel by the freshet I found one Prof. Kendrick Metcalf, a cousin of my father, and a native of Newport, whom I had never before seen, and whose acquaintance I was glad to make. He was and had been for some years a member of the faculty of Hobart College at Geneva, N. Y., and had come on for a visit to his native town and the scenes of

his youth which he had not seen for a long time.

Another scarcely less exciting trip was one that I took one winter into Carrol County. I was canvassing in its northernmost and most picturesque town, Jackson among the mountains, when there came a heavy snowstorm, attended by drifting winds which rendered the roads impassable for some time. I was entertained at the home of the Methodist minister, one Rev. Jonathan Gale, who happened to be an earnest Democrat, and aided me materially in adding to the subscription list. I was shut in for some time at his home and found the society of a rosy-cheeked daughter, well along in her teens, of about as much relief from the tediousness of the confinement as the intelligent conversation of the parson himself. I found that the representative from the adjoining town of Bartlett, in the legislature at its recent session, George E. Gale, is the son of Rev. Jonathan Gale and was a small boy at the time of my visit to his father's house. He stands by the political faith taught by his father, long since "gone to his reward" and I presume is as firm in his religious convictions.

In the course of my canvassing for the first few years of *The People's* existence, during which it came to be the most widely circulated political paper in the state, I visited every county and a large majority of the towns in New Hampshire, some of them several times, and added in all more than 2,000 names to the subscription list, in which work my short experience in the north country was found to have been greatly to my advantage. In the town of Littleton alone I secured more than 100 subscribers. Perhaps the fact that I had married a Littleton girl, of some little popularity, contributed to my success in that region.

Walter Harriman was governor of the State in 1868, having defeated John G. Sinclair for the second time by 39,726 votes to 37,098. Ezra A. Stevens of Dover was president of the Senate and George R. Fowler of Concord, clerk. It may be noted that Wm. S. Ladd of Lancaster, afterward an associate justice of the supreme court, was voted for clerk by the Democratic minority in the Senate. Henry W. Blair of Plymouth, afterward a representative and member to congress, was a member of the state senate. Gen. Simon G. Griffin of Keene was speaker of the House, and Wm. R. Patten, clerk. The Democratic candidate for speaker was Wm. Little of Manchester, a successful lawyer, afterward the author of the histories of Warren and Weare. He was a native of the former town and an enthusiastic mountaineer. I later became intimately acquainted with him and accompanied him on various mountain climbing trips, several times to the summit of Moosilauke. Among the more prominent members of the House this year were W. H. Y. Hackett of Portsmouth, Samuel M. Wheeler, Dover, Ebenezer G. Wallace, Rochester, George W. M. Pitman, Bartlett, Edwin Snow of Eaton (father of Judge Leslie P. Snow of the present Supreme Court, grandfather of Conrad W. Snow, chairman of the Judiciary Committee in the House at the recent session), Henry M. Putney of Dunbarton, later for many years editor of the *Manchester Mirror* under John B. Clarke, and chairman of the Railroad Commission, Frank A. McKean of Nashua, subsequently Democratic candidate for governor, Wm. C. Sturoc of Sunapee, Gen. John Bedel of Bath, Geo. F. Putnam of Haverhill, Samuel B. Page of Warren, E. H. Cheney of Lebanon, Joseph A. Dodge of Plymouth, and Henry O. Kent and Ossian Ray of Lan-

caster. Another member in whom I took a personal interest was Ora M. Huntoon of Unity, who had been my classmate in school in my early boyhood when our family were living in that town.

In January 1869, when the Democratic state committee was organized after the state convention, I was chosen secretary of the committee, of which Samuel B. Page was chairman, and we held our respective positions for two years. General John Bedel of Bath was the Democratic candidate for governor and Onslow Stearns of Concord, Republican, who was elected. The legislature was also strongly Republican. John Y. Mugridge of Concord was president of the Senate and Luther S. Morrill, clerk. Samuel M. Wheeler, of Dover was speaker of the House, and Wm. R. Patten, clerk. Among new members of the House this year were John R. Reding of Portsmouth, who while a resident of Haverhill had been a Democratic representative in Congress, and had later been appointed collector of customs in Portsmouth by President Pierce; Charles H. Sawyer, of Dover, later governor of the state, Bainbridge Wadleigh of Milford, subsequently U. S. Senator, and Solon A. Carter of Keene, who was later state treasurer for forty years.

In 1870 the political situation in the state was certainly interesting, not to say exciting. General Bedel was again the Democratic candidate for governor, and the Republicans had, of course, re-nominated Governor Stearns. But special interest arose from the fact that the Labor Reform Party had come to be quite an element in the situation, and was likely to become strong enough to hold the balance of power and prevent a choice of governor by the people, in which case it would be desirable for either party of the major parties to have influence enough to bring about a combination to control the election in the legislature. The Labor Reform convention was not called until some time after the other party conventions had been held. Many Democrats and Republicans had allied themselves with the Labor Reform movement, ostensibly in good faith, but really for the purpose of shaping the action of the convention and controlling its course in the campaign. The leading candidates for the nomination for governor were Samuel Flint of Lyme and James A. Weston of Manchester. There was no choice on the first ballot, but on the second Mr. Flint was nominated, so that the Republican element had apparently triumphed, but the Democrats had not given up the idea of being able to eventually work matters to their own advantage, and the state committee finally went so far as to vote in a meeting behind closed doors, shortly before the election, to substitute the name of Mr. Flint on a large proportion of the ballots sent out, for that of General Bedel, and sent instructions to the party leaders in the various towns to have those ballots used as extensively as possible, with the purpose of having Mr. Flint made a constitutional candidate instead of General Bedel, with the hope of effecting a combination in case of no election by the people, whereby the Labor Reformers should have the governor and the Democrats a United States senator, as one was to be chosen by the coming legislature.

The fact of this secret arrangement by the committee leaked out, however, in time for a scathing denunciation by the *N. H. Patriot* the week before the election of the abandonment of principles for expediency, which so aroused the indignation of the members of the party at large that the proposed movement fell flat, and while Mr. Flint got only about

7,500 votes General Bedel had 29,000, and Governor Stearns about 1200 more than all others. Of course there would have been no hope for a Democratic victory under ordinary circumstances, and the proposed movement would have been entirely proper if openly made; but the secrecy attached gave occasion for the apparently indignant exposure, which was really inspired by motives more personal than patriotic.

The legislature this year organized by the choice of Nathaniel Gordon of Exeter as president of the Senate and John M. Currier of Alton as Clerk, with Samuel M. Wheeler, speaker of the House, and Josiah H. Benton, Jr., of Haverhill as clerk. Among new members were Wm. B. Small, Newmarket, in the Senate, who was later made a member of congress for the first district and Daniel Marcy of Portsmouth, later Democratic candidate for governor, Ira Perley of Concord, who had been chief justice of the Supreme Court, Warren Daniell of Franklin, later Democratic congressman from the third district, George A. Ramsdell of Nashua, later governor of the state, Dexter Richards, of Newport who might have been governor if he had paid the price, and the venerable James Wilson of Keene, who had long before been a member of Congress. Another new member was Major Wm. H. Trickey of Dover, of the 3d N. H. Regiment in the Civil War, now and for many years past commandant of the Soldiers' Home at Tilton.

One of the most exciting years in New Hampshire political history was 1871, when there was quite an overturn in the government, there being no election of governor by the people, and the Democrats and Labor Reformers together having a small majority in the legislature, thus enabling them to organize the government through a combination against the Republicans. Even more surprising was the fact that the Democratic candidates for congress in all of the three districts in the state were elected—Ellery A. Hibbard of Laconia in the first, Samuel N. Bell of Manchester in the second, and Hosea W. Parker of Claremont in the third. In only six of the twelve senatorial districts of the state were senators elected by the people, so that choice in the other districts had to be made by the legislature in joint convention of the two branches. There was a long period of filibustering before the organization of the House was effected, the vote being very close, but finally Wm. H. Gove of Weare, a Labor Reform leader, was chosen speaker, and James R. Jackson of Littleton, Democrat, clerk. The six senators elected had formed a temporary organization and met with the House in convention to elect a governor and other officers. After the senate vacancies had been filled, there was another period of filibustering in the convention, when at last James A. Weston, the Democratic candidate was chosen governor, receiving 167 votes to 159 for James Pike, Republican. In the tenth senatorial district, Samuel P. Thrasher, Democrat, had been elected but had died, the constitutional candidates to be voted for in the convention were Albina Hall, Grantham, Republican, and Alvah Smith of Lempster, Labor Reformer. The latter had received but four votes at the polls. The Democratic managers had effected an arrangement with Smith, through his friend Lemuel P. Cooper of Croydon, whereby they were to support him for senator and he was to act for the Democrats in the legislature. He did so in the organization of the senate, which chose Hon. George W. M. Pitman, of Bartlett, president, and William M.

Chase of Concord, clerk, and also voted with the Democrats in convention in the election of governor, but the Republican leaders, with whom he had formerly been associated, sent for his son, a Republican worker in Pittsfield, and through him induced Smith to violate the arrangement and return to the Republican camp, so that the Democrats lost control of the senate and were unable to carry out their program which involved a general change in all departments of government.

Among the new members of the House at this session of the legislature were George W. Nesmith of Franklin, who had been an associate justice of the Supreme Court, and Isaac N. Blodgett of the same place, who was afterwards chief justice, also Asa Fowler of Concord, who also had been a judge. Harry Bingham of Littleton, who had been for several years a member back in the Civil War period, was again a member this year. Samuel B. Page, who had previously represented Warren, was a member from Ward 6, Concord, this year, and George F. Putnam, who had removed to Warren was a member from that town. Edward F. Mann, later known in railroad life, was representative from Benton, and John C. Pearson of Boscawen, later state senator, father of Secretary of State Edward N. Pearson, was also among the new members.

Although I had a good position, from many points of view, as editor of *The People* and had gained a wide acquaintance and respectable standing in the party and some reputation as a writer, I was not entirely satisfied with the situation. I was not quite free to express myself on all subjects, and I desired entire freedom. In the fall of 1871 I found that the *White Mountain Republic* in Littleton, which I had aided in founding in 1867, could be purchased, and I felt like starting out "upon my own hook." I, therefore, informed Mr. Pearson of my purpose and proceeded to purchase the *Republic*, agreeing however to remain in Concord and edit *The People* through the winter. I accordingly made an arrangement with one Francis W. Truland, who was the foreman of the *Republic*, to attend to the business and mechanical work of the paper, while I furnished the editorial matter through the winter, and in May following I left Concord and *The People* and moved to Littleton to devote myself entirely to the *Republic*. I was heartily welcomed back and commenced work in earnest, and in the course of the next two years had succeeded in giving the paper a good standing in press circles and also in gaining for myself a fairly prominent position in the community life, and was elected upon the Board of Education in Union District in 1873.

There were in Littleton at this time Methodist, Congregationalist and Baptist churches, but no church of a liberal faith. I had become a Universalist in my youth, but had never been so situated that I could enjoy attendance upon the services of a church of my own faith since I left the town of Lempster in my boyhood, for there was no such church in Acworth nor in Ann Arbor where I attended the law school; and in Concord, while there was a Universalist Church, it was then being operated as a Republican party annex in fact, and I attended the Unitarian Church. I felt that if I were to be a resident of Littleton, I ought to make an effort to secure the establishment of some religious organization with liberal ideas, with a view to the holding of religious services that should appeal to my sense of the fitness of things. I therefore began to look about to see what could be done in that direction. I found that there were a number of people in

town who were Universalists in belief, but not enough to independently maintain church services. I found, however, that there were also a considerable number of pronounced Unitarians, and it occurred to me that if these two elements could be brought to work together, that something satisfactory to both might be effected. Prominent among the Universalists were Luther D. Sanborn and Frank G. Weller, the one a furniture dealer, and the other a photographer; while the leading Unitarians were William H. Bellows, a brother of the late Chief Justice H. A. Bellows, who had been a lawyer, but was then engaged in mercantile business, and Charles W. Rand, a prominent lawyer and at one time U. S. District Attorney for New Hampshire.

After much conference between the two parties, it was decided to unite and form a religious society, which was done, the same being denominated "The Liberal Christian Society of Littleton, N. H." As the society had no church edifice, what was known as Farr's hall was engaged immediately for the meetings of the society, and arrangements were made for holding regular services. Believing that many people of no particular faith, and even some in the other churches, might be favorable to the establishment of another religious society, and willing to contribute towards the support, a general canvass of the community was made to see how many would agree to contribute a certain fixed sum every week toward the support of these services, in addition to the subscriptions of those specially interested. We met with very gratifying results, one prominent citizen remarking that while he did not believe in the Universalist idea of no future hell, since we must have one for some people, he was willing to pay something for supporting another church, since it might keep some people out of mischief on Sunday.

Early in the summer of 1873 the new society commenced holding services. Different clergymen were engaged as preaching supplies for a time, among whom I recall Rev. B. M. Tillotson of St. Johnsbury, Vt., who had at one time been pastor of the Universalist Church in Manchester; but soon a permanent supply in the person of Rev. J. P. Atkinson of Laconia, who then had no pastorate, was engaged, and very interesting and well attended meetings were held. Among the active workers in the society was Mr. Porter Watson, father of Dr. Irving A. Watson and Mrs. John D. Bridge. In the fall of the year Hon. Charles W. Rand and myself were chosen delegates by the society and attended the Universalist state convention at Manchester, which gathering, by the way, I have not failed to attend more than two or three years, from that time to the present.

Early in 1874, I was strongly importuned to go to Dover and start a Democratic paper; *Foster's Democrat,* then published there, having gone over to the support of the Republicans. I had got well started in Littleton, had a good business and many warm friends, and it was moreover the old home town of my wife, who had long been a teacher in the Littleton schools, and had more friends than I had. But the importunities became stronger and the promises of support more glowing. I was assured that Foster would never come back into standing in the Democratic party, and that he would ultimately be compelled to go out of business, so that I would have a clear field and wide opportunities for service in the party cause, and to start with a cash paid subscription list of 1500 was guaranteed. I finally yielded to the importunity, sold the *Republic* to one George C. Thurber and in May of that year moved to Dover. In a few weeks time I had a new paper, *The Democratic Press* under way.

(*To be continued*)

Three Chapters in the History of Manchester

FRED W. LAMB

CHAPTER I.

Early Records of Derryfield

THE civil and political history of Manchester begins on September 23, 1751, when at a call issued by John McMurphy the "proprietors, freeholders and inhabitants" of Derryfield assembled at the inn of John Hall for the purpose of laying the foundations of a town government, this being twenty days after the town charter was granted.

The charter of the town had for its main purpose the incorporation under suitable control of what has been termed "the debatable ground"—otherwise the territory originally granted by Massachusetts under the name of Tyngstown, which grant was finally given up. As this territory was not thought to be of sufficient size to make a "respectable township," further territory was taken from the adjoining towns to make up the area desired. This was done with the same unconcern which had been manifested in regard to the Massachusetts grant a few years before.

The Derryfield charter thus covered about thirty-five square miles of territory, including eight square miles of Tyng township, nine square miles of the northwestern portion of Londonderry, formerly Nutfield, and seventeen and three-fourths square miles of Chester, once known as the "chestnut country." The name of Derryfield, it is claimed, originated from the practice of owners of stock in Londonderry allowing their herds to graze on the open clearings within its limits and arising from the term "Derry's field."

The first town meeting was held in John Hall's house which stood on land later owned by the late Isaac Huse. This house, repaired and altered from time to time, remained until 1852, when it was destroyed by fire. No record of the numbers of votes cast at this meeting is in existence although these were probably fifty or sixty all told. In the year 1756 is to be found the first vote on record which relates to educational matters, it being then voted not to raise any money for school purposes. On December 25, 1781, it was voted to "hire a schoolmaster 9 months year coming."

On September 28, 1771, Captain John Stark was chosen the first grand juror from the town and Ensigns Samuel Moore and Samuel Stark were drawn as petit jurors. January 16, 1775, a special town meeting was held and the town voted that the "town will bear their proportion of money that shall hereafter arise towards paying the cost of the General Congress as any other town in the province."

The population of the town was now 285, including three slaves. The tax list contained a total of sixty-four names with an aggregate amount of taxes of 22 pounds, 7 shillings. The highest individual tax in town was only nineteen shillings. The warning for a special meeting to be held December 5, 1775, when issued, had the words "In his Majesty's name," changed to "In the name of America."

Another change of a similar nature was made in the call for a special meeting for October 23, 1776, when the words "State of New Hampshire" succeeded "Colony" as the latter had previously superseded "Province." In the warning issued for a meeting to be held November 20, of the same year occurs the words, "In the name and virtue of the thirteen Younighted States of North America."

On May 15, 1775, the town voted to choose a committee "to look after the liberties of the people." This board consisted of Captain Alexander MacMurphy, Lieutenant James McCalley, Ensign Samuel Moore, Ezenezer Stevens and John Perham. This committee became the Committee of Safety. The 27th of the following June, another meeting was held and John Harvey, Lieutenant James McCalley, Samuel Boyd, Ensign Samuel Moore and John Hall were named as this committee. On May 22, 1780, a vote was passed to raise soldiers for the American army the cost whatever it was, to be met by the town. Thus throughout the whole course of the Revolutionary War old Derryfield did her part, furnishing sixty-five men during the conflict.

One of the volumes containing these records bears on the inside of the first cover the words, "Derryfield Town Book." The words are printed in big letters with a pen and on the first page is written "This book bought August, 1786. Price 20 shillings. John Hall, town clerk. Joseph Farmer, John Goffe, Isaac Huse, selectmen." The pages are long and wide and of a toughness of texture seldom found in a book of today. The volume is bound in heavy sheepskin and has withstood the ravages of time in a remarkable manner.

John Hall, town clerk, was not a bad writer, but he was too free with his flourishes to make his penmanship perfectly legible to posterity although he must be given the credit of having taken great pains with his work. All sorts of entries both curious and amusing are to be found here, including wars and pestilence, financial disaster and panics, deaths without number and births beyond count which have all gone to make up the pages of history since the busy fingers of John Hall penned the lines. On December 4, 1786, it was voted not to "abate" Mr. David Bowel his "meeting" house tax.

Monday, the fifth day of March, 1786, a town meeting was held at the meeting house. A long list of matters for consideration was posted and like good old Puritan ministers their subtexts. Clerk Hall labelled them 2ly, 3ly, 4ly, etc., up to 11ly, which was "to see if the town would provide a workshop and choose a suitable person to oversee the same." One of the articles in this warrant reads as follows, "To see if the town will pay the doctors account for doctoring Ann McHighton in her last sickness." No evidence appears in the records as to what action was taken upon this article.

At this meeting it was voted to give John Goffe one shilling and sixpence per week for keeping Elenor Fairfield and three shillings and sixpence for clothes for the said child. Derryfield was classed with Litchfield about this time for the purpose of representation in the legislature, the two towns holding a joint meeting for this election. At such a meeting held on March 26, 1793, Major John Webster, of Derryfield was chosen as the first representative. On September 7th of this same year, John Stark was elected the first town treasurer, this office having been previously known as the "counter." The joint meetings were held in the two towns alternately.

On October 30, 1792, at a special

meeting, a vote was passed "to have the Gore of land called Henrysburgh annexed to the Town." For a reason still unknown, a corner of "waste land," located between the northern boundary of Derryfield and the southwestern limit of Chester, comprising about two square miles in area and known locally by the name of Henrysburgh was not included in the original charter of the town of Derryfield. The settlers upon this strip of land were receiving all the advantages and reaping all the benefits of the roads which had been built without helping to pay for the improvements. This annexation was effected with the aid and agreement of Chester.

The records of the year 1796 contain an article to the effect that William Pickles, by vote of the town was to administer spiritual refreshment to the inhabitants of Derryfield for one third of the year following. In the warrant for the annual election of 1797, the ninth article reads as follows. "To see if the town will vote to pay for the school house which is now built and to Build two more for the town's use." This schoolhouse which had been erected was built near the falls by private subscription. The vote was, however, not carried. The following year, on March 5, 1798, the friends of education finally won the victory and carried the day.

Further along in the old book it becomes evident that another hand is penning the records. The words are moulded in big, sturdy lines, and the ink appears very black. Samuel P. Kidder, for that is the name signed to the records as clerk, must have been a man of no little strength of character to judge by his penmanship as disclosed in these records. This old volume abounds in interesting reading for anyone who is interested in any matters pertaining to the earlier history of the Queen City of the Merrimack and is to be found at the office of the City Clerk.

CHAPTER II.

The Soldier's Monument

The first impetus toward the erection of a soldiers' monument in this city in honor of the veterans of the Civil War was given by the Hon. James A. Weston, then mayor of the city, who in his inaugural address on Jan. 4, 1870, urged upon the city councils the necessity for some action along this line. This resulted in an appropriation of $1000 being made as a nucleus for a fund. From time to time this was added to by various city councils in small amounts until by July, 1878, it amounted to about $18,000.

On May 1, 1877, a resolution was adopted by the city councils calling for the appointment of a committee consisting of one alderman and two members of the common council to consider the erection of a soldiers' monument, estimate its probable cost and recommend a location, to report at a later meeting. This committee consisted of Alderman Levi L. Aldrich and councilmen Timothy W. Challis and William G. Hoyt. They reported favorably upon the project, limiting the expense to $20,000, and suggested Tremont common as the location and their report was adopted except as to the location, which was referred back to them for further consideration.

On July 3, 1877, the finance committee of the city government, to whom a subsequent report of this previous committee had been referred, recommended to the city councils that in making up their appropriations for the year 1878 they add enough to make the fund for the soldiers' monument not to exceed $20,000. They also recommended that the previous committee be retained and that Dr. Elijah M. Tubbs, Ex-Gov.

James A. Weston, Patrick Fahey and Capt. Joseph B. Clark be added to the committee, this committee to receive designs and proposals and report to the city councils. These recommendations were adopted.

The enlarged committee at once organized and Capt. Joseph B. Clark was elected clerk. They secured the services of Mr. George Keller, an architect who prepared plans and specifications and they then called for proposals with the view of having the foundation put in that fall. Having got thus far, the question of location again came up and a vote was finally taken up by the committee, four members of which agreed to Merrimack common, while the other three were in favor of Tremont common.

When Merrimack common was first adopted as the location, the idea was to place the monument on the northwest corner, but this was later changed to the center of the square. On Feb. 7, 1878, Dr. Tubbs passed away and his place on the committee was taken by Loring B. Bodwell and on the retirement of Levi L. Aldrich from the board of aldermen, in March, 1878, John W. Dickey was appointed to his place. The Hon. James A. Weston then served as chairman of the committee.

The committee issued notices to architects and designers that an opportunity was offered to compete for a design for a soldiers' monument, fixing a time and place for the exhibition of their productions. In response to this invitation a large number of designs were submitted, but after a careful and patient examination the committee decided in favor of Mr. Keller's design and later by direction of the city government secured Mr. Keller's services to furnish the working plan.

As soon as these specifications and plans were prepared a call was sent out for proposals for the erection of the monument. Upon an examination of the bids tendered, it appeared that the sum appropriated was not enough to carry out the design. The bids were therefore rejected. A second invitation was then sent out and bids were secured so that the committee could finally report after all bills had been paid that the total cost of the monument was $18,773.21 and that they had an unexpended balance of $1226.79 left in their hands.

The contractors were Frederick & Field, of Quincy, Mass., M. J. Power, of New York who furnished the bronze work and the sculptors were Buberl, Richards & Hartley, also of New York.

The design embodies the threefold idea of an historical and a military monument and a fountain; and in its cruciform base includes a basin, thirty feet in width, inclosed with a parapet of an ornamental character. In the center of each of the four projecting arms of the base is a pedestal, on a line with parapet, supporting each a bronze statue of heroic size, representing the principal divisions of service in the army and navy; namely the infantry soldier, the cavalryman, artilleryman and sailor. Alternating in pairs between these figures are eight bronze posts for gas lights, surmounted by our national emblem.

The column, fifty feet in height, rising from the center of the basin, is supported on a circular pedestal four feet in diameter, and is crowned with a capital richly carved with appropriate Gothic ornament. Upon this is placed a colossal statue in granite, eight feet in height, representing Victory with her mural crown, a shield lying at her feet and holding a wreath and recumbent sword, emblematic of triumph and peace. This figure, irrespective of the sentiment

which it admirably conveys, is a fine work of art in its attitude, features and drapery. At the base of the column is placed a shield with the arms of the city; while above are displayed flags and weapons, the trophies of war.

Surrounding the circular pedestal is a bronze bas-relief, four feet in height, representing such incidents of recruiting, arming, parting from friends and marching that tell in a simple and effective manner the meaning of the memorial. The base of the pedestal is octagonal in form and on its west or front side it bears on a bronze tablet the following inscription:

In Honor Of
The Men of Manchester
Who Gave Their Services
In the War Which
Preserved The Union Of The States
And
Secured Equal Rights To All Under
The Constitution
This Monument Is Built
By
A Grateful City.

Above the bas-relief are twelve gargoyles, attached to the cornice of the circular pedestal and issuing from them are jets of water falling into the basin below. The four principal figures in bronze are works of artistic merit and were modeled and cast expressly for this structure. In its entirety the monument as a work of memorial art, as an appropriate and expressive recognition of the services of our citizen soldiery in the civil war, has rarely if ever, been surpassed by any similar expression of what may be called popular patriotism.

On Memorial Day, May 30, 1878, the cornerstone was laid under the direction of the city government which had previously invited Louis Bell Post, No. 3, G. A. R., to perform the ceremony. A parade, consisting of three divisions under Major Henry H. Huse as chief marshal with Capt. George W. Nichols as chief of staff, moved at 2 p. m. Upon their arrival at the site of the monument, the exercises commenced with a brief speech by Mayor Kelly, followed by Commander of the Post James M. Cummings. Prayer was offered by the Rev. C. W. Wallace, following which there were brief remarks by Department Commander of the G. A. R. Charles J. Richards of Great Falls. A selection by the band followed. The Rev. L. F. McKinney then delivered an address, at the close of which Comrades Timothy W. Challis and Benjamin Stevens, assisted by workmen, raised the cornerstone. The post commander then assisted in placing the stone with appropriate ceremonies. This was followed by a song "All Honor to the Soldier Give" rendered by a male quartette, after which the Rev. J. J. Hall delivered the address in honor of the unknown dead. At the close of the oration, prayer was again offered by the chaplain, Rev. C. W. Wallace, followed by the singing of America by the audience, accompanied by the band. The president of the day was Capt. William R. Patten.

Early in 1879 a committee consisting of John L. Kelly, mayor; John M. Stanton and Thomas L. Thorpe, aldermen; John W. Whittle, president of the common council; Carl C. Shepard, Charles W. Eager, Charles H. Hodgman, councilmen; Col. John B. Clarke, Capt. George A. Hanscom, John M. Chandler, Hon. Ira Cross and Capt. S. S. Piper were appointed to make all the necessary arrangements for the dedication which was fixed for September 11, 1879.

This committee undertook the arduous task assigned to it and carried out a most extensive and elaborate celebration. A parade, consisting of nine subdivisions

under Henry H. Huse as chief marshal with William R. Patten as chief of staff, moved at 12:30 p. m., through the principal streets to the monument. Upon their arrival the following program was carried out:

Introductory Address Hon. Daniel Clark
Prayer Rev. E. G. Selden
Unveiling of Monument
N. H. Dept. G. A. R.
Artillery Salute
Keller's American Hymn
Reeve's American Band
Delivery of Monument to City
Hon. James A. Weston
Acceptance of the Monument
Mayor John L. Kelly
Dedication of the Monument
Grand Lodge of Masons
Inflammatus ("Stabat Mater")
Reeve's American Band
Poem written by Mrs. Dame
Read by B. F. Dame
Oration Hon. James W. Patterson
Addresses
Govs. Head, Garcelon and Van Zandt
Benediction Rev. E. G. Selden

The motto "Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori," is also inscribed upon the monument which translated is "It is sweet and pleasant to die for one's country." In the evening following the exercises there was a band concert, an illumination with fireworks and a ball with banquets to the honored guests. The parade was the largest ever seen in the state up to that time and included nearly all the state forces with very large delegations from the Masons, Odd Fellows, and Knights of Pythias.

CHAPTER III.

The Great Storm of March 12, 1888

On March 12, 1888, to be exact, the city of Manchester was fast in the ice bound grip of the storm king. On that date occurred the heaviest fall of snow thus far ever recorded in the annals of our city. The storm was not, however, restricted to our city and state, as Boston, New York and even as far to the southwest as Pennsylvania they were almost completely paralyzed and all business was at a standstill, it being many days before conditions became normal again.

So far as Manchester was concerned the storm began on Sunday evening, March 11th, when it began to snow a very little, that which came being very small and fine flakes. This kept up through the night and until late on Monday forenoon when it changed, the storm bursting upon this city with all its fury. The snow literally descended in sheets during the afternoon, limiting one's vision to less than a square in extent and look where one would, there was nothing to be seen but a seeming universe of pitiless elements.

In an incredibly short space of time, the streets were almost impassable and but for the busy army of shovelers that was kept constantly at work they would have been so. The work of clearing away the snow was kept up until after night fell, when it was abandoned until the following day. This, of course, was before the electric street railway, and the old Manchester Horse Railroad under Superintendent Gage had a fearful time trying to keep its various lines open.

The steam railroad, too, came in for its share of the trouble. The snow banked up under the old passenger station and drifted in beneath the roof, covering the platform the entire length of the station. All traffic over the iron was stalled for many hours, trains being from four to ten or more hours late. So far as telegraphic communication

was concerned, all wires were down save the one to Nashua, on the south. The wires to the north were in good working order, however. The first train north from Boston which was due in this city at 9 p. m., Monday night, did not arrive until one o'clock, Tuesday afternoon.

When the Lawrence train rolled into the station, "it was a sight to behold." There were only two cars and they were drawn by a lonely looking locomotive. Reaching from the tip end of the cowcatcher and looming up to the headlight was a huge bank of snow, almost three feet think. It looked as though it had picked up a drift somewhere and hated to let it go. Every part of the running machinery was enveloped with a blanket of snow, not a particle of the usually bright and well cleaned steel work being visible. The locomotive looked as though it was made of snow and just from the ice king's domain.

One of the most remarkable features of the storm to those who were forced to admire its beauties whether they desired to or not, was the way in which the snow clung to a building whenever it struck it. The effect was picturesque in the extreme and presented some beautiful scenes. From cellar to garret the houses were stuccoed with snow with a most charming effect.

The snowplows under the energetic supervision of the superintendent of streets essayed to clear a path for the toiling multitudes employed in the factories and mills, but after they were once at home, the streets and sidewalks were left to themselves and old king Winter wrapped his snowy mantle about him and summoning old Boreas to his side, the two dashed into a mad revel, that had only the silent, far away heavens for a witness.

It was impossible for a heavily laden team to get along on any of the streets except Elm and there great difficulty was experienced. On the side streets bake carts, milk teams and the like got stuck in the drifts and in many cases they had to be shoveled out. The thoroughfares were so bad that instructions were given to the superintendent of streets to break them out at all hazards. The situation in the northern and eastern sections of the city was a most serious one and the residents of those sections were almost snowbound.

The boys at the Industrial School with three yoke of oxen succeeded after many attempts, in breaking out Elm street as far south as Clarke street. They then proceeded to the River road and broke that out as far north as the Stark district school house. Over in the neighborhood of the city farm all the roads early became impassable as the wind drifted the snow back in again as fast as it was shoveled out.

George W. Reed, a well known hackman, suffered severely as a result of the storm. He occupied a carriage shed at the corner of Chestnut street and Lowell back street, having four hacks, four top buggies and a number of sleighs stored there. Shortly after seven o'clock the next morning after the storm, the roof of this carriage shed began settling from the weight of the snow which had accumulated upon it, and in a brief space of time it crashed in upon the vehicles stored there. A portion of the vehicles escaped without much injury but at least six or seven hundred dollars damage was done to the rest. The roof had quite a steep pitch and in all ordinary storms the snow had slid off before accumulating in very large quantities. The roof of a shed on Franklin street in which were kept the barges belonging to Joseph A. Brown, also fell in from the weight of snow but little damage was done here.

Following the storm, countless numbers of men were to be seen upon the roofs engaged in shoveling off the snow and it was a great wonder that no one went down to the ground with the great masses of snow that were shoved earthward to the possible destruction of pedestrians who would continualy persist in walking under the ropes that were intended to mark the spaces upon which no one must trespass.

The small boys at the small ends of their shovels reaped a rich harvest of coins and in one instance a little girl in rubber boots and a toboggan cap was seen industriously shoveling away for all her dear little life was worth for the sake of a shining nickel. Snow slides became numerous and threatened not a little danger to pedestrians on Elm street. The fire department was put on special orders from the beginning of the storm so as to be prepared in case of an alarm being rung in.

The total fall of snow in this storm was recorded at the Amoskeag gate house as twenty-two inches and it is the heaviest fall which had been recorded for thirty years. An old resident of Manchester remarked that he thought the only storm previously experienced in Manchester which could be compared to this one, occurred in 1854, when this fall was exceeded and the mills were compelled to close down, the first and only instance of its kind in the history of the city.

Walking up the west side of Elm street, between Hanover and Manchester, anyone was unable to see teams passing in the road opposite to him on account of the high piles of snow. The view printed herewith will give anyone a very good idea of the way the streets looked during and after this storm, which will long be remembered and is always referred to as the great storm of 1888.

Dr. Robert B. Kerr, M. D.

SIGNAL HONORS AND RECOGNITION FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE

In recognition of the contribution made to medical progress, particularly in the pioneer service of the New Hampshire Tuberculosis Association in the diagnosis and treatment of childhood tuberculosis, the American College of Physicians at its convocation in Boston (April, 1929) conferred upon Dr. Robert B. Kerr of Manchester a full Fellowship in this distinguished body of research workers and scientists.

Dr. Kerr was recently given the award in the Pray Prize Essay Contest, which is annually competed for by members of the New Hampshire Medical Society.

It's Not My Song Any More

ZO ELLIOTT

THERE'S a tune marching down the tip of my pen—a tune that flows on with much more ink than it took to write it. When I think of the amount of work expended in the printing and sale of four million copies, the amount of human energy put into the production and singing of the song, I am a bit bewildered how to begin. But the tune marches on. Once it was mine. Now it seems to be the other way. I seem to belong to it. A few tales about it I know out of the many millions. I can tell you at any rate how the tune started, and follow it a certain distance with you. All right. Let's go.

One day in the spring of 1913 when I was a senior at Yale, my friend Stoddard King and I were informed by an official of our Zeta Psi chapter that there was to be a banquet at the old American House in Boston to which chapters from New England colleges were to send their favorite minstrels to entertain the brethren. Expenses were to be paid, and we were to be excused from our classes for the occasion.

Just as every group at a Sunday-school picnic is supposed to bring its own lunch, so the banquet delegates were to provide their own entertainment. I have forgotten just what efforts at musical composition King and I attempted, but as I recall the tunes some of them were pretty terrible.

Some days later, as I was playing out of hours in my room—a dangerous thing to do, as the d e a n ' s office was downstairs — my playing drew the attention of my roommate, Ward Twitchell, to a melody I was improvising. "What's that? You'll make your name and fortune on it."

My faith in Twitchell's appreciation made me do as he suggested. I had no more than finished when King came in. I played it over for him.

"Just the thing for the banquet," he said. "Say—I've got an idea for some words for it. 'There's a long, long trail a-winding.' "

"Into the land of my dreams, where the nightingales are singing," I continued—this, by the way, was my only contribution to the actual words of "The Long, Long Trail"—and in a few minutes, to much nervous laughing and excitement, Stoddard had finished the chorus. He came back from his next class with a completed verse. We hadn't been caught by the dean yet, so I set the verse to music, with Stoddard making some suggestions about the melody.

Was there ever a harder place to present a song than that Boston banquet? The brothers were in a most exhilarated state, greeting every new feature of the entertainment with cheers, and making life miserable for the performer by their racket and any undesired pieces of bread. King and I were looking forward to the same reception. But King had an idea. He got Brother Bagley to introduce us, Brother Bagley possessing a deep and powerful voice that caught the general attention with its "now just a moment, gentlemen," and we leaped through the opening. A few remarks by Stoddard, and he was singing "Nights are growing very lonely," and soon after I chimed in with the tenor of the chorus. The brothers were listening. They stopped throwing bread. When Stoddard

called "Now, all together," they went over the top with us.

The act had gone over. One of the brothers who happened to be a Boston publisher was so much impressed with the song that he urged us to publish it. In fact, he went so far as to make a clear copy of it, and to add some harmonization which ultimately became the basis of the first edition. Stoddard was emboldened to approach several New York song publishers with the manuscript. They couldn't see it.

In the autumn of 1913 the manuscript went in my pocket with me to Trinity College, Cambridge, England, where I was to continue my studies following my graduation from Yale. But the tune also lingered near its birthplace, in New Haven. A note from friend Deak Bennett said: "Ransom and Mayer and I passed the window of 85 Connecticut Hall last night. We sang it in your honor."

It was at Cambridge that I began to realize the appeal of our song. My friend Parker down stairs—he became a captain in the British Army and was severely wounded—had a piano and I gave it a lot of exercise at his repeated request. When our parties were at their height we would call down for our very popular landlord, Ewart Beatty, and the musical side of the program would generally be brought to an end by Beatty's saying, "Well, Mr. Elliott, aren't you going to play that little tune you brought over from America?" Sometimes he would say "from Yale" for a change. He would then tune his fiddle to play an obligato, and we played the song so much that I almost believe Beatty thinks the tune was written in his house. At any rate, it went out into the world from there.

How the song came to be published was a result of a sort of combination of chance and maternal loyalty. I had stepped into a Cambridge music shop with my friend Acheson to rent a piano. To test the piano, I employed my pet melody. The man who owned the shop was impressed. Could he send someone around to hear it? As a result of this expert's visit my mother was inspired to wager nine pounds ten shillings against the publisher's similar amount, the initial cost of production. The young London publisher many years after confided to me that he spent many nights in his little dark office figuring how to get the money to meet his side of the bargain. A few years later he was kept awake figuring how to supply the demand and had to move out of that dark office into a light one. The song almost broke the firm of West's; then it made the firm.

I know of nothing, except the arrival of a son, as exciting as the receipt of the first complimentary copies of a new song. They reached me in December of 1913. When they come at twenty-two, they seem like meteors—and they disappear as quickly. So had it not been for the kind patronage of Mrs. Burt, the number of complimentary copies might have surpassed those actually marketed, the publisher might have become bankrupt and the song cut off in its infancy. Her activities among the American colony in Europe instilled the breath of commercial life into the enterprise. My first royalty statement was just barely enough to buy me a derby hat at Scott's. Seven dollars bought a darned good hat in those days.

"The Long Trail" had been in print seven months when "Tipperary" came swinging past it in August, 1914. Then came "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." The seriousness of this new war that had just burst on the world was being realized more and more. The lads who now marched away knew

it was to more than glitter and glare, and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" was the reigning song. Men came from the ends of the earth, for not a gallant and exciting campaign, but to wait in the mud of the trenches—wait, wait until the war might cease, or they themselves might die out of the wearisome business.

They found a song which seemed to express all this. It was a song which first attracted general attention as a boatload of Canadians sang it coming down the Thames from a Sunday outing. England scarcely knew what a trail meant, but it had begun to know "the long, long night of waiting." These Canadians knew both. In every restaurant, every barracks, every square, the song with the trail in it was heard.

As a friend told me, next to the noise of London traffic the sound of "The Long Trail" predominated. One could not escape it. The men of far countries had brought a new idea to an old world in the shape of a song. Next to the sound of guns you would hear the song, as another friend wrote me. Always when there was song. Thunder and song—song and thunder. "The Long Trail" seemed to be the least exhaustible of all vocal ammunition. It had become the song of mud and blood. John Masefield wrote me that never had he seen so many men pass to die singing the same tune, always, always, thousands upon thousands going up to die in the mud. Coningsby Dawson in his war letters "Carry On" wrote: "We sing it as a sort of prayer as we stand almost waist deep in the mud." Could such things have happened to a song written by two college boys? Stoddard and I had yet to learn.

The first intimation of the regard with which the song was held, aside from the reports of publishers, I read in the New York Times—for late in 1914 I returned to America to continue my law studies at Columbia University. I was supposed to be studying law, but who could do that with the world on fire? I cursed the hurdy-gurdies that thrilled me every morning with the "Marseillaise," then opened a case book. No use. I had to look at the paper. On the front page I read this: "While the soldiers were lined up on deck waiting to be disembarked from the torpedoed troop ship *Tyndarius* someone took up 'The Long Trail.' They were all singing it as they calmly waited each his turn to escape death." I rushed across the hall to tell my friend Dan Keller, who two years later died in the Argonne while fighting with the 79th Division. He gulped with astonishment and pride, and when he caught his breath, I remember his saying: "To no one would I wish such honor more than you." Then I set out to class with him but left him at the classroom and walked for nearly an hour along Riverside Drive alone. The song was beginning to tug at my own heart strings.

America was pretty near the jumping off place herself by this time, and the morning papers upset some of the students so much that I believe the law professors were despaired of some of us. Things were getting under our skins. With the declaration came the question with many of the boys of continuing their profession. A check for $10,000 from my London publishers came and spared me much of this worry. I telephoned my mother, cut my classes then and there and went on a shopping orgy.

A few days later I spent some of that money for a ticket to Plattsburg. At the first officers' training camp I remember the remarkable sensation of hearing my tune start with the big fellows up front, pass through my own squad, reach the end of the column, and then be taken up by the next company. My

faithful friend and bunkie, Ridgley, would give me a prod of approval, but I remember once when the band tried it at reveille, his saying as he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, "There's that damn tune of yours, Elliott."

It took the camp medicos five weeks to discover that I was not the perfect physical specimen they wanted lieutenants to represent. I was back at the Yale Club in New York one June day in 1917, ruminating on my failure to become an officer in the United States Army. A band started playing. It was Major Currie with his Highlanders down from Canada. As they started down Vanderbilt Avenue the crowd followed. I can't resist a band myself, and grabbing my hat I chased after them. As they turned Forty-second Street a thrill shot through me. They had broken into the English version of "The Long Trail"—in strict march time. I must confess I followed them with tears in my eyes.

Liberty Loans came along. The song was sung at all such rallies. Great artists like Schumann-Heink, Caruso, Stracciari, McCormack, Alma Gluck, Frieda Hempel sang it. Matzenauer sang it one evening at the Metropolitan. In fact, it became almost compulsory for every artist to have it in his repertoire. May I say that the first two artists who took the song up were an American Indian singer, Chief Caupolican, and Dorothy Jardon, who made it very popular in San Francisco.

My sister went into a New York shop to buy an extra copy—in the early days. "Is it any good?" she anxiously asked the young woman in charge, wishing to fathom its popularity. "Aw, pretty good," replied the young woman, and then turned to more attractive material.

Speaking of personal experiences, my favorite is about the time when I was at Camp Vail, New Jersey—for I had managed to get in service in the honorable estate of a private—I was washing my clothes alongside of a tall, freckle-faced, redheaded sergeant. Of course his name had to be Red. Well, Red started singing "The Long Trail," and after a few gulps he ejaculated, "Gee, I like that song! Sing it with me?" Yes, I would. "Well then, you take the upper and I'll take the lower." We started, then Red left the soap suds alone. "Sounds swell, doesn't it? You know, there's a fellow in the barracks next door who's been playing and singing it on a melodeon. Sings it just right, not too loud, not too soft." Just then someone in the shower-bath made the statement that the fellow who wrote the song was in camp. "You don't say?" Then putting his hands on his hips, "Mighty smart fellow he must be." I began to try to explain or else make a getaway, but I was caught. Someone in the shower pointed to me and said, "That's the fellow." Red's jaw dropped, he turned scarlet red, not brick red any longer. I didn't know whether he was going to shake hands or hit me. He controlled himself, however, and explained: "Well, here I've been singing away like a fool for you, and you wrote it." After that experience I only saw Red a couple of times, and when I did he dodged round the corner rather sheepishly. It was plain that song writers couldn't be trusted.

I wish I could mention their names and the many stories which individuals have connected with the song. In general they said at first: "It was the first song I ever heard my sweetheart sing. I was starting for the front." Later it became: "It was the last song I heard him sing or he wrote about." One Red Cross nurse who was very ill in Baltimore wrote me through the aid of her

own nurse that if I would send her an autographed copy of "The Trail" she thought it would help her so much. She was delirious at times, and the song carried some sort of "balm to hurt minds" that touched some great tragedy in her life. When she recovered I received her thanks and her story. Music, I am told, often unlocks mental gates that have been closed. This same friend added that in psychopathic wards in the military hospitals, when all else fails, sometimes the singing of "The Long Trail" helps.

The phrase "The Long, Long Trail" became often a symbol of continued courageous endeavor. Just recently a bronze tablet based on Darling's cartoon of Roosevelt's death called "The Long Trail" was unveiled while someone played the melody. Novels, movies, vaudeville acts used the phrase synonymously or directly. There was Cadet Clarkson's Plattsburg parody, "There's a long, long line of trenches into No Man's Land in France, where the shrapnel shells are bursting and we must advance." This is the only official parody. I O. K.'d it one evening in company barracks at Plattsburg for the enthusiastic gentleman. I still have difficulty getting all of the syllables in just right, but it is easier than B. C. Hilliam's patter song, which ran in the play "Buddies" and is something like this: "There's a sort of charm about it, when you hear the soldiers shout it in their rough and ready rhythm that will make you sing it with 'em." Then it ends up: "Yet the trail remains a mystery, the song a part of history. The birdies will be singing it, the bells they will be ringing it to the wail of the tale of the long, long trail."

So much for parodies. Now for myths, the best one of which is this. It was a common story that the writer of both words and music died in France. Those who had sung it so much wanted some poetic justice about it. It seems that the writer, an American, had difficulty getting into the service, according to one printed account. The United States Army would not have him, so over to Canada and back, and at last, on a second trip, he signed up with the Canadians. He met the logical fate of a soldier. He was mortally wounded, and while awaiting his end in the hospital he wrote the melody and words. The story was quite well known, and was the way the average soldier wanted the song written. Stoddard King and I have lived too long.

There are some laurels connected with the song that Stoddard and I like to remember. I like to think that the first American troops in Europe passed in review before Ambassador Page and Admiral Sims to its rhythm. A friend in England tells me that every year before the cenotaph of the Unknown Soldier in London, when the King of England, the royal family and all of England's greatest assemble in the Mall, it is taken up in great volume just before "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King." Again, during the great memorial concert in Albert Hall, the king of England was said to have stood during its rendition, and Lloyd George in his victory speech referred to it as the song that helped to win the war. Secretary Daniels sent us the official thanks of the United States Navy for and in behalf of those whom the song had served. Yale University granted it the Joseph Vernon Prize as a work by Yale men that best represented the spirit and ideals of Yale. When the British passed over the bridge at Cologne, they marched into Germany to it.

In the Invalides, the wondrous museum in Paris where the proud relics of

a brave empire are collected, there is a corner dedicated to the relics of the Allies. In the American room, my friend, Major Gimperling, had placed for me a manuscript copy of "There's a Long, Long Trail." His doing so accomplished one of the dreams of my life, that I could place a letter beside it in which Dan Keller, my friend at Columbia who had wished me success, prophesied its significance. Dan lies buried in Romagne. The ink in the letter is still clear, and so long as it can be read it is the finest tribute a friend can ever pay to another's work. I often think of that manuscript as the last high altar of the song's endeavor. It has been there three years now, and it will stay there ultimately to crumble in the land where those who sang it and loved it fell with the tune fresh in their hearts. It is there for them always if their shades should wander back, perhaps asking "What was that tune we used to sing so much?"

There is something about a war song that carries an appeal even to the opposite side. This my venturesome publisher knew, and he arranged after the Armistice to let the Germans have the song if they wanted more of it. From his account, the whole venture was highly successful, as the climax came so quickly. At the initial performance of it, the leader of the orchestra was assailed by beer mugs and bottles and barely escaped with his life from the outraged audience. The audience repeated Lloyd George's phrase, so I believe the reception represented their true sentiments—although I was asked later by a very sportsmanlike Fritzie to send him a copy, and away it went, autograph and all.

New Hampshire Necrology

DR. EDGAR O. CROSSMAN

Edgar O. Crossman, born in Ludlow, Vt., December 15, 1864, died in Bedford, N. H., June 21, 1929.

He was the son of Edgar C. and Martha (Speare) Crossman, and was educated at the New Hampshire State College, and the Medical Department of the University of Vermont, taking his degree of M. D. from the latter in 1887, and he pursued graduate courses later in New York and at Harvard.

He settled in the practice of medicine at Lisbon, N. H., in 1889, where he continued with much success for many years. Aside from his professional work he was actively engaged in public affairs in the town as well as state. He was a member of the House of Representatives in 1905, and was author of the bill providing for the state care of the insane in whom he took great interest, having become an alienist of distinction. In 1913 he was nominated for the position of superintendent of the New Hampshire Hospital, in place of Dr. Charles P. Bancroft, but was not confirmed by the council, and withdrew from the contest.

He had served under the United States government as collector of internal revenue, for Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont for nearly ten years from May, 1904. He was president of the New Hampshire Conference of Charities and Correction for several years from 1912, and represented his district in the State Senate in 1915. He was for many years a trustee of the State Hospital and was a medical referee for Grafton County for some time. In 1915 he was president of the New Hampshire Medical Society.

Taking great interest in the work of the Veterans' Bureau, after the World War, he removed to Manchester, and soon became district manager of the New England Division, and subsequently he became chief medical officer of the West Roxbury Hospital. Later he was made chief officer of the National Bureau, with headquarters at Washington, having charge, also, of the new government hospital, at Bedford, Mass.

Dr. Crossman was taken ill at Washington about two weeks before his death, and was removed to his summer home in Bedford, N. H. He is survived by a widow and one son, Edgar G., who was on his way home from Europe at the time of his father's decease. Funeral was at Bedford, but interment at the National Cemetery in Arlington, D. C.

MISS CLARA E. ROWELL

Clara E. Rowell, born in Franklin, April 7, 1846; died there June 9, 1929.

She was the daughter of John H. and Martha A. (Bachelder) Rowell, her mother being an aunt of Ex-Governor Nahum J. Bachelder. She was educated at the old Franklin Academy, and her life was devoted to literary, church and welfare work. She was specially interested in the W. C. T. U. and for many years edited and published the *Granite State Outlook*. She was, also, for many years a trustee of the Mercy Home at Manchester. She was an active member of the Christian Church in Franklin, was prominent in its activities, and with her late sister, Mary, contributed largely toward the construction of its fine house of worship, one of the best in the state. Cousins are her nearest surviving relatives.

HELEN McGREGOR AYERS

Helen M. Ayers, born in Loudon December 26, 1843; died in Concord, June 18, 1929.

Miss Ayers was the daughter of Jonathan and Mary (Rogers) Ayers, and was reared in Canterbury. She was educated in Boscawen Academy and Tilton Seminary. She was for twenty years a successful teacher, first in Concord, and later in Fort Wayne, Ind., and Denver, Colo., but the later years of her life were passed in Concord, where she was much engaged in social, religious and philan-

thropic work. She was national secretary of the Woman's Relief Corps in 1914-15, and regent of Rumford Chapter, D. A. R., in 1912-14. She was a charter member of the Concord Woman's Club, a director of the old Female Charitable Society and a member and earnest worker in the South Congregational church.

She is survived by a sister, Mrs. Mary Ayers Seaver, a sister-in-law, Mrs. Clara Kimball Ayers, and many nieces and nephews.

ADOLPH WAGNER

Adolph Wagner, the most prominent German-American citizen of the State, who was born in Lawrence, Mass., in 1862, and came to Manchester forty-six years ago; died in the Sacred Heart Hospital, after a long illness, on June 19.

He was for some time in service as a letter carrier, was later engaged in the bottling business, but of late had been health officer for the city. He was active in politics as a Republican, served two terms as a member of the Board of Aldermen, was three times elected a member of the State House of Representatives, and a member of the State Senate in 1915. He was prominent in various local societies and is survived by a widow and two sons.

Old Days, Old Friends

JOHN F. HOLMES

It does us good to sit around and talk
With friends we used to know,
And hear the old songs sung,
And tell about the things we did in days of long ago
When we were young;
To speculate upon the times
And changes taking place about the town,
And estimate the future, state and nation up and down;
To live again with new delight
Through happy olden ways,
To walk and talk and be again
With those of by-gone days.

The future has its hopes and fears,
The present has its needs,
But, more and more through passing years,
The old days have their deeds.

And so it does us good
To live the olden days again,
And back through memory's lane to walk
With old friends now and then.

Hill Boy

FRANCES M. FROST

There is the valley stretching below:
Yellow fields, green fields, roads that go
Straight past fences, narrow past trees,
Up to the mountain's purple-dark knees.

There is the valley, and here am I,
Standing on the hilltop, head in the sky.
The hilltop is bare and brown and clean,
With one bent pine where the high winds lean.

To yellow field and green field I must give
My hands to till them while I live.
But the hilltop asks no more of me
Than that my eyes be clear to see

What I plough and what I sow
And what the roads my feet must go,
And why I climb the hill where I
May set my heart against the sky.

New Hampshire

F. W. FOWLER

Where the sky is ever bluest,
Where the friendship's ever truest,
That's New Hampshire;
Every road that leads you out
Makes you long to turn about,
In New Hampshire.

Where the stars shine ever clearest,
And where Heaven seems the nearest,
That's New Hampshire;
Crystal lakes there nestle under
Mountain tops that thrill with wonder,
In New Hampshire.

Where the sunset tints are brightest,
Where the cares of life seem lightest,
That's New Hampshire;
Though the world you choose to roam
There's a glorious coming home
To New Hampshire.

Dam and Gate House of Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in 1875.

Some Further Chapters in the Early History of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company

FRED W. LAMB

Chapter One.

THE OLD BELL MILL

THE cotton mill first erected by Benjamin Pritchard at Amoskeag Falls was a small wooden building, with one story and rough finish. It is quite interesting to note the simplicity and crudeness of the mechanical methods of this old wooden mill as compared to those of more modern times.

At the outset, the only machine which had been put into action, was the spinning jenny, invented by Hargreaves and first operated in England in 1764. Considered a wonderful invention at that time, it had eight spindles set in a frame and by means of these as many threads were spun, while before it had been possible to spin but a single thread.

The picking was then done by hand upon a frame about two feet square crossed at right angles by hemp cords drawn about half an inch apart. Boards were placed on three sides and this contrivance was then fastened upon posts at a convenient height for the workmen. The cotton being placed upon this, it was then whipped with two long, slender sticks usually made of ash or oak. This rude affair could be operated by a boy.

The weaving was done on hand looms by the women of the neighborhood, who were anxious to earn a little money, and it was said that a "smart weaver" could make thirty-six cents a day. It became one of the duties of the agent to distribute the yarn among their scattered employees and take back to the mill the products of their work. It became no uncommon sight therefore to see Mr. Gillis, or one of his successors, riding horseback about the country, fairly enveloped by big bundles of yarn firmly secured to the saddle.

As this old machinery seemed to be absolutely incapable of performing the work desired, the Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufactory employed an expert machinist, of Smithfield, R. I., Preserved Robinson, who in later life lived in Loudon, N. H., to build an Arkwright spinning frame. This was a recent invention of spinning by rollers and the one built here at Amoskeag Falls was the first one made in the state and probably the first one ever operated in New Hampshire. He also built a machine for winding cotton balls of thread.

The record of the agreement to employ Mr. Robinson under date of June 22, 1811, reads thus: "Agreed with Mr. Robinson to build machinery and superintend the business in the factory, for three dollars and fifty cents per day, including the labor of Harvey Robinson, and furnish said Robinsons with suitable boarding, they finding their own spirits."

The yarn brought ready cash and it appears from the books that the stock holders took their dividends and the officers and workmen their pay in yarn. Little further change was made in the outfit of the mill until 1819, when a power loom was introduced by a Mr. Babbitt, who was in charge of the mill.

In 1824, when Olney Robinson who then owned the property, deeded one-half of it to other parties in return for a loan of money, the machinery named in the deed consisted of four spinning frames of seventy-two spindles each, one mule of one hundred and ninety-two spindles, one speeder with twenty-four spindles, nine cards, four breakers, five finishers, one drawing frame with three heads, ten power looms, one dressing machine, one warping machine and one spooling frame. The equipment had now increased somewhat.

In an old account book belonging to the Manchester Historic Association, is given the following list of girls engaged to work at Amoskeag in the "New Factory" or "Bell Mill" in 1826:

Carding Room—Alice Hanscom, Betsey Mackintire, David Elliot's two girls, Mary Young, Mary A. Spinney, Eliza Young, Mary Jane Eveleth, Margaret Maun, Miriam Barry.

Spinner—Mary Hanscom.

Weavers—Jane Buntin, Mary Caswell, Harriet Dearborn, Hannah Collins, Eliza White, Leofa Tuttle.

Under date of December 21, 1826, appears the following memorandum of an agreement with Joseph Taylor: "He agrees to work for the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in their machine shop for three years commencing the day after the date of this; for the first year he is to receive twenty dollars, the second year forty dollars and an opportunity to go to school two months providing he works mornings and evenings. For the third year he is to receive sixty dollars."

At this time the mills and their environments presented a most picturesque appearance. The oldest was beginning to show the evidence of its age, while it stood so nearly overhanging the precipitous bank of rocks that it almost threatened to fall into the river. Just across the mill yard was a small machine shop and beyond this the cluster of dwellings and boarding houses which had recently been built by the Company for the accommodation of the operatives.

A little more than a rod above this weather-beaten structure, equally as close to the rocky bank, and still nearer the foaming waters of the rapids, stood the larger factory, then designated as the "Bell Mill," on account of the bell which hung in its belfry rung to call the operatives to work in the early morning, and to warn them at nine o'clock in the evening to drop the cares of the day and seek their daily repose. It can be stated that our curfew or nine o'clock bell had its inception in this early bell.

In the days of the old Bell Mill the hours were as follows: from 4:20 a. m. to 7 a. m.; half an hour for breakfast. Then 7:30 a. m. to 12:30 p. m., with a half hour for dinner, followed by a return to the mill at 1 o'clock p. m., and working until 7:30 at night. That made a day's work of about fourteen hours.

The old *Peterson's Magazine* for 1866 contained a story of old time mill life in four installments and thirty-one chapters entitled "The Old Mill at Amoskeag." It was written by Miss Eliza Jane Cate, of Sanbornton, this state. It was quite an interesting novelette, the main theme of which was to prove it no disgrace to work in the mill.

It was in 1848 that both the old mill and the Bell Mill were destroyed by fire. They were burned on March 28th of that year, and were completely destroyed. The heating of these two mills was accomplished by twenty-eight old-fashioned box stoves for burning wood and one man built the fires in all of them every day.

Early in the morning of March 28th, 1848, sparks flew from a fire already

kindled while the man was starting others, and soon set fire to the woodwork. The mills were but a very short distance apart, saturated with oil and consumed at once. The loss was estimated at about $70,000.

William B. Clarke, of East Tilton, an old overseer on the early Langdon corporation states: "that the old mills were in pretty bad shape and were so rickety that the water would splash out of the sink when one walked across the floor. It was a great sight when the last mill burned, the flames pouring out of every window along one side and the old pine timbers burned like tinder."

Operations had been started on the east side of the river long before this and these old mills were never rebuilt. They are now only a memory. The Manchester Historic Association has among its treasures at the Carpenter Memorial library, the watchman's lantern and the keys to the old Bell Mill. It is said that the early agents of the Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufactory received an annual salary of one hundred and eighty dollars per year. Such is the story of the early mills at Amoskeag Falls, gone never to return.

Chapter Two.

BUILDING THE CANALS AND DAM.

Away back, more than a century ago, in the fall of 1804, Captain Ephraim Stevens came into possession of what was then known as the Harvey mill and water power rights, on the west bank of the river, at Amoskeag Falls. Captain Stevens at once took in as a partner with him in his enterprise, his brother Robert, and still later, an uncle, David Stevens, became associated with them.

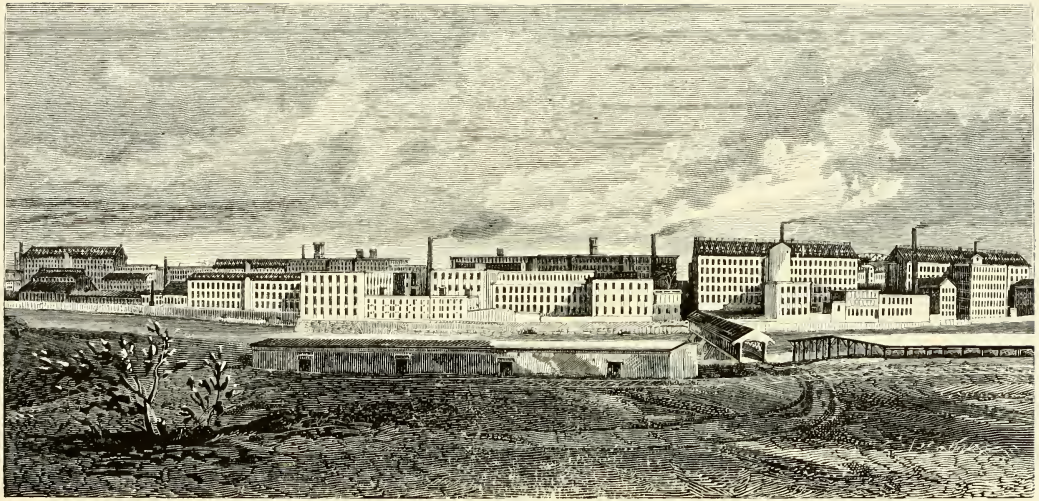
These men constructed a wing dam of wood from the west bank of the Merrimack to the rocks where Judge Samuel Blodgett had stopped his dam, built in the early days of his canal. The Stevens brothers, on March 12, 1810, gave a bond to the then recently organized Amoskeag Cotton and Wool Manufactory in the sum of $2000 which read as follows:

"To keep in good repair their mill dam at Amoskeag Falls so as to turn (into) the channel, conveying the water to the cotton and woolen manufactory so much water as shall be sufficient for carrying an old-fashioned undershot wheel for a corn mill at all seasons of the year, and on all days of the year, so long as water is needed to carry on the manufacturing of cotton and wool in that place, by said proprietors paying annually to said Ephraim and Robert Stevens, $10 viz $5, to each."

This Amoskeag Cotton and Woolen Manufactory, as is well known, was what became in after years the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. After this Company had passed through many ups and downs, in 1831, the present Company was born. In October and December of 1835 the Amoskeag Company obtained possession of the Union Locks and Canal Company, the Amoskeag Falls Locks and Canal Company, the Isle of Hooksett Canal Company and the Bow Canal Company.

A survey made by competent engineers seemed to show that not only could the hydraulic power of the river be more conveniently utilized on the east bank of the river, but the natural features of the adjoining land afforded better conditions for the erection of mills. So, in accordance with this plan, the Company acquired much land on the east side of the river in anticipation of the expansion which they knew was sure to come.

The year 1830 witnessed the actual carrying out of some of these plans.



View of Amoskeag Mills from West Side of River in 1875.

The wooden sections of the early dams, built by Samuel Blodgett and the Stevens brothers were repaired and strengthened and the following year, in 1837, workmen began the construction of a new stone dam with guard locks. The walls of the latter portion were made of solid masonry a few yards below the entrance to the old Blodgett Canal and a basin or reservoir was formed on very nearly the same site as the old Blodgett mill pond. This dam was built by David A. Bunton. The chief engineer was U. A. Boyden, assisted by T. J. Carter and E. A. Straw.

To carry the water from the basin mentioned above, to the upper level, so-called, a canal was cut ten feet deep and seventy-five feet wide at its entrance, but decreasing in width to fifty feet. This passage was walled with stones in the most substantial manner. Known as the "upper canal" it extends parallel with the river for 5,325 feet or over a mile, when at the foot of Central street it discharges its water into the lower canal through the upper weir with thirteen sets of flashboards and a width of seventy-eight feet.

Another waterway known as the lower canal running between the first and the river, was constructed along the course of the old Blodgett Canal, until near the foot of Bridge Street when it continues on an independent course southward to empty into the Merrimack at what is known as the lower weir. This outlet is close by the mouth of Cemetery Brook and near the old Namaske mill, later known as Olzendam's hosiery and now a storehouse on the southern division of the Amoskeag Company.

This canal enters the weir on a curve and is widened to about one hundred feet, further along being narrowed to about eighty feet. It is 6,098 feet in length, or over a mile and a third. The water in its descent from the upper to the lower canal falls twenty-one feet and from the lower canal to the river it is a thirty-two foot fall.

The old stone dam across the river, as stated before, was built in 1837-1840. It was considered at the time to be a very satisfactory piece of work and was regarded as an object of wide interest. But upon trial it proved to have been built too far above the rapids and it was not raised to a sufficient height to fully accomplish the purposes for which it was intended.

This fact was one of the early matters that attracted the attention of Ezekiel A. Straw upon his assuming the manifold duties of agent of the Company, and he devised a plan for a new structure, which was built in 1871, under his personal direction. Beginning from the west bank the old dam had run straight across the stream to about three-fourths of the distance and then it turned downward to the gatehouse so as to form the inner wall of the canal or reservoir.

The new dam was built in a curve, several yards below the old one and in two sections. The first or main wing, running from the west bank of the river to the rocks somewhat to the east of the middle of the stream, was four hundred and twenty feet in length. The east section, with its swing to the gate house was 230 feet in length, making the entire length no less than 650 feet. It averaged twelve feet in height and it was eight feet wide at the top. Its total cost was $60,000.

This made the entire descent of the river, from the crest of the dam to the foot of the rapids just below Granite bridge, at average flood, fifty-five feet. The three-foot flashboards raised this, of course, to fifty-eight feet. The natural fall of the rapids was probably about fifty feet. In comparison with these

figures, the mean fall at Lowell is thirty-seven feet, while at Lawrence it is twenty-eight feet and at Garvins Falls, at Bow, it is twenty-eight feet. In each of these cases measurement is considered from the top of the dam.

This dam was rebuilt and replaced by the present dam and power house at Amoskeag Falls in the years 1920-1921.

So much about the dams and canals. Now a little about the Amoskeag Company's reservoir.

Finding considerable need for a water system of their own to supply water for hydrant service, for necessary use in the dyeing and washing departments, etc., the Company in 1851-1853 constructed what is now known as the Amoskeag Reservoir, which is situated between Oak, Russell, Harrison and Blodget streets. It is 484 feet long by 232 feet wide and 17 feet deep and is capable of holding 11,000,000 gallons of water.

There were no less than three pipe lines leading down Brook street to the pump house and mills, at least three-fourths of a mile distant. The pump house, which was situated on the northern division just to the east of the upper end of the Jefferson mill, had four double cylinder bucket and plunger pumps. They had a thirty-three inch stroke up and down, made thirty strokes a minute and were driven by water power. They had a total capacity of 2,000,000 gallons of water every twenty-four hours. These pumps have now been replaced by electric pumps in various parts of the mills.

Chapter Three.

SOME SKETCHES OF EARLY MILL MEN

Henry A. Bailey

Henry A. Bailey, who was at one time superintendent of the Jefferson mill, was born in the town of Bartlett, June 2, 1844, and when six years of age came to Manchester with his parents. He received his early education in the public schools and entered the employ of the Amoskeag at the age of sixteen, first going to work in the card room. He then gradually worked his way up through the several departments, becoming overseer of dressing and when the Jefferson mill was completed he was appointed to the responsible position of superintendent. He remained there until October 1, 1888 when he was offered the position of agent of the Chicopee Mills, at Chicopee Falls, Mass. He then resigned his position on the Amoskeag and accepted this and conducted the affairs of his new position with marked ability for a term of years. Finally resigning this position he returned to Manchester to enjoy a much needed rest.

At the age of eighteen, Mr. Bailey left the employ of the Amoskeag and in company with several friends, enlisted as a private in Company A, of the Tenth New Hampshire Volunteers, on July 23, 1862. On January 1, 1864, he was appointed a corporal; Oct. 1, 1864, he was made a sergeant and appointed second lieutenant June 1, 1865. He was mustered out June 21, 1865. He was wounded on July 3, 1864, in the Battle of Cold Harbor and was made a prisoner at the Battle of Fair Oaks Oct. 27, 1864, being confined in Salisbury prison and exchanged on May 16, 1865. At the close of the war Mr. Bailey returned to his employment on the Amoskeag.

He was always prominent in Masonic circles, being a member of Lafayette Lodge, Mt. Horeb Chapter; Adoniram Council and Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar. He once filled the position of grand king of the Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of New Hampshire and was a past high priest of Mt. Horeb Royal Arch Chapter. In

political affairs, Mr. Bailey was a loyal Republican and served his state as state senator in 1886. He married Mary T. Northrup, August 20, 1869. Mr. Bailey died April 15, 1909.

He was known as a man of exceptional executive ability. He had a fine presence and a genial temperament and had many strong friends. He was always public spirited and generous. It was said of him by one of his comrades in the regiment during the Civil War that "Henry Bailey was considered the best individual soldier in the regiment. He was capable and fearless and never lost his head."

Waterman Smith

Waterman Smith, agent for many years of the Manchester mills, was born at Smithfield, Rhode Island, on July 16, 1816, and spent his boyhood days on his father's farm. At the age of fourteen he attended Greenfield academy in his native town and later the Bolton seminary at Bolton, Mass.

Following his schooling, he spent a period of years in learning the machinist's trade and then, having acquired this knowledge, he spent three years more working in his brother's cotton mill at Cumberland, R. I. He then went to Thompson, that state, and took charge of the Slater mills. Upon the sale of that property in 1842, he went to Scituate, and there fitted up a carding room for Brown and Huse, remaining in their employ about two years.

He then became superintendent of the John L. Hughes mills at Philadelphia, holding this position for about six years. He then went back to Smithfield, his native town, and assumed charge of the Georgia mills at that place. From there in 1853, he came to Manchester, to become the agent of the Manchester mills and the Manchester Print Works, which position he held until his retirement from active business in 1871.

As a mill manager, he proved to be energetic, capable and wise and the mills prospered for many years under his management and direction. During the existence of the old Merrimack River Bank he was a member of its board of directors and its first president and he was the first president of the First National Bank and the Merrimack River Savings Bank.

In politics he was originally a Whig, but on the formation of the Republican party, he early identified himself with that party and continued throughout his long life to act with it. He acquired his rank of Colonel by appointment on the staff of Governor Frederick Smith in 1865. He served the city as chairman of its board of education from 1860 to 1867 and took a great personal interest in the erection of new schoolhouses. In 1868 he was appointed a trustee of the city library.

He believed thoroughly in the future of the city of Manchester and invested heavily in real estate. He was married and had nine children, four sons and five daughters. He was a man of marked personality. Tall, broad-shouldered and well proportioned, a model of manly symmetry and strength, he attracted attention wherever he was, and his mental characteristics corresponded to his physical development. He had great courage, energy and tenacity of purpose.

He held very decided opinions upon all subjects and always expressed them freely and fearlessly. For very many years he was a controlling force in the manufacturing, financial and political circles of Manchester and he has left his impress upon many of our local institutions. A successful business man in every sense of the word, he passed from this life on August 5, 1892.

Rev. James Dean

A very prominent man in the direction of the old Manchester Print Works was the Rev. James Dean. A native of England, he was born at Clitheroe, Lancashire, in 1818. Coming to the United States at the age of ten in 1828, his father's family settled in Lowell and there he spent his boyhood. For a brief time he was located at Fall River, thence going back again to Lowell. He then went to Providence, R. I., and remained there for about ten years.

From Providence he removed to Pawtucket, remaining there for but six years, when he returned again to Lowell. Six years later he came to Manchester in 1867. His whole life had been spent in the engraving departments of the various print works in which he had worked. He came to Manchester to take charge of the engraving department of the Manchester Print Works, in which capacity he remained until 1870, when he was appointed superintendent, succeeding Archibald Graham.

In 1861 he was a representative to the Massachusetts legislature from Pawtucket, which was then located in the state of Massachusetts. In 1847, at Providence, he was ordained as a local preacher of the Methodist Episcopal church. He never held a settled pastorate, and never gave up his business, though preaching for a time in Rhode Island and he has officiated occasionally here and elsewhere to fill vacancies.

In 1840 he married Miss Sarah B. Chase. They had eleven children. He was a self educated man and like most such had very strong and settled convictions. He was positive and self-reliant, but generous, warm-hearted and charitable and he never lost an opportunity to do good by word and deed to those around him.

Always taking a deep interest in all educational matters, he had been at various times a member of the school board, a charter member of William North Lodge of Masons of Lowell, and was also a member of Trinity Commandery, Knights Templar of Manchester. He passed away very suddenly on November 30, 1875.

New Hampshire Men and Matters

Recollections of a Busy Life

HENRY H. METCALF

CHAPTER SIX

THE office of the new paper was in Ham's block on Washington street, not far from the old City hall, which, by the way, was burned not long after and replaced by the present structure, which is by far the largest in the state. We were decidedly busy in the outset, in getting fairly under way. All the material had to be purchased new —type, cases, stands, presses, etc.,— everything necessary to the proper fitting of a news and job-printing establishment. Meanwhile the men who had been active in persuading me to come to Dover were pushing the canvass for subscribers for the new paper; but it is proper to say that they never came fully up to their promise of 1500 cash paid subscribers, and before long I found it advisable to put canvassers in the field on my own account, as I was determined to have a circulation surpassing that of any other paper in that part of the state, and in the course of time I secured it, though at no little expense.

Dr. Paul A. Stackpole, a leading Democrat of Strafford county, Mark F. Nason, subsequently sheriff of the county, Dr. A. J. Young, a leading Dover dentist and one Benjamin Collins were the prime movers in the enterprise, and responsible for my engaging in the same, though Thomas J. Smith, who had been associated with me for a year in the editorship of *The People* at Concord, had joined in the invitation. The one man, however, whom I found as a real help in the outset, and all through my five years stay in Dover, was James W. Henderson, himself a printing office graduate and a young man of affairs about town, endowed with a good deal of business sagacity and the owner of some profitable real estate. He was an ardent Democrat and took much interest in the new paper. He assisted in getting the printing office into running order and was particularly active in building up the subscription list. On one of his excursions for subscribers, he left Dover for Manchester in the early morning, and returned at night with one hundred subscriptions for a year, all cash paid— a feat, which, I venture to say, was never equalled by any newspaper canvasser before or since.

Removing with me to Dover was my younger brother, Clifton A. Metcalf, who at fifteen years of age had gone up to Littleton after I purchased the *Republic*, to work in the office and learn the printer's trade, and in the course of the two years there had become a good compositor and a fair all round printer. I also brought down William F. Mack, an elderly journeyman printer, who had been at work for me in Littleton, whom I had found to be a reliable man, and both remained with me during my stay in Dover, and were my principal working force, though they were supplemented, after a time, by one Edward F. Burnham,

who came into the office one day and said he wanted to learn the newspaper business. He was a native of Chichester, a married man, and his wife was a school teacher. He had been a year at Bates College, but unable to go further, for financial reasons, and having to get into some kind of work, he had selected the newspaper business. I had no need for more help at the time, and knew it would be some time before he could be of assistance in any direction, but he aroused my sympathy, and I concluded to take him in and give him an opportunity to prove what he could do. I started him learning the "case" and he very soon became a fair compositor, so that at the end of a year I let him go to work by the piece at the regular price by the thousand, then obtaining, which, if I remember rightly, was 28 cents. At this rate he was able to earn about ten dollars per week. His wife quit teaching and they set up housekeeping in town. He remained with me during my stay in Dover, and was an industrious worker and faithful employee. I recall the fact that he put in type the entire first volume of the Granite Monthly, whose publication I commenced in April, 1877.

Some time after my departure from Dover, of which I shall hereafter speak, and while I was engaged upon the *Manchester Union,* he entered the employ of that paper, upon my recommendation, and continued for many years, later being transferred to the editorial department, where he became a vigorous and interesting writer. Having been reared on a farm he took an interest in agriculture, and joined the Grange, in which he became active and prominent, serving four years, from 1891 to 1895, as Lecturer of the State Grange. Ultimately he was stricken with an incurable disease, quit work and retired to his old home town where he passed away many years ago.

An interesting experience which I had during my stay in Dover was as a reporter for the Associated Press at the trial of Joseph Buzzell for the murder of Susan Hanson in Brookfield, which came off at Ossipee, in the spring of 1875, commencing April 28, and continuing several days. Miss Hanson had been shot and killed while sitting near a window in her house in Brookfield. Buzzell had been intimate with her in the past, but their relations had been broken off, and he was naturally suspected of the crime. He was ultimately indicted and brought to trial. Isaac W. Smith was the presiding justice, and the State was represented by Attorney-General Lewis W. Clark, and George F. Hobbs of Dover, generally known as Frank Hobbs, a very bright and able lawyer, and a friend of Miss Hanson in youth, who was very determined and persistent in the prosecution. Buzzell was defended by Copeland and Edgerly of Somersworth, the senior member, William J. Copeland, being then about thirty-five years of age, and having already attained high rank as a trial lawyer, especially in criminal cases, which was subsequently greatly enhanced, till he became known as the ablest criminal lawyer in the eastern counties of the state. He was a native of Maine and a resident of the town of Berwick in that state, just across the Salmon Falls river from Somersworth, whose village was then known as Great Falls, and in which his office was located. J. A. Edgerly, his young partner, also later attained a large practice and a good reputation as a lawyer.

As has been said, the trial lasted sev-

eral days and reporting the same kept me pretty busy as I went to Ossipee on the early morning train, returning at night, and doing my own office work in the evening. It was a sharply contested fight, and counsel on both sides contended with all their ability, but the defense had the advantage in the evidence, as it was shown pretty conclusively that Buzzell could not have been present at the place of the murder at the time it was committed, but was on his way from Wolfeboro, where he was then at work, driving toward Brookfield, but far from there at the time of the shooting. The jury, after short deliberation, brought in a verdict of "Not guilty" and most people who had followed the trial regarded it as just, but the prosecution was far from satisfied. Attorney Hobbs was still firm in the belief that Buzzell was responsible for the crime, and finally an irresponsible young man of the neighborhood was brought to confess that he had done the shooting, having been hired by Buzzell to do it. Finally a statute was found providing that the "hiring and procuring" a murder was punishable the same as murder itself, and in October, 1877, Buzzell was indicted again by virtue of this statute. The case went up to the Supreme court, on the ground that having been once tried and acquitted, Buzzell could not again lawfully be tried, but the court overruled the plea, and in June following Buzzell was again tried and this time convicted, and sentenced to be hung, which sentence was ultimately carried out. This second trial and its outcome, aroused much comment in legal circles, and in the newspaper press throughout New England and was considered by many a violation of the constitutional provision that no person should be twice placed in jeopardy for the same offense. As a matter of abstract justice it was probably right, the real truth was however, that Buzzell, who had actually hired the young man to do the shooting, and knew when it was to be done, had repented of his action and was driving as fast as possible to prevent it, but did not arrive until after it occurred.

In Dover, as in Littleton, we found the situation as regards church attendance unsatisfactory, and soon set to work to remedy it. There had once been a Universalist church in Dover, but it had perished or gone out of business years before and its house of worship had been sold and appropriated to business purposes, with stores on the lower floor and a hall above. It was then the property of one George G. Lowell, who had been Mayor of the city, and was himself a Universalist. He lived in a double house, and it so happened that when I removed my family to Dover the only tenement in the city available was that in Mr. Lowell's house that he did not himself occupy, so as a matter of necessity I rented that tenement, and not believing in unnecessary removals, continued to occupy it while we remained in the city. I had an earnest confidential talk with Mr. Lowell as to the practicability of organizing a new Universalist Society, and starting services in his hall. He was manifestly impressed with the idea and we soon set to work, looking up and interesting the old Universalists, and finding many new people agreeable to the enterprise, and within a year from my arrival in the city we had a society organized and proceeded to carry out our plan in full. For a time we had preaching supplies furnished through the aid of the Universalist State Convention; then we heard students from the Divinity school at Tufts college for awhile, and at length, feeling sure of our ability to

carry on the work, we invited candidates for the pastorate to be heard and in due course of time, one Rev. H. W. Hand of New York was settled upon for the position, duly chosen and commenced work in earnest.

A Sunday school was organized and a ladies' society, named the Dorcas Society, which contained many very active and efficient women, who were earnest workers, and as is generally the case with most churches, became in effect the mainstay of the society. The movement gained strength with the passage of time, and the Universalists soon regained their old time standing as a vital force in the religious community. Before I left Dover a movement for a new church edifice was well under way. Andrew Pierce, a native of Dover, who had been successful in railroad work in Texas, was approached, became interested in the enterprise, and had finally offered to defray the expense of a new brick church edifice, to be named the "Pierce Memorial Church," which was erected in due time, though not till after my departure from the city. Services have been conducted there most of the time from that day to this. One of the pastors who assumed the position soon after the completion of the church, was Rev. Dr. Sullivan H. McCollister, long eminent in the Universalist ministry and in educational work, who was the father of Rev. Lee S. McCollister, now Dean of the Crane Theological School at Tufts college. As it happens the next annual meeting of the Universalist State Convention is to be held in this church.

But religious affairs were only a side issue in my life in Dover. As editor and publisher of a Democratic paper in a fairly exciting period of the political life of the state, and with a living to make for a wife and three children as well as myself, I had to be busy about other matters. I had to make the acquaintance and gain the confidence of the leading men, especially of my own party, in that part of the state. Strafford county was, primarily, my home territory but I knew that I must cultivate a wider field in order to gain a fair measure of success. Carroll county, on the north, had no Democratic paper and I regarded it as not only my rightful privilege but my duty to myself and the good Democrats of that region, to extend my own acquaintance and the influence of my paper within its borders, and this I did in considerable measure within a year or two, so that I had many friendly supporters in addition to my home people in that county. Among these were such men as John W. Sanborn of Wakefield, Bennett P. Strout and Christopher C. Wilder of Conway, Edwin Snow of Eaton, Nathaniel Mason of North Conway, George W. M. Pitman of Bartlett and William A. Heard of Sandwich, who by the way, was the father of the man of the same name long connected with the Amoskeag National bank in Manchester and prominent in the Federal Reserve System. He was the clerk of court for Carroll, and had his court dockets printed in my office, a bit of patronage which was highly appreciated. The composition for these dockets required considerable skill and was done by James W. Henderson, whom I have previously mentioned, and who aided me in various directions.

Although there was a Democratic paper in Portsmouth—the *States and Union*—and several other papers in Rockingham county, including the *Exeter News Letter*, then as now and ever since, the best printed paper in the state, edited by Charles Marseillo, with John Templeton as his right hand man and later his able successor, I felt no hesita-

tion about securing subscribers in that county and had good hits in some of the towns. I had a good number of subscribers in Newmarket, where A. L. Mellows, the lawyer of the town, was my correspondent, and Lafayette Hall the most prominent Democrat in town, a friendly worker in my interest. One of my canvassers had a "streak of luck" in the little town of Sandown, where the chaplain of the present New Hampshire legislature, Rev. Willis P. Odell, now makes his home and preached on Old Home Sunday in the town's historic old church, where he secured a list of forty subscribers, and another fine list in the little hamlet of North Salem. I had a particularly efficient correspondent in Newington in the person of Jackson M. Hoyt, a live Democrat and active young man, who soon became and still remains, so far as I know, a leading citizen of the town. I had the pleasure of meeting him in the last Constitutional Convention, in which he was a delegate from his town. Another correspondent was Rev. Luther F. McKinney of Newfield, then South Newmarket, where he was located as pastor of the Universalist church.

Even in the city of Portsmouth, where there were three papers published, including the Democratic *States and Union*, the old *New Hampshire Gazette*, claiming to be the oldest newspaper in the Union, and the *Portsmouth Journal*, I had many subscribers, some of whom I regarded, then and as long as they lived, as good men and true friends. Not the least of them was Calvin Page, a staunch Democrat, a good lawyer and an honest man, though there are those who have maintained that no lawyer can be an honest man. If that is the rule Judge Page was the exception.

Naturally I was deeply interested in politics and particularly in Democratic party affairs. The Democrats of Dover, and Strafford county generally, were anxious for the nomination of Hiram R. Roberts of Rollinsford for Governor. He had been a candidate for the nomination in the state convention in 1874, but was defeated by James A. Weston of Manchester who had the support of the Boston and Maine railroad, which corporation, then as for a long time after, controlled political affairs in the state. Through its influence, in fact, Gov. Weston had been elected in 1871, over McCutchins of New London, the Republican candidate who was an independent farmer, not subject to corporation control, and was therefore objectionable to the railroad management. In 1875, however, Judge Roberts (he was judge of probate for Strafford county) secured the nomination, while Person C. Cheney of Manchester, another corporation favorite, had been nominated by the Republicans. The campaign was an earnest and hard-fought one, but, through the influence of the railroad officials, who exerted all their power in behalf of the Republican ticket, there was no election by the popular vote and the choice of governor was thrown into the legislature, where, as they had secured a majority, the Republicans elected Mr. Cheney.

I had been much in the confidence of Judge Roberts during the campaign, and remained so thereafter, and shared with him the disappointment of the defeat. He had the support of a large majority of the farmers of the state, and those not under corporation influence; but the railroad power and the great manufacturing interests, which were generally controlled by the railroad, had been too strong to overcome. But another day was coming, and I determined that what

little influence I possessed should be exerted to circumvent the Boston and Maine railroad in one direction at least, so that whatever it might be able to do with the Republicans, it should not dictate the Democratic nomination for governor. Judge Roberts, who had made a good fight, and secured a handsome vote, would ordinarily be entitled to a renomination, and would be accorded the same if he desired, as everybody very well knew. Really he did not desire it, and I very well knew that he intended to declare his purpose not to be again a candidate, but I advised him to withhold his declaration and not let his purpose be known for the present. Meantime the railroad interests had got busy and sent an emissary to interview him to ascertain if he really intended to run again, and if he did not to give him a written statement to that effect. Before taking any action he came to see me and asked my advice as to what he should do. He was positive in his purpose to withdraw, and I finally persuaded him to write his letter of withdrawal and give it to me to be used at such time as I might deem expedient, instead of giving it to the individual whom the railroad people had sent to interview him, who was really an attorney then living in Dover.

I knew very well who was the man that the railroad interests desired to have nominated by the Democrats—a certain prominent manufacturer in the central part of the state who was closely allied with them; and as Gov. Cheney, who was their man, would of course be nominated by the Republicans they would not need to concern themselves further about results, if they secured the Democratic nomination for their chosen man. Meanwhile nothing was heard from Judge Roberts, and the railroad people were at a loss what to do. They could not engage in a canvass in the interest of their chosen candidate for the nomination until they knew definitely that Judge Roberts was not going to run again, and I had his letter of withdrawal in my possession, with permission to use my own judgment as to when it should be made public, and that I did. I kept it undisclosed, until the opening of the next Democratic state convention, when the chairman read it from the platform just before the nomination of a candidate for governor was in order!

In the meantime I had not been idle. I had a definite plan for circumventing the machinations of the railroad, and proceeded to carry it out. I sent James W. Henderson, whom I have before mentioned, and who had a diplomatic and persuasive manner of speech whenever it became necessary to use it, to interview Capt. Daniel Marcy of Portsmouth, and to secure his consent to the presentation of his name to the convention as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor. The Captain had a fair amount of political ambition, was somewhat susceptible to flattery, and soon assented to the proposition, the understanding being that nothing should be said about the matter publicly till the time of the state convention; but there was considerable private correspondence carried on with Democrats in different parts of the state who were not in accord with the railroad manner of doing things.

When the state convention assembled, in January 1876, and had proceeded with its organization, and had gotten so far in its work that it was in order to proceed to nominate a candidate for governor, the letter of Judge Roberts, announcing that he would not be a candidate was read, to the surprise of not a few of the delegates. Immediately after

James W. Henderson took the platform and in an eloquent speech, dwelling upon the solid abilities and sterling Democracy of Daniel Marcy of Portsmouth, presented his name as a candidate for the nomination. Much enthusiasm prevailed; the nomination was promptly seconded and the balloting proceeded, the Captain being nominated by a good majority. It was settled then that the railroad had a fight on hand, which it proceeded to carry on in the campaign with the usual successful result, in the re-election of Gov. Cheney.

The year 1876 was an exciting one in national politics. The Credit-Mobilier scandal, Belknap impeachment and wholesale corruption generally that had developed under the Grant administration (though the president himself was not responsible, being entirely in the hands of unscrupulous politicians whose dishonesty he had no suspicion of) had so encouraged the Democratic leaders that they entertained strong hopes of success in the pending national election. Though other candidates were expected to be in the field many of the leaders, and the party press very generally, were turning attention to Samuel J. Tilden, governor of New York, who had made a notable record as a reformer, and foe of corruption, and though he had incurred the hostility of Tammany Hall, had gained the approval of the Democratic masses, not only in New York but throughout the entire country. New Hampshire was then entitled to ten delegates in the national political conventions and the Democrats elected theirs from the five councillor districts—two from each. The first district was then made up of the two counties of Rockingham and Strafford, and I determined to be a candidate for delegate, and went to work among my Strafford county friends for support. I had a good delegation on hand from Dover, and most towns in the county, when the convention to nominate delegates was held in Portsmouth. After the convention was organized it was voted to separate into two county conventions to nominate one candidate for each county, one from Rockingham and one from Strafford, to be presented to the convention for election. The Strafford county delegates met and agreed upon my name to be presented from that county, all the votes being given me with the exception of four which were for Gen. Alfred Hoitt of Durham, who was supported by Foster, who assumed to be back in the Democratic party, and was naturally hostile to me.

The Rockingham county delegates met but were unable to agree upon a candidate. There were two aspirants in the field—Lafayette Hall of Newmarket and Marcellus Eldridge of Portsmouth, and their strength was so evenly divided that neither side dared risk a vote, and so it was agreed to go back into the joint convention and let the selection be made there, which was done, the convention naming me and Mr. Hall. The delegates named by the other district convention were Edwin C. Bailey of Concord, then editor of the *New Hampshire Patriot,* and Edward McHarrington, mayor of Manchester, in the second; Alva W. Sulloway of Franklin and John W. Moulton of Laconia in the third; Fred A. Barker of Keene, and Gustavus Lucke of Walpole in the fourth and George F. Putnam of Warren, chairman of the Democratic state committee and William H. Cummings of Lisbon in the fifth. No meeting of the delegation was held for organization previous to the national convention, which was held in St. Louis, Mo., during the last week in June, one

of the hottest periods in a very hot season, the mercury standing at 90 above zero, at 10 o'clock at night, in that naturally torrid city.

The delegation did not go in a body from New Hampshire but took different routes, getting into St. Louis however at about the same time, a day or two before the convention opened. I went by way of the Pennsylvania railroad, making short stops on the way at Columbus, Ohio, and Indianapolis. On the train from Columbus I met Judge Edward F. Brigham, an Ohio district court judge, brother of Harry and George A. Brigham of Littleton, who later became chief justice of the supreme court of Columbia, and whose son, Harry, now of Littleton is judge of probate for Grafton county. Judge Brigham was a warm friend of Allen G. Thurman, the great Democratic senator from Ohio, and had been in hopes that the Ohio delegation of which he was a member, would support Mr. Thurman for the presidential nomination; but the majority had decided otherwise and to present the name of William Allen, the then venerable Democratic governor of the state, much to his disappointment.

Upon arrival in St. Louis, the delegation was met by a committee from the Chamber of Commerce, headed by its president, who was none other than Hon. Edwin O. Stannard, who had been a member of congress and lieutenant-governor of the state. He was a native of Newport, N. H., and was especially cordial in his greeting to the New Hampshire delegates. Our headquarters had been secured in the Lindell Hotel, then the best in the city, where our expenditures were what would be regarded as insignificant in these days. It cost us four dollars per day each for room and board, and two dollars each per day for a separate room to be used for meetings of the delegation. Board consisted of four meals per day—breakfast, luncheon, dinner and supper though no one was obliged to take them all in. Our delegation organized by the choice of George F. Putnam for chairman and Alvah W. Sulloway for member of the national committee—a position which he held by virtue of the action of subsequent delegations for twenty years, till 1896. I do not recall all the other assignments in the delegation but I remember that Mr. Bailey served on the resolutions committee and I on the committee on permanent organization. The chairman of my committee was Gen. J. B. Sherman of Toledo, Ohio, a stalwart Civil war general of fine form and commanding presence. There was considerable discussion as to who should be named for permanent president. Some advocated L. S. Cox of Ohio, but it was soon found that discussion was useless, as a majority of the committee had one man in mind who had been picked by the Tilden managers, from purposes of expediency with reference to the Illinois vote in the convention. This was Gen. John B. McClernand of that state, who had brilliant record in the Union service in the Civil War, but was a poor presiding officer, having neither the voice nor the presence to command attention.

At the first day's meeting of the convention Henry Waterson of Kentucky, the noted journalist, who had been selected by the national committee for temporary chairman presided, opening with an eloquent address, and gracefully performed his duties. It was on this occasion that a woman appeared for the first time upon the platform of either party to address the delegates, when Miss Phebe Cousens of Missouri came forward to urge the adoption of a wom-

an suffrage plank in the Democratic party platform. She was one of the early followers of Susan B. Anthony and Elizabeth Cady Stanton in the advocacy of the equal suffrage cause, but she made no impression upon the convention beyond one of pleasure at the sight of a beautiful woman, elegantly dressed, with a fine speaking voice well used.

Nothing was done the first day except the appointment of committees and the preliminary work of organization. The formal organization was made the next forenoon, Gen. McClernand took the chair as president and made his opening speech, and the speeches of those naming candidates for the presidential nomination were heard, and in these were real oratory, contrasting sharply with the delivery of the presiding officer. The more prominent candidates presented were Bayard of Delaware, and Hendricks of Indiana, aside from Tilden. George Grey of Delaware, then a young man but attorney-general of the state, presented the name of Thomas F. Bayard, and Daniel W. Voorhees of Indiana, generally known as the "Tall Sycamore of the Wabash," an orator of national renown, that of Thomas A. Hendricks; while Francis Kernan, senator from New York, placed Samuel J. Tilden in nomination. There were other nominating and various seconding speeches, some of them decidedly eloquent, particularly that of James R. Doolittle of Wisconsin, who seconded the nomination of Tilden.

An interesting incident of the convention was the appearance of John Kelly of New York, then head of Tammany Hall, who had been granted the privilege of addressing the convention in opposition to the nomination of Mr. Tilden, which he proceeded to do in a vigorous but unconvincing manner.

Late in the afternoon of the second day a ballot was taken for candidate for president, following the adoption of a platform, in which Tilden led, with 373 votes, to 143 for Hendricks, and half a dozen other candidates trailing behind, but a majority was lacking. A second ballot followed immediately when Tilden had 467, it being a majority, and the vote was promptly made unanimous. An adjournment till the next day was then taken, when the nomination of a candidate for vice-president was in order. Several candidates were placed in nomination, but the first ballot resulted in a large majority for Thomas A. Hendricks, and his nomination was made unanimous. Upon the adjournment of the convention many of the delegates at once started for home, but I remained till the next morning, and with many others, stopped off at Indianapolis, where an enthusiastic reception was given to Thomas A. Hendricks. The Centennial Exposition was in full swing in Philadelphia as our train passed through on the return but the thermometer was registering 100 degrees, and I did not feel like stopping to see the show.

After the third year of my experience in Dover I began to feel the pressure of financial stringency, so to speak. Although I had a comparatively large subscription list, which was being fully maintained, it was kept up at great expense, as I had hired Bennett P. Strout of Conway as a canvasser at a high salary for those days, but my advertising patronage was much less than I had hoped for, as there were two other papers in the city competing for advertising—the *Dover Enquirer*, a Republican sheet, operated by Varney and Libby, and *Foster's Democrat*, which still kept its place in the field through the

financial assistance of a Portsmouth millionaire, upon whom he had secured some hold while publishing a paper in that city before coming to Dover. I had found it necessary not only to borrow money from friends to meet my expenses, but also to mortgage my paper and plant to a company of leading Democrats of the county for a large loan from them. I fought on for another two years against adverse circumstances but finally in the spring of 1879, I resolved to bear the strain no longer and after a good many sleepless nights, resolved to turn the establishment over to the mortgagees and let them continue the battle, which I proceeded to do forthwith. Among them were some of the men who had been instrumental in persuading me to go to Dover and start the paper.

I left Dover, removing to Concord, early in 1879, considerably in debt and having lost my entire fortune, taking only my family and household goods, and the GRANITE MONTHLY magazine good will and subscription list, having started the magazine in 1877. I left in Dover bills for several hundred dollars, against delinquent subscribers, which I placed in the hands of John Kivel, a young lawyer just admitted to the bar, from the office of Frank Hobbs, the collection of which was probably the first business with which he had been entrusted as a lawyer. He subsequently became successful and eminent in his profession and was made an associate and later chief justice of the superior court. I might add that at the time of my stay in Dover the leading lawyers of the city, in addition to Frank Hobbs, who had married the daughter of Daniel M. Christie then retired, were John G. Hall and Samuel M. Wheeler, Charles W. Woodman having also retired. There is no man living who was in active business in Dover while I was there, so far as I know, but one man, who as a youth had just commenced work in the Strafford National Bank, is now, and has been for some time past, the president of that institution, Charles S. Cortland.

Washington and Lafayette in Portsmouth

SOME REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIERS

1929

Message to the Society of Piscataqua Pioneers at their Annual Meeting, Portsmouth, N. H., August 14, 1929. From Joseph Foster, Rear Admiral (Supply Corps), U. S. Navy, (Retired) of Portsmouth.

Fellow Members of the Society of Piscataqua Pioneers and Friends:

I am invited to tell you something today of the thirty-eight (38) soldiers of the American Revolution buried in Portsmouth and the adjoining towns of Newington, Greenland, Newcastle and Rye,—whose graves have been identified.

Of these, almost one-half—eighteen—are in the Old North Cemetery, Portsmouth; four each in the Episcopal and Proprietors Cemetery, north of the Pond; two each in Harmony Grove Cemetery, Portsmouth, and the Old Cemetery, Greenland; and one each in Cotton's and Union Cemeteries, Private Grounds, Gosling Road, and Private Grounds, Lafayette Road, Portsmouth and the same number in Newcastle (Frost's Cemetery) and Newington (Town Cemetery), Rye (Central Cemetery), and Rye (Odiorne's Point Road).

Sixty-five years ago, on the blockade, off Charleston, South Carolina, I saw and heard salutes fired in honor of George Washington, on his birthday, by both the Union ships and the Confederate forts.

Happily now the salutes on this day are fired North and South by friends, and not by foes!

These records have been gathered by me as historian of Storer Post, Grand Army of the Republic, during many years and this year I have collected them in a booklet, hoping that they may thus be preserved for the patriotic people of Portsmouth.

Storer Post was named for Rear Admiral George Washington Storer, U. S. Navy, of Portsmouth, whom I often saw when I was a boy living nearby, for he then resided at the southwest corner of Middle Street and Auburn Street (now Richard's Avenue) Portsmouth; where he died January 8, 1864, in the seventy-fifth year of his age "after an honorable career in the navy of nearly fifty-five years." (General Order, Navy Department, January 13, 1864.)

Having seen Admiral Storer, I claim to have seen George Washington, too,—at second sight—for Admiral Storer was a grandson of Captain Tobias Lear, first cousin of Colonel John Langdon, continental agent, the manager of his shipyard on Langdon's, now Badger's Island, in the Piscataqua river, opposite Portsmouth, and builder of the "Ranger."

Admiral Storer, too, was a nephew of Colonel Tobias Lear, his son, sixteen years private secretary of George Washington (1783-1799), and cared for him in his last sickness.

It is related in Brewster's "Rambles About Portsmouth," first series, 1859, pages 254 and 266, that during Washington's visit to Portsmouth in 1789 he called Tuesday forenoon, November 3rd, on Mrs. Tobias Lear, the mother of his

private secretary, Colonel Tobias Lear, then living near the east end of Hunking street, and "in the southwest parlor he was introduced to and cordially greeted every member of the family—the venerable mother, her children and grandchildren."

Among the grandchildren a babe was presented, son of Samuel Storer, a dry goods merchant of Portsmouth, then residing in the same house, who had been christened "George Washington". The president places his hand gently upon the infant's head, and expresses the wish that he may "be a better man than the one whose name he bears."

Thus Admiral Storer was one of the very few men of whom it could be said "That they have thus been under the hand and received the personal blessing of our country's father."

A bronze tablet now marks the "Lear House" on the north side of Hunking street (N-7—1906) between Marcy and Mechanic streets, placed there in 1899 by the Society of the Sons of the Revolution.

I have been asked to say something of our Revolutionary soldiers buried in Portsmouth, whose graves have been identified, but the spoken word too often comes in one ear and goes out the other while the printed word remains, and so this summer I have printed a booklet, collected during many years under this happy influence, "Some Revolutionary Soldiers, Portsmouth, N. H., 1929," which I hope will preserve their memories and lead the patriotic people of Portsmouth to place the American Flag at each identified grave on the Fourth of July in each recurring year, and to visit their graves from time to time.

Thirty-eight (38) names are recorded in the list printed in the *Portsmouth Herald* of June 29, 1929; and in the booklet of the Revolutionary soldiers buried in the city of Portsmouth, N. H., and the adjoining towns of Newington, Greenland, Newcastle, and Rye, whose graves have been identified.

Sixteen (16) of those names will also be found in the *Portsmouth Soldiers' Memorial,* 1893 part, with greater detail of service in many cases than is given in the 1929 booklet, or would be appropriate in this message.

The *Portsmouth Soldiers' Memorial,* to which I would invite attention, may be consulted at Portsmouth Public and other libraries.

I would also ask consultation of the various books of reference quoted in the booklet.

Visits to the "Revolutionary and Historical Tablets" recorded in the booklet (pages 18 and 19) are also suggested.

Of these thirty-eight names I must first speak of John Langdon and William Whipple, both resting in the North Cemetery, Portsmouth; and remind you of Langdon's well known address as speaker of the New Hampshire House of Representatives, at Exeter, when he spoke in strong advocacy of the expedition which caused the surrender of General Burgoyne at Saratoga.

And General Whipple was at Saratoga, where he commanded a brigade of New Hampshire troops, and took part in arranging the details of Burgoyne's surrender; and after surrender was one of the officers under whose charge the British troops were conducted to their place of encampment on Winter Hill, near Boston.

(*Portsmouth Soldiers' Memorial,* 1893 part, page 69.)

These two representatives of Portsmouth, John Langdon and William Whipple, are also closely connected with the Declaration of Independence and the election of George Washington as first president of the United States.

For, "On that memorable day when the decisive vote (in the Continental Congress) was taken, which resulted in the unanimous declaration of all the states in favor of independence, New Hampshire spoke first, for in taking the question the northernmost colony was first called on, and Dr. Josiah Bartlett of (Kingston) New Hampshire, born 1729, died 1795, had the accidental but interesting duty of first giving his voice in favor of the resolution.

"And William Whipple of Portsmouth, the only other delegate from New Hampshire then serving in Congress, was the second to give his vote in favor of independence."

(The *Granite Monthly*, Vol. 43, 1911, page 208).

"In 1787," too, "John Langdon was a delegate to the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States and was prominent in its proceedings.

"In the following year he became governor of New Hampshire, serving until March 4, 1789, when he took his seat in the United States Senate first organized under the constitution, and became the first president pro tem of that body, serving when the votes for president and vice president were counted, and being in fact the first legal head of the government under the constitution."

(The *Granite Monthly*, Vol. 39, 1907, page 73).

I would like to read all the records of the booklet, but that is impossible and I must ask all members personally to do so.

After William Whipple and John Langdon, the most distinguished record is perhaps that of Thomas Harvey.

And Thomas Harvey, too, is buried in the North Cemetery, "A worthy soldier of the Revolution," he died January 18, 1837, aged eighty-four years, as his stone near the small entrance at the southeast corner of the North Cemetery records.

Thomas Harvey was born in Portsmouth in 1752 or 1753, and served gallantly in the continental army during seven years of the Revolutionary war. He crossed the Delaware with Washington and was at the battle of Brandywine, September 11, 1777. He died in Portsmouth January 18, 1837.

"When Lafayette visited Portsmouth, Wednesday, September 1, 1824, and was given a public reception in Franklin Hall at least thirty soldiers of the Revolution who had served under him were present.

"Among those who pressed forward to shake hands with the illustrious visitor was Thomas Harvey. While retaining the general's hand the veteran asked him if he remembered who carried him off the field severely wounded at the battle of Brandywine.

" 'I do,' instantly replied the general. 'It was a New Hampshire soldier named Thomas Harvey, who rendered me that gallant service.'

" 'Yes,' said the soldier. 'It was Thomas Harvey,' and with a military salute, 'I am the man.'

"The general recognized his friend of the battle-field, and manifested great pleasure at meeting him again, after the lapse of so many eventful years and greeted him with a cordiality and a warmth of manner gratifying to the patriot soldier."

(*Portsmouth Soldiers Memorial*, 1893 part, pages 32-33).

When Lafayette then came to Portsmouth he entered by Middle street, and I have been told that my mother, Adelaide Coues Spalding, was one of the Portsmouth girls who strewed flowers before him.

The way by which he entered has for

that reason long been known as "Lafayette Road," and every motorist coming over that road should remember that Lafayette came from France to bring help to us in the Revolution; and afterwards came a second time in 1824, and soon after his visit to Portsmouth laid the corner stone of Bunker Hill Monument, June 17, 1825, one hundred and four years ago, the semi-centennial anniversary of the battle, and just sixteen years before I was born.

Thomas Manning, lieutenant continental ship "Raleigh," died 24th March, 1819, age seventy-two, Episcopal Cemetery, east part, must come next as a representative of the Navy.

"Thomas Manning was prominent in the proceedings in Portsmouth in January, 1766, in protest against the Stamp Act, when Thomas Manning and brother 'Sons of Liberty' demanded his commission from George Meserve, the stamp master, at his house on Vaughan street. The commission is taken on the point of a sword, it is elevated, and the procession moves down Vaughan and up King street bearing the trophy hailed by the shouts of the 'Sons of Liberty.' They pass the parade and proceed to Swing Bridge on Water street where they erected a Liberty standard. From that day Swing Bridge received the name of Liberty Bridge, and the motto, 'Liberty, Property, and no Stamp.'

(Brewster's *Rambles About Portsmouth,* first series, 1859, pages 177-178).

Portsmouth at the time of the Revolution had many devoted patriots, and among them was an energetic shipmaster who was a leading spirit of the day. He was the life of Water street and a hospitable citizen. Where he led there was a host to follow; when he spoke his words were with effect, "* * * The Declaration of Independence had just been made and on the State House steps it had been read with interest and cheered with enthusiasm. Everything pertaining to royalty was then as distasteful as taxed tea. Who is that throwing up his hat in King street near the western steps of the State House? and why are those cheers by the group around him? It is Thomas Manning, and his words are 'Huzza for Congress street!' From this moment the street's name was changed, and to this day the great thoroughfare of the city bears the name of Congress street. This one incident, if no other, should embalm the memory of Thomas Manning."

(Brewster's *Rambles About Portsmouth,* first series, 1859, pages 350-351).

One more representative of the Navy, Elijah Hall, Lieutenant Ranger, died 22nd June, 1830, age eighty-four (eighty-seven). No stone. Tomb under Episcopal church, and tablet in church. Lieutenant of the "Ranger," Captain John Paul Jones.

"Died. In this town on Tuesday last (June 22, 1830), Hon. Elijah Hall, aged eighty-seven. Captain Hall was lieutenant in the navy in the Revolutionary War, sailed under John Paul Jones in the "Ranger"; was many years counsellor from this district; and for several years prior to his death was naval officer of the district of Portsmouth.

"He was in private life an estimable citizen, a fair merchant, a tender parent, and an honest man."

(*Portsmouth Journal,* June 26, 1830).

Lieutenant Hall sailed in the "Ranger" November 1, 1777, for France, as second lieutenant. He returned to America in the "Ranger" occupying the post of first lieutenant, under Captain Simpson, and continued in that position until the ship was captured at the surrender of Charlestown, S. C., May 12, 1780, added to the Royal Navy and renamed the "Halifax."

In 1829 Lieutenant Hall wrote:—"I served my country faithfully during the whole Revolutionary War, and part of the time with the gallant Paul Jones as his first lieutenant, and was in several desperate battles; I commanded a marine battery during the siege of Charlestown, (S. C.), and there lost the sight of my left eye by the bursting of a shell and have never asked my country for a pension. During the last war (1812-1815) I lost my only three sons in battle (Leonard, James, and Ashton S. Hall), all of whom were officers, while defending their country's flag; the youngest (Ashton S. Hall, Midshipman, U. S. Navy) was in the 'Walsh,' Capt. Blakely, in the action and capture of the 'Reindeer,' and for his gallantry congress voted him a sword."

(Extracts from an unpublished letter written by Lieut. Elijah Hall in 1829).

(*Portsmouth Soldiers' Memorial,* 1893 part, pages 44 and 45).

With this tribute to an officer of the "Ranger" in remembrance of the Ranger Chapter, D. A. R. of Portsmouth, I now close.

To the Atlantic Ocean

CARL BURELL

Hello! Old friend, happy to meet you,
(If I don't have to meet too much of you at once).
You are a pretty big affair, I'll admit,
(As the mouse did when he started to drink up the sea).

But, chemically speaking, *one* drop of water is water—
(Don't expect too much of me, I'm not a Prohibitionist).
Just as much as the whole of you and the other oceans thrown in—
(No, thank you, I don't care for a drink just now).

Yes, old friend, one drop of water is just as wonderful as you are,
(And just as unintelligible to me or anybody else).
But, anyway—we've met, and I stand up under it pretty well,
(And you really didn't seem to mind it very much).

So, then, good-bye to you and yours till we meet again,
(But I'm darned glad I'm not as restless as you are).

True Love Runs Smooth

MRS. G. H. NICKERSON

ONE DAY on the morning delivery, I received a letter from Tarrytown asking me to come and visit my cousin who was sick, at his brother's home. I immediately answered I would come the first of the week, I would come for two or three days.

My cousin who was sick was acquainted with me, but his brother and wife were not.

I arrived there, with a hearty welcome from all. On the second day, at the dinner table I said, "I surely have enjoyed this visit and think I better go on the morning train. I do not wish to get a sick person tired."

"Oh, stay for a week, as we would like to have you over Sunday and go to church with us and hear our pastor. We think he is just grand."

I did stay and enjoyed the visit as well as the church service.

It was three months later I received a letter from my cousin again, asking me to come and take care of the sick cousin. I did go. On the third day they were talking over things, also said, "We want to make arrangements for Cousin Susie to go to church Sundays."

James, the sick cousin, said, "I will be all right here alone for a couple of hours if you get the next door neighbor to answer your phone when it rings, as she is on the same line. And you all go down to church."

Mary replied, "No, I will tell you the best way. I will stay home every other Sunday, and let Susie go in the auto with Henry. For I am inclined to think she would rather not have me with her at church."

The first Sunday I went to church I had a hearty welcome from everyone. After the service, Rev. Thomas Brown, the pastor, shook hands with me and said, "Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Oh, yes, I was here three months ago," I replied.

This is all that was said, then we returned home in the auto.

One afternoon I looked out of the window and saw Pastor Brown coming up the road, I said, "We are going to have the minister here in a few moments."

"Oh, he is coming to see you, Susie, you know he is looking for a wife," said James.

Cousin James being confined to the bed we were all in here with him. I was sitting in the further side of the room. While the rest were talking the thought ran through my mind, "I wonder if he really will fall in love with me." Then Mr. Brown said, "Miss MacIntyre, I have never heard anyone mention your given name. Have you any?"

Such laughing, and I with a smile replied, "It is Susie." It seems as though Mr. Brown had fallen in love with me at first sight.

He made several calls for three months and we never went out for an auto ride or evening by ourselves or only when my cousin was with us. By so doing the public would not believe we were courting.

Then after a few days had passed in the fourth month the exciting moment occurred when Mr. Brown asked me this question:

"Will you wear a ring on that finger for me?"

Of course this being my first experience and not keeping company very long, I hesitated for a few moments then replied, "I might."

After this I made plans to go with Mr. Brown to try on a ring. "The best was none to good for me," he said.

Oh, my, how proud I was of this beautiful diamond, not many women had a ring like this.

After we left the jewelry shop he said, "Susie, I am going to call you by your given name, and you call me by my given name, Thomas."

It seemed strange to do this as I thought I had not known him long enough. But I did so and felt better acquainted by it.

The next was the excitement of the townspeople, as notice of our engagement had been published in the paper. Three weeks more the last and most exciting time was the wedding bells, and the church was full, with everyone happy.

A reception was held the same evening, some were not able to go as it was a long distance from the church. The reception was held at my cousin's home.

The honeymoon trip is one thing that a number make a fuss over. We did not have any excitement as we did not start out until the next day and no one around to see us leaving.

It was winter time, cold, but no snow or ice; and lovely fine weather for those two weeks.

We went to Boston for a few days to visit some friends and relatives that we had not seen for a few years. One minister, Rev. Riley, shook hands and said, "Congratulations Brother, and how did you do it, to get such a pretty young wife? Oh, there is no make up but all natural."

"Oh, I set a trap and she just walked into it,' replied Thomas.

"Well, Mrs. Brown looks as if she would be a great help to you in your work," said Brother Riley.

We shook hands and left, "Wishing us the best of luck."

Then we went down to Cape Cod for the rest of the time, had a wonderful reception there. The time was up for us to return to the parsonage and get it settled so as to be ready to receive callers. Also Thomas to take up his pastoral work.

A very strange thing occurred, we did not have anyone to meet us, though they knew when we would return. No one had been in the house to make a fire. Generally on occasion like this somebody does, so as to give a warm and genial welcome.

It was very cold, but in an hour we had two fires going, the water turned on and dinner ready.

Thomas was a widower with two grown up children. Like most women there had been several trying to make love to him before I appeared on the scene. Some had money and some did not, but none appealed to him.

The cold parsonage with nothing ready for us, was characteristic of the rest of the time we were there. We afterwards learned it was because my husband did not marry some of the marriageable women in the church or community.

We were happy anyway, although we did not have a warm welcome to begin with. I did not go out to make any calls the first week but took all the time to fix up things.

The second week I managed to go out with my husband afternoons to call on the shut-ins. We were at home every evening and had not received any callers yet.

One afternoon of the third week we thought we had better stay in as my husband's daughter had sent word she might come to visit us. While she was there the door bell rang.

I answered it. It was our first stranger to call.

"Is this Mrs. Brown?" she asked. "This is Mrs. Strong. I thought I would call on you as you are a stranger. No one ever called on me until I had lived here two years. Thought I would let you know what a friendly town you are in."

We had a nice little visit and I enjoyed her company. My husband and I returned the call one afternoon.

We lived there a year and no others called.

Thomas says, "My little rose bud Susie is the best of the bunch."

One thing Thomas liked about me was that I did not lose my head with the class of women that had their hair bobbed, smoking cigarettes, and ruining their faces with powder and paint.

We moved from that place to a city church where things were better. We have had several things that were not very pleasant to face, but most, if not all of the ministers have to face. Although no one had ever seen or heard of such an unpleasant affair as we had to contend with.

Still Thomas and I are happy together. This did not hinder us in going around to see and visit other friends and churches.

We have not had an argument, nor a quarrel, nor an unkind word or look yet. We have been married nearly two years. If one is going to argue and fuss they surely will by this time.

Most people say, "True love never runs smooth."

I always said, "True love always runs smooth—it had to with me, or I would never marry."

If a husband loves his wife he will never quarrel with her; and if the wife loves her husband she will never quarrel with him. "It takes two to quarrel." "Argument with a fool shows there are two of them."

So from my experience through life, true love must run smooth, I have always said this and will stick to it—it surely has run smooth with us.

"Your Spiritual Investments"

(Preached at the Union Services, Hanover Street Congregational Church, Manchester, N. H., September 1, 1929)

HARRY TAYLOR

"THAT WHICH I HAVE COMMITTED UNTO HIM"

I REMEMBER a lovely moonlit night last summer when I was staying by the shores of Lake Sunapee. It was one of those wonderful evenings when the moon seemed suspended like a silver globe in a vault of blue. Our camp was on the water's edge and beside the camp there was a path where I used often to pace to and fro in the gathering twilight. It has always seemed to me that the twilight hour carries with it a magic all its own, especially when the surroundings are particularly beautiful.

And that night the surroundings seemed to me to be almost perfect. Across the lake the wooded hills cast their shadows on the silvery waters and up in the starry heavens a silent music seemed to be pealing forth. There was hardly a sound to disturb the quietness, only a silvery laugh from time to time or the crooning of some song. For the moment I seemed to be carried beyond the confines of Time and Space and to see the whole human drama unfold itself to my mind as it might appear to "pale Cynthia" were she a sentient creature.

That untroubled face has gazed down on the rise and fall of empires, on the glory and shame of civilizations that now seem like some faint echo sounding down the confines of time. That pale face looked on when Caesar's galleys first grated on English soil; it smiled on Solomon in all his glory and on Cleopatra in all her shame. Empires and nations have risen under that monthly scrutiny, blazed in glory, and then flickered and died like some spent torch.

"What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" we are moved to ask in moments such as this. In the sight of that pale moon man's life must seem no more than the life of a summer insect seems to human ken. "Like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two, is gone." The universe is so vast, it rolls on so inexorably and it seems to take no notice of the individual whatsoever. Our knowledge — the accumulated wisdom of the ages—is but as a drop in a bucket compared with the things that we do not know.

A profound sense of futility comes to us from time to time. We feel that we are bigger than our circumstances allow and that while we are hemmed in with the petty and the trivial, all the time there are aspirations and longings welling up within us that are too big for this finite round of existence. When we gaze up at the cold moon on a starry night we feel that we are citizens of the universe by right of our capacity to appreciate all its glory and yet at the same time we know that we shall never be able to do or to feel one millionth part of all that is implicit in the core of our being.

We think of the love and care that we bestow upon individuals. We pass

years in their society and they become part of ourselves. We see God in their goodness and touch the hem of His garments as our souls come in contact with the beauty and worth of other souls. The years pass swifter than a weaver's shuttle and the ones who have meant so much to us are snatched away one by one by the hand of Death. They vanish into that abyss that sooner or later will swallow each of us and we stand looking over into the pit and wringing our hands on the edge and gazing in horror into the blackness that has suddenly overwhelmed us. What is the good of it all, the meaning of it all, we are forced to ask. Does the Designer Infinite care or take note of our loss and is He going to store up in any way the goodness that breathed through the lives of our departed?

Or it may happen that for years we lavish all our love and care and attention upon someone whom we love more than life itself and then we find that our love was wasted. We are shut out of our loved one's life or we are deceived and we feel as if the bottom had fallen out of our universe and we can no longer believe in life at all. Why should we have the impulse to bare our very souls and give out of the deepest part of ourselves only to find that the best part of our lives has been wasted and thrown away?

Some of us spend ourselves gladly in some great cause. We go at it with the greatest enthusiasm and think that we are going to bring in the Golden Age of which all the seers of history have dreamed. But the years pass by and we find that we have been trying to empty the ocean of evil and wrong with a pail. We find that men do not respond to our appeals for righteousness and truth. They are interested in the more material things of life or they are feverishly pursuing the will o' the wisps of ambition or wealth or power.

And life becomes harder upon our idealism as we go along into the middle years. We have had so many disappointments and have been disillusioned so often that we can no longer generate the enthusiasm as of old. And perhaps we have given hostages to fortune in the shape of wives and children and possessions and we find that we are bound hand and foot. And death waits in the shadow and when his sickle mows us down what will be the use anyhow?

"Why wage the long, unequal fight, since truth has fallen in the street,
Or lift anew the trampled light, quenched by the heedless million's feet?
Give o'er the thankless task, forsake the fools who know not ill from good;
Eat, drink, enjoy thine own, and take thine ease among the multitude."

Who among us has not said that to himself as the growing perplexity and seeming futility of life presses in? We pursue truth so eagerly and every newborn fragment makes our heart sing in gladness. Feverishly we press onwards up the mountain of reality, adding fact to fact and truth to truth, thinking that we have only to give out to the world the truth that we have discovered and there will be an immediate response. But the years go by and we find ourselves not so sure as we once were. New truths pile up around us in a bewildering fashion and we find that the red-hot truth that we gave out so vehemently as the solution for all of life's many ills was but crude and fragmentary after all. The situation proves different from what we had thought and things are not exactly as they seemed.

We approach the realization of some

fond dream or project and we find that it has not materialized as we anticipated. We are not the same persons in the end, of course, as we were at the beginning, but not only have we changed but the situation has changed also. The money that we thought would make us happy has not the power to do so. The things that it will buy are not the things that we want and we are shut out from the things that are without price. Or we realize our ambition and sit in the place of power that we have longed to occupy so long and we find that it is a care and a burden to us and our soul cries out for the things that have been shut out from us when the door of satisfied ambition clanged at our backs.

"Is life worth all our efforts and our strivings and our sacrifice?" is the question that we ask again and again in the secret chamber of our heart. Does the universe care? When we have done all that we ought and a little more is there any abiding permanent result for us? We *feel* that we are of worth to the order of things but from time to time we need to be persuaded of this. We want to be reassured that we are not the passing insects of a summer's day but that the deep qualities that live in us are somehow going to be added to the eternal order of things.

Perhaps we have not been working in exactly the right way; perhaps our motives have not been exactly the ones that were needed. It all depends on our point of view. If we are expecting returns all the time we are making a wrong start and are doomed inevitably to disappointment. "Give, asking for nothing in return," says Jesus. Why are we prohibited from asking for anything in return? Just because the thought or the expectation of a return jars the harmony of our being. In our intercourse with persons we are to give absolutely, unreservedly, as unto God. When we give to a person we give to God through that person. We are not to think of the immediate return to us. God will take care of that. We are not to cause disharmony within and without by asking for specific returns. Again and again we may think that we have wasted ourselves upon a person, but it is not for us to judge the result; that will be taken care of all right.

"This is a hard saying," you say. But it is the teaching of all the prophets of the ages; it is the distilled essence of the art of living. You remember what Job said when his faith was tested to the breaking point: "For I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him." "That which I have committed unto Him": in every case that is the pure gold of human values; it is that which overleaps the transient and the passing and enters into the eternal values right away. Only that which is given absolutely, without stint or effort, without sure hope of reward, without even any sure knowledge that it will serve any good—only that abides. It is true of all good work, of art, of science, of religion.

It is surely true of our work. We are at our highest and our best in our work when we do it for its *own* sake, because it is the living embodiment of something deep in ourselves. If we work in this way, giving absolutely of our best, we are indifferent about the actual monetary reward or the kind of master we serve. It is true, of course, that we have to live but we do not need to worry overmuch about that. We are committing our work unto Him and He will take care of the temporal things. All that *we* are concerned about is that all that is good in us, all that is creative and progressive, we shall put into our work. If we have to serve a bad master, one

who does not understand or appreciate us, we must serve him just a little better on that account. Are we not serving God through the work that we do for the human master?

I wish that we had a little more of this spirit in the world today, this responsible spirit, this determination to put all that is best, all that is cleanest, all that makes for harmony, into our work. If master and servant, laborer and capitalist had this spirit it would be the solution of many problems that baffle and perplex us today. It would mean beginning from the bottom by cleansing persons. No society which is not composed of clean, unselfish persons will itself be clean and happy and wholesome.

"That which I have committed unto Him." There is not a great work of art in the world today that was not produced in this way. In every case the artist has caught a glimpse of a "vision splendid" and it was his sole concern to get as much of the vision as he could into his work. He worked unreservedly, giving himself absolutely, considering not time nor energy if at the end he could produce a thing of beauty that should be a joy forever. Every true artist or craftsman commits his work unto Him. When the work is done and the vision embodied then is the reward given also in the satisfaction he has in the work of his own hands and brain.

We are working for God—for the God within—and if the work is good and beautiful it will be built into the eternal order of things as a living memorial of ourselves. But even more than that, we shall have expressed ourselves; in the creative act that stamped our living impression on the universe we shall have found out the reason for our being.

It is so in our fight for Truth. We are not to consider the result. If the light has come to us we are to reveal it and give the message, regardless of the recognition or the results effected. That will be taken care of. The truth that has come through us and that remains as a great part of our life's work may seem to be a seed that was planted but never grew. But even though it should lie buried for many generations it will be discovered again by other minds on the same search as ourselves and, in its due season, it will grow and bear fruit.

It was so with regard to that obscure monk, Mendel, who spent his life growing sweet peas and taking notes about their manner of growth. Mendel did not care very much, I suppose, whether the world took note of his discoveries or not. He had the joy of discovery as he lovingly tended his flowers and whether anyone recognized the great truth that he had discovered was not his primary concern. He was working for eternity and not for time and the rose of eternity bloomed continually in his heart as it does in the heart of all true servants of the eternal.

Surely if ever a servant of the eternal committed his work unto Him Abraham Lincoln did. He *knew* that his statesmanship was of the kind that builds for eternity and through darkness and thick gloom he built his edifice. Reviled, scorned, hated, he went steadily on his way, gentle and understanding, firm for the right and passionately devoted to the truth but caring not a whit about the reward that might come to him. Would that we had more statesmen of that quality who would work for eternity and commit their work unto Him.

"That which I have committed unto Him" is the only thing of value that will remain. Our possessions must go to others and our body be gathered to the tomb but all the deeds and work that we have done unselfishly will remain. The

good deeds that we did to the unthankful and the evil, that we did when we knew for certain that only God would recognize what we had done, these will be the brightest jewels in our eternal crown.

Do not despair of life. Your task is great; your opportunity is unique. Life holds out to you an opportunity to do something or to be something that means increase of worth and beauty in the world. There is a story told of Edison running to work from his hasty breakfast one morning and saying to his friend: "There's so much work for me to do in the world that I haven't time to do it all." In a smaller way life holds out to each of us the same opportunity. If we are working for Him we are not bounded by time or circumstance; we are not limited by hope of reward or recognition. Once we recognize that reward and recognition come spontaneously to the soul that works and gives absolutely we have solved the riddle of the universe.

"Wherefore to whom turn I but to Thee, the Ineffable Name?
Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with hands!
What, have fear of change from Thee who are ever the same?
Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power expands?
There shall never be one lost good! What was shall live as before;
The evil is null, is void, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much more good;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have ever willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty nor good nor power.
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by and by."

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Editorial

The resiliency of human nature is demonstrated by the expansive spirit of optimism that pervades industrial, mercantile and agricultural activities in New Hampshire and New England today, as contrasted by the pessimistic attitude at the height of the depression of four and five years ago. Many factors have entered into the recovery of confidence in the future of this section of the country. Without doubt the recovery would have come in any event, but it can be said without reasonable dispute that the present prosperous condition of business affairs in New England has been materially hastened by the intelligent efforts of the New England Council; and the same is true in New Hampshire to the activities of the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association.

Both of these organizations have ceaselessly maintained that the present generation of leaders in commercial, industrial and agricultural enterprise are no less able and resourceful than their forbears whose energy and ability carried New England to the high peak of attainment and maintained this section's supremacy against the competition of the other sections of the country. Neither can it be denied that many of our former industrial leaders had gravitated into a state of self-satisfaction, which hardened them against yielding to changing conditions. They were slow to realize that the tastes of the buying public were different from the tastes of the preceding generation and that the products turned out must be what the people wanted, rather than what the manufacturers thought they ought to have. The persistent disregard of the demands of the buying public by most of the New England manufacturers was so much the more strange because they had tangible evidence that their competitors in other sections were conforming to the market demands and were getting the business. It cannot be gainsaid that New England business was in a rut and that something out of the ordinary was needed to jolt them out of their complacency. It came along in course of time, as was inevitable, in the form of the worst depression this section has known. The blow was such a stiff one that many were dazed from its effect and there was a growing tendency to take it lying down. The seriousness of the situation was recognized by a group of forward-looking men in all of the six states comprising New England and realizing the necessity for drastic action designed to bring about a change in the viewpoint, the New Eng-

land Council was organized four years ago. The difficulties they encountered in rousing the people to a realization of what was the cause of the trouble and to an understanding of how simple was the remedy for what ailed them, were recounted at the meeting of the New England Council at Hanover this summer. But they were also able to tell the people at Hanover that the awakening had come finally and that New England is again on the road to prosperity, greater prosperity than has ever been known. Many of the industries have already been reorganized and are now turning out products that the people desire. Others are in the processes of reorganization and the comparatively few that held out against the trend of the time must fall in line or succumb. The healthiest sign of the time is the realization outside of New England to the changed conditions here, as shown by the number of industries and people coming here, these now outnumbering the industries and people going elsewhere by a comfortable margin.

New Hampshire has been keeping pace with the other five states. The power companies have been helping. The managements realize that doing this is good business judgment as well as public spirit. Surveys of the state's industrial opportunities within their own territory have been made by both the Public Service Company of New Hampshire and the New England Power Company, which have resulted in some highly desirable industries being established in plants that had been abandoned by former manufacturers. Now the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association, under the direction of its energetic executive official, John J. Cummings, is undertaking a still more comprehensive survey which is to embrace the findings of the power companies and to carry on into territory not covered by the previous surveys. The result of this will be that there will be available a fund of information covering every available plant not now in manufacturing operation, and in addition the Association will have on file information concerning possible locations for industries that have not hitherto been given to manufacturing. So much stress in recent years has been laid upon the recreational possibilities of New Hampshire that many have formed visions of a future with catering to the tourists and vacationists as our principal industry. The recreational field offers much for further development, but New Hampshire is not destined to become altogether a playground. Industry and agriculture are looking up no less than summer business and winter sports. And a hopeful sign is the tendency toward more diversification in industry and more specialization in agriculture, both of which will contribute much toward the general prosperity of New Hampshire and New England.

* * *

A sign of the time. The eight-years-old son of a New Hampshire man whose business requires that he travel about the state by automobile, has ridden with his father many thousands of miles in the motor car, but has not yet had his first ride on a railroad train.

Wild Geese

HELEN TUFTS

A bit of wedge-shaped blackness
Flying in the sky.
Nearer, ever nearer,
As each one trains his eye.
Out of the North they're coming,
Headed southward now,
To reach their destination,
No one knows quite how.
The whole wedge quivers gently,
Like heat-rays on a dock.
Each long neck's pointed onward
Throughout the entire flock.
The line becomes less solid
As right above—on high—
Each wild goose stands out clearly
Against the sunset sky.
Once more their ranks solidify
As they are disappearing.
The friendly "talking," which we heard
Is gone beyond our hearing.
They pass a flock of blackbirds,
As they fly on into space.
Who wouldn't give a million
For power their course to trace!

Major General John Stark

Derryfield in the Revolution

FRED W. LAMB

WHEN the War of the Revolution broke out and the "shot heard round the world" was fired at Lexington and Concord, Mass., the men of Derryfield, now Manchester, were among the first to respond. The selectmen and thirty-four out of the thirty-six able-bodied men capable of bearing arms left at once for the scene of hostilities, leaving but two able-bodied men at home with the aged and infirm. They were present with Stark at Bunker Hill, where the men from New Hampshire outnumbered all the other patriots on that historic field and behind their celebrated "rail fence" won undying fame and they were the last to leave the field. Again, at Bennington, Stark and his men from old Derryfield and other New Hampshire towns turned back the rising tide of English invasion and snatched a victory from out of the jaws of almost sure defeat. At Trenton, Princeton, Springfield, Saratoga, West Point and Yorktown the men from Derryfield displayed their fidelity and heroism and upon the signing of the articles of peace it is said the event was celebrated by a general merrymaking at Amoskeag Falls on July 10, 1783.

Derryfield Men in the First New Hampshire Regiment

John Stark, Colonel; Archibald Stark, Lieutenant; John Harvey, Lieutenant; John Moore, Captain; Caleb Stark, Adjutant; Joshua Blodgett, Isaac George, Benjamin George, Jona Griffin, Joseph Hazelton, David Merrill, Ichabod Martin, Ephraim Stevens, Daniel McCoy, James Aiken, Benjamin Baker, Nathaniel Boyd, Charles Emerson, George Emerson, John Goffe, Arthur Hart, Lemuel Harvey, Nathaniel Martin, Timothy Martin, David McBnight, John C. McNeil, Goffe Moore, David Farmer, William Boyd.

Of these men John Stark, Archibald Stark, Caleb Stark, John Moore, Benjamin, George, Benjamin Baker, Nathaniel Boyd, Charles Emerson, George Emerson, John Goffe, Arthur Hart, Lemuel Harvey, Nathaniel Martin, Timothy Martin, David McKnight, John C. McNeil, Goffe Moore, David Farmer, and William Boyd were present at Bunker Hill. David Farmer was with Stark at Bennington. Nathaniel Martin was with Arnold in his march to Canada, and was taken prisoner at Quebec.

Derryfield Men Serving in Other Regiments Than the First New Hampshire

Theophilus Griffin, Timothy Dow, Enoch Harvey, Samuel Harvey, John Nutt, Robert McKnight, James McCalley, Nathaniel Baker, Alexander McMurphy, James Thompson, Ebenezer Costa, Oliver Emerson, Ebenezer Newman, Robert Cunningham, Jr., William Nutt, Captain Samuel Moore, John Hanson, Benjamin Stevens, Mark Duty, Peter Emerson, Moses Chandler, Archibald Gamble, Amos Martin, Lieutenant Daniel Hall.

Of these men Theophilus Griffin, Enoch Harvey, and John Nutt were with Stark at Bennington.

Isaac Huse was in the Massachusetts service.

Other men who served from Derry-

field in the Revolutionary War included John Thompson, Oliver Townsend, Robbert Cunningham, Rueben Moore, Neal Cate, Archibald Campbell, John Russ, John Ray, Benjamin Thompson, Oliver Parce.

Samuel Blodgett, according to Chase's history of Haverhill, Mass., was actively engaged on the field at Bunker Hill.

This list has been compiled from the *New Hampshire Revolutionary Rolls,* Potter's *History of Manchester,* Kidder's *First New Hampshire Regiment,* Gilmore's *Capt. John Moore's Company at Bunker Hill,* Gilmore's *Roll of New Hampshire Men at Bennington,* and Gilmore's *Roll of New Hampshire Men at Bunker Hill.*

Chapter Two

Burial Places of Derryfield Soldiers of the Revolution As Far as Known

During the course of the Revolutionary War, old Derryfield, now Manchester, did her part, furnishing over sixty men to the patriot armies as shown above. A diligent search has been made to find the burial places of these men and only fifteen can be definitely located. Those whose burial places are known are the following:

John Stark, who served as colonel of the Massachusetts line, then as colonel of the First New Hampshire regiment, taking part in the battles of Bunker Hill, Trenton and Princeton. He resigned his commission in 1777, but a little later the same year took command of the New Hampshire expedition against Burgoyne and fought the battle of Bennington. After this battle he rejoined the northern department of the Continental army, under Gates, and was made a brigadier by congress. In 1779 he served in Rhode Island. In 1781 he had command of the northern department, and in 1786 was made a major-general. His remains lie in Stark park.

Samuel Moore, who served in Capt. John Moore's company of the First New Hampshire at Bunker Hill, also in Capt. John Duncan's company, in Colonel Kelley's regiment and in Capt. Stephen Dearborn's company in Col. Thomas Stickney's regiment, and was also a captain in Col. Daniel Moore's regiment, is buried at Goffe's Falls.

John Harvey, who served as a private in Capt. Henry Dearborn's company of the First New Hampshire regiment, and was afterward in Capt. Enoch Page's company of Colonel Senter's battalion, serving as ensign, and in 1781 served as lieutenant in the First New Hampshire, is buried in Merrill yard.

Benjamin Stevens, who served as a private, afterwards promoted to the rank of a corporal, in Capt. John Duncan's company of Col. Moses Kelley's regiment, also in Capt. Nathaniel Wilson's company of Col. Thomas Stickney's regiment, is buried at the Centre.

Ephraim Stevens, who served as a private in Capt. Ezra Towne's company in the Third New Hampshire regiment, and who was also with Arnold on the Canada expedition, also serving in Capt. Josiah Brown's company of Col. Enoch Hale's regiment is buried at the Centre cemetery.

Peter Emerson, who served as a private in Captain Reynold's company in Colonel Peabody's regiment, is buried at the Merrill yard.

Archibald Gamble, who served in Col. Moses Kelley's regiment, also in Col. Hercules Mooney's regiment for the defense of Rhode Island, lies buried at Valley cemetery.

Samuel Blodgett, who, according to

Chase's history of Haverhill, was actively engaged in the field at Bunker Hill, is buried at Valley cemetery.

Daniel Hall, who served in Capt. Ezra Towne's company of the Third New Hampshire, probably as lieutenant, is buried at the Centre cemetery.

Isaac Huse, who served as a private in Capt. David Whittier's company in a regiment commanded by Maj. Benjamin Gage, also in Captain Jones's company of Colonel Johnson's Fourth Essex County regiment, is buried at the Centre cemetery.

Nathaniel Rundlett, who served as a private in Capt. Archibald McAllister's company in Col. Samuel McCobb's regiment on the Penobscot expedition, also in Capt. Benjamin Lemont's company of the same regiment, on the same expedition, is buried in the Piscataquog cemetery.

William Parker, who served as a private in Capt. George Reid's company of the First New Hampshire regiment, is buried in the Piscataquog cemetery.

James Wallace, who served as a private in Captain McConnell's company in General Stark's brigade, raised out of the regiment commanded by Col. Thomas Stickney, and served at Bennington, is buried at the Piscataquog cemetery.

William Gamble, buried in the Centre cemetery.

Samuel Stark, buried in Valley cemetery.

Chapter Three

Gen. George Washington's Opinion of the Character of Certain Revolutionary Officers

After the defeat of Gen. Arthur St. Clair by the Indians in the autumn of 1791 it appeared to be necessary to appoint some other officer to succeed him in command of the army. Gen. Washington therefore drew up the following paper, which is preserved in the New York State Library, giving his personal impression of every officer of the Revolutionary army who would be in a position to assume command of the army.

"The following list contains the names of all the general officers now living and in this country, as low as actual brigadiers inclusively. Except those who it is conjectured would not, from age, want of health and other circumstances, come forward by any inducements that could be offered to them and such as ought not to be named for the important trust of Commander in Chief.

1. Major General Lincoln. Sober, honest, brave and sensible, but infirm, past the vigor of life and reluctantly (if offered to him) would accept the appointment.

2. Major General Baron De Steuben. Sensible, sober and brave, well acquainted with tactics and with the arrangement and discipline of an army. High in his ideas of subordination, impetuous in his temper, ambitious and a foreigner.

3. Major General Moultrie. Brave and it is believed accommodating in his temper. Served the whole of last war and has been an officer in the preceding one, at least had been engaged in an expedition against the Cherokees; having defeated them in one or two considerable actions. What the resources or powers of his mind are, how active he may be and whether temperate or not, are points I cannot speak to with decision, because I have had little or no opportunity to form an opinion of him.

4. Brigadier (by brevet Major General) McIntosh. Is old and inactive, supposed to be honest and brave. Not much known in the Union and therefore would not obtain much confidence or command

much respect either in the community or the army.

5. Major General (by brevet) Anthony Wayne. More active and enterprising than judicious and cautious. No economist it is feared, open to flattery, vain, easily imposed upon and liable to be drawn into scrapes. Too indulgent (the effect perhaps of some of the causes just mentioned) to his officers and men. Whether sober or a little addicted to the bottle, I know not.

6. Major General (by brevet) Weedon. Not supposed to be an officer of much resource, though not deficient of a competent share of understanding, rather addicted to ease and pleasure and no enemy it is said to the bottle, never has had his name brought forward on this account.

7. Major General (by brevet) Hand. A sensible and judicious man, his integrity unimpeached and was esteemed a pretty good officer. But if I recollect rightly not a very active one. He has never been charged with intemperance to my knowledge. His name has rarely been mentioned under the present difficulty of choosing an officer to command but this may in a great measure be owing to his being at a distance.

8. Major General (by brevet) Scott. Brave and means well, but is an officer of inadequate abilities for extensive command—and of report is addicted to drinking.

9. Major General (by brevet) Huntington. Sober, sensible and very discreet. Has never discovered much enterprise, yet no doubt has ever been entertained of his want of spirit or firmness.

10. Brigadier General Wilkinson. Is by brevet senior to those whose names follow. But the appointment to this rank was merely honorary, and as he was but a short time in service, little can be said of his abilities as an officer. He is lively, sensible, pompous and ambitious, but whether sober or not is unknown to me.

11. Brigadier General Gist. Little has been said of his qualifications as a general officer. His activity and attention to duty is somewhat doubtful, though his spirit, I believe, is unimpeached.

12. Brigadier General Irvine. Is sober, tolerably sensible and prudent. It is said he is an economist and supported his authority whilst he was entrusted with a separate command, but I have no recollection of any circumstance that marks him as a decidedly good or indifferent officer.

13. Brigadier General Morgan. Has been fortunate and has met with eclat. Yet there are different opinions with respect to his abilities as an officer. He is accused of using improper means to obtain certificates from the soldiers. It is said he has been (if the case is not so now) intemperate; that he is troubled with a palpitation which often lays him up, and it is not denied that he is illiterate.

14. Brigadier General Williams. Is a sensible man, but not without vanity. No doubt I believe is entertained of his firmness and it is thought he does not want activity, but it is not easy, where there is nothing conspicuous in a character, to pronounce decidedly upon a military man who has always acted under the immediate orders of a superior officer unless he has been seen frequently in action. The discipline, interior economy and police of his corps is the best evidence one can have of his talents in this line, and of this in the case of General Williams I can say nothing; as he was appointed a brigadier after he left the northern to

join the southern army. But a material objection to him is delicate health (if there has been no change in his constitution) for he has gone to the Sweet Springs two or three years successively in such bad health as to afford little hope of his ever returning from them.

15. Brigadier General Rufus Putnam. Possesses a strong mind and is a discreet man. No question has ever been made (that has come to my knowledge) of his want of firmness. In short, there is nothing conspicuous in his character.

16. Brigadier General (by brevet) Pinckney. A colonel since September 16, 1776, but appointed a brigadier by brevet at the close of the war only. In this gentleman many valuable qualities are to be found. He is of unquestioned bravery. Is a man of strict honor, erudition and good sense; and it is said has made tactics a study. But what his spirit for enterprise is, whether active or indolent, or fitted for arrangement, I am unable to say, never having had any opportunity to form a judgment of his talents as a military character. The capture of Charlestown put an end to his military services, but his junior rank and being little known in this part of the Union are the two considerations most opposed to him— particularly the latter as it is more than probable his being a prisoner prevented his promotion, which ought not to be any bar to his ranking as brigadier from the time that others of his standing as a colonel were promoted.

The above and foregoing closes the list of all the general officers who as has been observed from age, want of health, disinclination or peculiar circumstances can be brought into view, from whom to choose an officer to command the troops of the United States."

Chapter Four

Valley Forge

There is a kinship binding Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. The word "kinship" means a great deal. These commonwealths corresponded in 1775, courted in 1776, became engaged the following year, and wed in 1778. Five generations ago, at Valley Forge, soldiers from these united commonwealths drank from the same canteen. There is never a bond like this. "There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours; fetters of friendship and ties of flowers, and true lovers' knots, I ween. The boy and girl are bound by a kiss, but never was a bond like this: we have drank from the same canteen."

Here the Colonial Revolutionary forces first learned the meaning of the word "comrade."

In the algid winter of 1777-78, at Valley Forge in the Schuykill Valley, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania shared together the blanket of snow, the canopy of ice, the pangs of hunger, the labors, material privations, destitutions, factions of the bivouac, cantonment and subsequent camp. Representatives of the communities respectively founded by William Penn and stern soldiers from the then far off Bay State whose Bradfords chronicled soldiers in both commonwealths, here filled the gap between Saratoga and Monmouth; were hammered, shaped, drilled and disciplined into that unity of action with other Continental troops essential for success at Freehold later.

The history of Valley Forge has never been printed. Its literature only exists in manuscript form.

The fate of the Revolution rested here. Valley Forge was the bloodless, pivotal battle of the Revolution. It

marked the disappearance of the States militia short-term levy.

A majority of the newly assembled troops at Valley Forge were without cohesion, organization or leadership. During the winter of 1777-78 Washington changed all this before six months had lapsed.

Massachusetts was foremost in shaping the thirteen links of the chain now numbering more than thrice that number of states of this nation. These links were inseparably forged on the banks of the Schuykill, the Delaware, the Hudson and the York. Pennsylvania owns two of these rivers. When the "Yankees" came here to join the "Bucktails," they may have been somewhat alien in interests, but the melting pot of Valley Forge resulted in oneness.

Valley Forge did not publish any newspaper. The soldiers had no war correspondent or photographer to chronicle or perpetuate their doings or environments. Washington's army at first was without discipline, experience in concert, money or military supplies. The system of recruiting had led to the appointment of some incompetent officers. Jealousies, a cabal, and disputes combined to still further impair the efficiency of the troops. The materials were discordant at first. There was a lack of coördination between the states and the Continental Congress, which at first lacked unifying force, as well as resources, to back its resolves. Friction was inevitable, and the soldiers suffered in discipline and health. Hunger causes overt acts.

Valley Forge was the melting pot of thirteen colonies. Six months made out of thirteen colonial armies one Continental army. Valley Forge built up, Americanized and created our national, permanent, military establishment.

Valley Forge is the first place where troops from all the thirteen colonies were mobilized for unity and acquaintance; but the camp has never been described by historians in proportion or perspective. A great ideal is the strongest factor in human affairs—but the thought and feeling of the thirteen state forces focalized at Valley Forge, the winter of 1777-78, were not in unison until after the experiences there had. It was the flintlock period. Sparks followed attrition of Northern flint and Southern steel.

There was not in the Continental army any Napoleon, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan or Thomas holding an obscure position to overtop Washington. He built his own ladder, climbed it. Later he refused a crown.

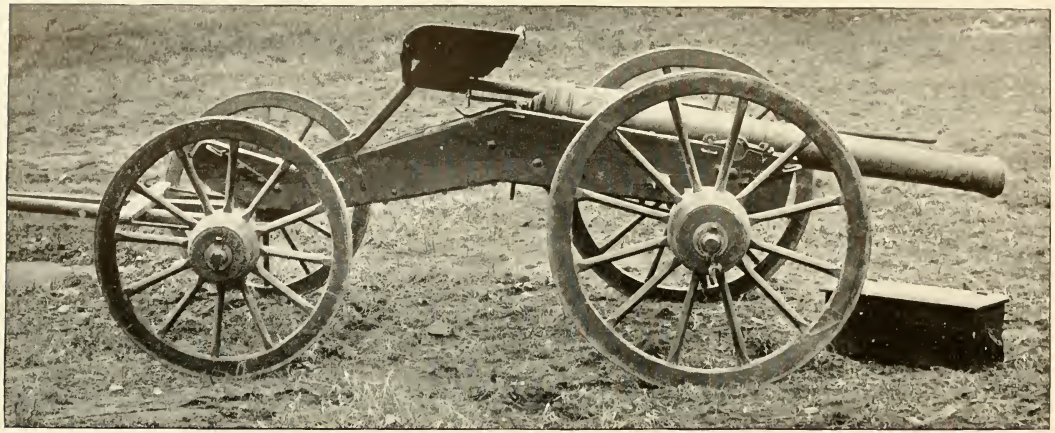
Esprit de corps was at first lacking at Valley Forge. It was not a complex problem. There were two issues. Should the soldiers take orders from their respective states, or from Washington?

The Lexington shot has been heard of around the world and results and causes have been examined with a microscope but historically Valley Forge troops have not been heard of or examined save through the inverted end of a spyglass.

Chapter Five

Some Interesting Revolutionary Anecdotes

Mrs. Harriet L. Buckminster of Keene, N. H., has in her possession the orderly sergeant's book belonging to Joseph Mason, a Revolutionary soldier and her grandfather. The writing is now, after all these years, as legible as a printed page. Under the date of Aug. 12, 1779, the book records that "In Consequence of the Extreme Bad Weather Last Night and this Morning the General Orders one half Jill of Rum to be issued to Every Man in Camp." The owner of



Molly Stark Cannon

the book, Joseph Mason, was a brave soldier at the Battle of Bunker Hill and served for several years during the progress of the war.

The Molly Stark Cannon at New Boston. This cannon is of brass and was cast at Paris, France, in 1747. It was brought to America as a part of the armament of the French army in Canada commanded by General Montcalm, and it was captured at the Battle of Quebec on the Plains of Abraham by the English Army under General James Wolfe.

When General John Burgoyne invaded the Colonies in 1777 the old gun was a part of the field artillery taken along, and when he sent Col. Breymann to the aid of Col. Baum at Bennington on August 16, 1777, the cannon was one of the field artillery guns which accompanied him. When Col. Breymann surrendered to General John Stark at the Battle of Bennington, the gun came into the possession of the American forces.

It was presented by General John Stark to the New Boston Artillery Company, then attached to the Ninth Regiment of the New Hampshire Militia. During the War of 1812, this gun was taken to Detroit, it is claimed, where it formed a part of the defences of that town. At the surrender of Detroit to the British Army by General Hull, the old gun again came into the possession of the British Army.

Taken by them down through Canada, it was again recaptured by the American forces at the Battle of Plattsburg and was sent back after the close of the war to New Hampshire. For many years the towns of New Boston and Goffstown each claimed the gun, but the title rests with the town of New Boston. It is a four pounder and is three and one fourth inch bore.

The following is the inscription on the gun; "Taken at the Battle of Bennington, August 16, 1777. Presented to the New Boston Artillery Company, Ninth Regiment, New Hampshire Militia, by General John Stark."

At the Semi-Centennial Exhibition held in the old Kennard block, in 1896, Mrs. E. P. Richardson, of this city, exhibited a powderhorn which was carried by her grandfather, James Harradon, at the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill. This horn had attached to it a broken suspender, used as a string to hold it in place at the wearer's side, and was attached to it on that morning in the long ago when James Harradon, a lad of sixteen, secured his father's musket, powderhorn and bulletpouch and left his home without his parents' knowledge, to take part in the battle of Lexington. He afterwards joined the Continental army in Boston, and assisted at the Battle of Bunker Hill.

Harrie M. Young exhibited the sword, scabbard, and flintlock pistol used by General Wilkinson during the Revolutionary War. He served under Arnold in the North, and was at Trenton and Princeton and was appointed by Gates adjutant-general, in 1777. In 1778, he became secretary of the board of war presided over by Gates. He resigned in 1779 in consequence of a quarrel with Gates, but was soon appointed clothier-general of the army. In 1791, he was appointed to the United States Infantry and led an expedition against the Wabash Indians. He was in command of Wayne's right at Maumee Rapids and was appointed general-in-chief in 1796. He was governor of Louisiana in 1805-06, given command of the Mississippi department in 1808, three years later he was court-martialed, but acquitted of complicity with Aaron Burr and of being

in the pay of Spain. In 1813, he was made a major-general and sent north. His campaign was unsuccessful, mainly on account of Hampton's disagreement with him, and he was superseded. A court of inquiry exonerated him in 1815. The same year he was discharged from the army then being reorganized. The rest of his life was spent in Mexico.

These relics of Gen. Wilkinson were lost in the Kennard fire, they being in the collection of the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences at that time.

At the time John Stark was organizing his expedition to go against Burgoyne and which resulted, as is well known, in the battle of Bennington, the news of the expedition was carried to Concord, N. H., by one Col. Hutchins. He arrived there upon a Sunday afternoon before the close of public service. He dismounted at the door of the meetinghouse and walked up the aisle of the church while Mr. Walker, the minister, was preaching his sermon. The reverend gentleman paused, asking if Col. Hutchins was the bearer of any message? "Yes," replied the Colonel. "General Burgoyne, with his army, is on his march to Albany. Gen. Stark has offered to take command of New Hampshire men and if we all turn out, we can cut off Burgoyne's march." "My hearers," said Mr. Walker, "those of you who are willing to go, better leave at once." All of the men immediately went out and many of them enlisted on the spot. All night was devoted to preparation and a company was ready to march the next morning. Two of the men pleaded the want of shoes as a reason why they could not go, but these were made before morning by Samuel Thompson, a shoemaker.

Harum scarum "Mad Anthony" Wayne—idolized by American schoolboys for his picturesque recklessness—was also a stickler for clean shaves and insisted that his troops have their hair "oiled, plaited and powdered!"

The impetuous hero of Stony Point even threatened to punish his Revolutionary War soldiers as severely for neglecting to visit the barber as for neglecting their firearms, according to a copy of one of his old post orders.

Dated "Sandy Beach, July 15, 1779," this reads—

"A barber having been provided for each company for the purpose of shaving the soldiers and dressing their hair, who is allowed four pence per man per week, out of his wages, and this barber's services not having been taken proper advantage of, the commanding officer announces that he is determined to punish every man who comes on parade with a long beard, or slovenly hair, as severely as for neglect of his arms.

"The commander regrets the necessity of repeating his orders about attendance upon the barber, and having to add more stringent penalties for infringement; but men must at all times be clean and fit for service. Therefore, henceforth officers will, on their separate responsibilities consider it their duty to see that those soldiers in their respective commands appear always washed, shaved, and their hair oiled, plaited and powdered.

"Anthony Wayne
"Commanding."

Small Woodworking Industries Needed in New Hampshire

DURING the Farmers' and Homemakers' week at the University of New Hampshire Fred E. Batcheller of Marlboro, manufacturer of bird houses, gave an extremely interesting and illuminating address upon the subject of "The Need of Small Wood Using Industries in New Hampshire." The address was delivered upon invitation of Director Kendall of the extension service of the university, following a visit of one of the foresters of the college to the Batcheller plant. Mr. Batcheller spoke as follows:

In the timbered sections of our state every town or hamlet, no matter how small, should have its own woodworking plant.

Judging from figures shown in a recent report of the Forestry commission, exclusive of the ordinary sawmill getting out boards, plank or dimension lumber there are, or were when the report was printed, some 256 mills in the state getting out 51 different lines of articles made of wood.

The number in each line of endeavor vary from 51 making wooden boxes to 1 making wooden backs for cattle cards.

Hillsboro county leads with 17 communities who have woodworking industries while Sullivan county has but four.

Keene leads the state with 22 woodworking plants.

In the Hillsboro district made up of Windsor, Washington, Deering and Hillsboro, there were shipped by rail in 1926, some eight million feet of lumber, of this only 200,000 was manufactured.

At one time there were some 20 waterpower mills in operation in this district. At the present time the writer knows of none.

But I must not weary you with statistics. I have in mind the traveling man who put up at a Kansas City hotel, when he retired to his room he found the following notice posted—

"This hotel is fully equipped with automatic sprinklers. Statistics show that loss of life has never occurred in a hotel provided with sprinklers. In case of fire you may get wet, but not burned."

Beneath this statement some inspired traveler had written:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
Statistics guard my slumber deep;
And should I die I'm not concerned—
I may get wet, but I won't get
burned."

The first clothespins are said to have been made in Rindge by a Methodist minister (in self-defense) whose wife was constantly calling on him "washing day" to go out and pick up the clothes that had blown off the line. At one time New Hampshire made all the clothespins, Rindge, Windsor, Hillsboro and Hancock and possibly some other towns having their own factories.

Now she makes less than one-tenth of those consumed or exported. Michigan, Pennsylvania and Ohio make most of them.

Both New Hampshire and Vermont claim the distinction of making the original wooden spoon, but at any rate the first machinery for making such was originated by George Blake at West Rindge in 1850 and for a time New Hampshire made all there were used.

Now there is but one factory in the state and that at Marlboro turning out some 60,000 annually. While a few spoons are also made in Maine and Vermont, the great bulk are now made in the middle west.

The so-called "Dutch" spoon is imported from Germany with the low duty of 33 1-3 per cent ad valorem giving them an opportunity of competing quite successfully with the domestic made article.

In the town of Marlboro where we are at present located there were, I am told, at one time a dozen or more small woodworking shops, where at the present time there are but three.

What I have said of Hillsboro and Marlboro is true of other towns, at any rate throughout our section of the state.

While you are probably ready to tell me that owing to the extreme cutting off of our forests the streams are drying up and there is not the same flow as there used to be. I will admit that in a certain degree. Still there are in many of the towns and hamlets in the state abandoned or seldom used water powers often with a mill building which could be made available for the small community plant at a slight cost.

If water is not available at all seasons of the year a small boiler and engine to tide over the dry summer months could be purchased and operated using your own waste for fuel at a small cost, and in this manner afford employment for a dozen or more persons practically all the year around.

This would in a measure afford the solution of the problem of how to keep our young people at home and at this time I need not mention to you the added advantage of the distribution of a pay roll of $200 to $300 per week in the community.

While the facts are probably known to most of you, it may not be inappropriate to quote from the Forestry Commission: "While in 1907 there was a cut of 754 million feet, there was a decided decrease in the number of forest industries due to the abandonment of many water mills and combination of some smaller units with larger ones.

"From 1907 there has been a fairly steady decline up to the present time.

"In 1923 there were 225 woodworking industries exclusive of those using wood pulp, 2-3 of them located in southern New Hampshire.

"There is a wide variety of wooden products and novelties much in demand today. An examination of the industries using wood in the various New England states is both interesting and enlightening. New Hampshire does not yet begin to make use of its possibilities in the direction of manufacturing wooden articles. The development of the wood industry business is important because it makes a wide variety of woods marketable and creates industrial prosperity in rural communities which would otherwise have little to do. We should strive to increase the number of our small wood using plants especially those using hardwoods and encourage every manufacturer of boxes to develop such other forms of container as the market can take care of, the raw material for which is generally available nearby, and if possible without losing the trade formerly enjoyed."

In the past much time and money has been spent, and properly so, in the development of our textile industry, and but little or none in aiding the woodworking lines, so vital to the life and well being of the smaller communities in our commonwealth.

I am afraid that you have regarded my talk as rather a rambling disjointed story. But if you will bear with me for

a few minutes longer I will endeavor to briefly sum up the past, touch upon the present and draw a picture of what the future may be if you will.

The Past

The past.—In 1880 Windsor was a brisk little hill town of a few hundred souls with a clothespin factory, several saw mills, a good country store, a church and a town house. In fact a place to point to with pride.

Nelson, the old hill town, with a population of 400, was an energetic community, it had its church and town house, three district schools, several small mills, and a country store which catered to the folk for a good many miles round about. Ainsworth Nims, the proprietor, is said to have distributed the Panama to many of his customers throughout the country and they wove them into Panama hats, taking pay in the typical West India goods and groceries.

In the little Massachusetts village where I was born and lived as a boy there were 15 or 20 little shops with usually six or eight men in each, finishing shoes which had been brought from Lynn the shoe town. On Saturday afternoons and Sunday mornings the proprietor of the little shop cut your hair for 15 cents, the finishing touches on the neck being done with the aid of a saucer.

The Present

The present.—Windsor today is not on the map, theoretically. The site of the town is now a blackberry thicket, the buildings have rotted away, the roads have grown up to brush and forest trees. There are now but 14 voters in town. Joe Nelson is chairman of the board of selectmen, and the principal town offices are filled by members of his family. The town has a representation in the legislature once in 13 years.

Nelson today, as far as the hill town is concerned, is a thing of the past. Some of the old buildings remain there, but the business end of the town is at Munsonville on Granite lake. Here is located a mill, church and general store. There is in the town one other mill used for sawing lumber in the winter months.

In the little Massachusetts village to which I have alluded not one of the little shoe shops remain.

The foregoing are typical illustrations of the history of many a country town.

The Future

The future.—You have probably read, as I did, the deliberations of the fourth New England Conference at Portland, Maine.

To my mind Mr. Forbes sounded an important note, when he warned against over-emphasis on the "recreation end" and stressed the importance of advertising New England products.

I advocated this as far back as 1925 in a very brief talk before the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association at Manchester.

Will Rogers in his dispatch to the *Boston Globe* a few days ago says of Mussolini:

"He solved the farm relief problem the other day in one command. 'Raise more grain, and not so many grapes, wine is all right, but have some biscuits to go with it. Then you can tell the rest of the world what to do.'"

So we here in New Hampshire may make here at home more articles out of wood and send less raw material to market.

Many communities might follow the example of the young man at Chester. He was a typical, ingenious Yankee. He was poor, his parents were not well, he could not leave home, they needed him. With an old corn barn, a cast-off gasoline engine and rough, crude machinery

fashioned with his own hands he makes tongue depressers by the million for a New York concern.

The Beng, Chase Co., of Derry village make plant labels of wood which because of their excellence are known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He has quite a sizable business. His grandfather started the business in a small way, at first performing all the duties himself.

Many people feel that the growth of great business corporations is driving the "little fellows," as they call them, out of business, and yet as we go about the country we find many small workshops which seem to be doing business right along.

Someone gets an idea of an improvement in some product. An improved article will always sell, if offered at a fair price, year after year.

The country is full of men and women who have such ideas and many will market them.

The question may be raised that while mills and power might be available in small communities it might not be possible to secure business for them. During the year just passed some 50 or more inquiries or requests, all of them from outside the state, for prices on articles made of wood and not in our line, were received and turned over by us to mills making the particular lines asked for.

The Answer

Lines written on top of Mt. Washington.

SUEN COLLINS

Upon this summit
I would lie—
My face upturned
To the blue sky—
With hands serene,
Crossed on my breast,
And every nerve
At last at rest.

And if, perchance,
While still I lie,
My spirit should take wings
And fly,
One would not call that flight,
"To die";
But just the way that
Truth and I
Might solve the eternal
"How" and "Why".

New Hampshire Men and Matters

Recollections of a Busy Life

HENRY H. METCALF

CHAPTER SEVEN

LEAVING old Dover, whether for its good or our own was and is a question, we removed with our family and household belongings to Concord, where we had previously spent four years in newspaper work, and had many acquaintances and some friends, hoping to find something to do, to "keep the wolf from the door." We took with us also the GRANITE MONTHLY magazine, then in its third volume, continuing there its publication, and soon interesting one John N. McClintock in the enterprise, who did considerable traveling in promoting its circulation and proved of material assistance. We also engaged as editorial writer for *The People* newspaper, still published by the Pearson Company, continuing in both lines of work until November of that year (1879) when Stilson Hutchins of Washington, D. C., bought the *Manchester Union* of Campbell and Hanscom, and commenced the publication of a morning edition of the paper.

Mr. Hutchins, who was a native of Whitefield, N. H., had gone west in youth, first to Iowa, and later to St. Louis, Mo., where he had engaged in journalism and politics as a Democrat, and occupied a seat in the Missouri legislature for a time, removing thence to Washington, D. C., where he established the *Washington Post*. He associated with himself in this enterprise one John H. Reidell of Boston, a young law student, who had some money, and Dr. Joseph C. Moore, a Lake Village physician with political aspirations; but he remained the guiding force in the enterprise and his purpose was to take the lead in New Hampshire journalism, and put new life into the Democratic party in the state.

Having heard something about me, from some source or other, when looking about for some one to take editorial charge of the paper, he sent for me for a conference, and the result was that I was engaged for the position, and immediately commenced work, disposing of the GRANITE MONTHLY to Mr. McClintock and removing my family to Manchester, where we found quarters in a house on Amherst street owned or controlled by Hon. Charles R. Morrison, a prominent lawyer, formerly of Grafton county bar.

Mr. Hutchins had brought on from Washington a young man, named Henry L. West, who was in his employ there, to take charge of the news department, but he did not remain long, and was succeeded by another man, also named West, who remained some years. Mr. Reidell came into the office and was established in charge of the state news department. Edgar J. Knowlton, later postmaster and mayor of the city, and long time correspondent of the *Boston Globe*, was city editor, and John B. Mills, who had been admitted to the bar, was a reporter.

The enterprise was promptly launched,

and New Hampshire was furnished with its first morning daily. Arrangements were soon made for its delivery in north country towns, by means of a special combination engine and car, which was run up over the Concord and Montreal railroad in the early morning, and operated not only as a means for early delivery of the paper, but also as an effective advertisement of the enterprise of the company.

I remained an editor of the paper for two years, during which time the national political campaign of 1880 was fought out, with Garfield and Hancock as the respective leaders, and during which, as some men now living will remember, Gen. Hancock declared that the tariff was a "local issue," which idea was somewhat ridiculed at the time, but is found to be pretty nearly correct, in view of recent developments.

During my incumbency as editor an agricultural department of the paper was established, for which the services of George R. Drake, now and for a long time past, secretary of the New Hampshire state grange, were engaged as editor; also a household department, with Mrs. Lydia A. Scott in charge. Mrs. Scott had been prominent in club life as one of the founders and active members of the Shakespeare club of Manchester, one of the first woman's clubs in the state, and in the work of the Woman's Relief Corps, and was later on the staff of the national president, Mrs. John A. Logan. At last accounts she was still living, at Floral Park, Long Island, with her daughter, Mrs. Edward M. Swasey.

While at Concord, in 1879, I had attended with my family the Universalist church, which was no longer functioning as a political party annex, as it had been at the time of my previous residence there, but was a genuine religious institution, in charge of Rev. E. L. Conger, who, however, soon left and became the business manager of Lombard university in Illinois, then a promising Universalist institution, but which subsequently fell into a decline and was gathered up practically by the Unitarians. From here he went to California and became pastor of the Universalist church at Pasadena, but died some years since.

On removing to Manchester we found a church home at the Lowell street Universalist church, where Rev. Luther F. McKinney, who had been local correspondent at Newfields of our Dover paper had just become pastor. Mr. McKinney was a strong preacher, with a powerful resonant voice and striking personality. He was a native of Ohio, and served in an Ohio regiment in the Union army in the Civil War. He continued in the pastorate here for several years but finally went into politics as a Democrat, was twice elected to congress and was appointed U. S. Minister to Columbia by President Cleveland in 1893, serving four years in that position. He was also at one time, the Democratic candidate for governor of the state, and was very prominent in the fraternity of Odd Fellows. He died several years ago, while a resident of Maine, where he had also been active in Democratic politics, and at one time a candidate for congress against the famous "Tom" Reed. He had two sons, the oldest of whom, Frank McKinney, now a prominent lawyer in New York city, is a graduate of St. Lawrence university, where he was a classmate of Owen D. Young.

Living in Manchester at this time, as a near neighbor to Mr. McKinney was the Rev. O. S. Baketel, who was for a long time prominent in the New Hampshire Methodist Conference, and subse-

quently removed to New York. Another prominent Methodist clergyman, Rev. A. E. Drew, with whom we had become acquainted while in Littleton, was stationed in Manchester while we were there. But the outstanding preacher of the city at that time was the Rev. William Wayne Leavell, pastor of the First Baptist church, who was not only a pulpit orator of the first class, but a man of striking personality, over six feet in height, splendidly built, and most gracious in manner. He was a southerner by birth and breeding, and was a son-in-law of Senator George of Mississippi. He soon left Manchester and returned south.

Among the lawyers of Manchester at this time, Daniel Clark, who had been United States district judge as well as United States senator and president pro tem of the senate, stood preëminent, but was about retiring from practice. The firm of Morrison, Stanley and Clark, composed of George W. Morrison, Clinton W. Stanley and Lewis W. Clark, was conspicuous. Mr. Morrison, who had been a Democratic congressman, was no longer in practice, but had long been Judge Daniel Clark's chief antagonist at the bar. Both Stanley and Lewis W. Clark later became judges in the state court, Mr. Clark having been previously attorney-general. Cyrus A. Sulloway, known as the "Tall Pine of the Merrimack," who was later for many years a member of congress, was just getting into successful practice, and had as partner Elijah M. Topliff, who was subsequently chairman of the Republican state committee. Our acquaintance among the lawyers of the city was not very extended, but we knew John L. Bickford, who is still in practice there, though nearly ninety years of age; but our most intimate legal acquaintance was William Little, native and historian of the town of Warren, and later author of the history of Weare, who had a very successful office practice, though not largely appearing in court. Mr. Little was an enthusiastic mountaineer, and in his company, at one time or another, we have visited many New Hampshire mountains, more notably Moosilauke, under whose shadow he was born and reared. We have a very distinct recollection of a trip to Moosilauke we once took with him, going up on foot through the Pemigewassett Valley, through the town of Woodstock, in one section of which, through which we passed, then entirely grown up to forest, there had been a school district with over 40 scholars, where Mr. Little had taught school in his youth. This was on the "back way" route to Moosilauke, and more romantic than the ordinary route up the carriage road from Warren which we have traveled many times. But not matter how approached, the view from the summit is the same—the most magnificent in New England—surpassing by far, in beauty and variety, that from Mount Washington.

Another Manchester man, who had been admitted to the bar late in life after a distinguished career as a teacher in Massachusetts, with whom we became intimately acquainted was Josiah G. Dearborn, a native of the town of Weare, who had been state treasurer under the administration of Governor Weston, and was postmaster of Manchester under President Cleveland's last administration. He, also, was something of a mountaineer and accompanied Mr. Little and myself on some of our expeditions. One of the most notable of these was taken late one autumn season, when Mr. Little, Mr. Dearborn, the late Judge John M. Mitchell of Concord and my-

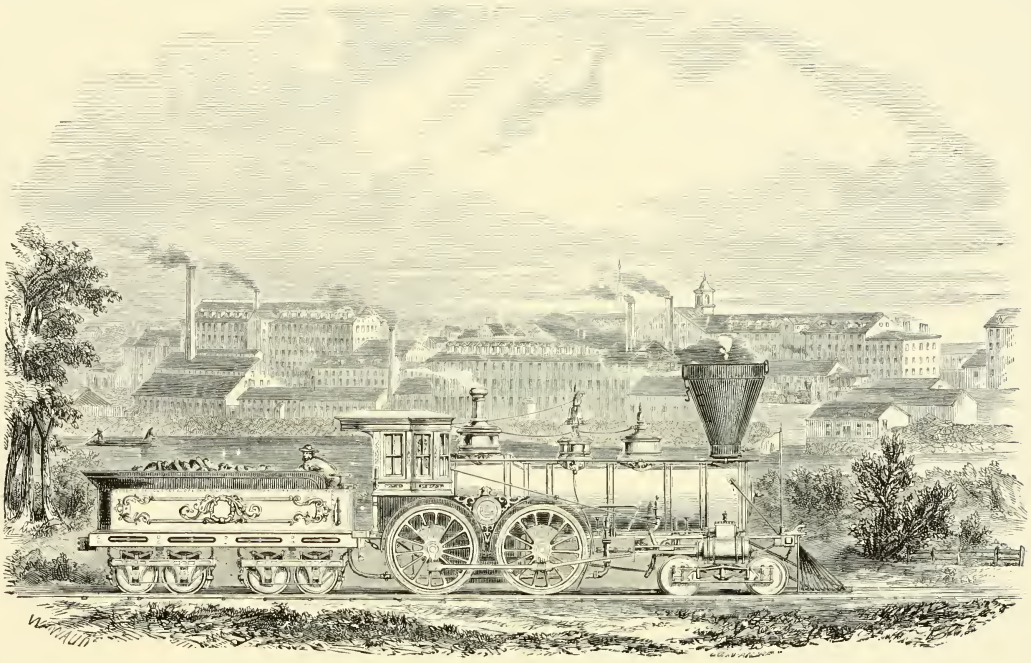
self, visited Mr. Cardigan in the town of Orange, going up to Canaan by train, and out to the "New Jerusalem" hotel, near the base of the mountain, where we stopped over night, and made an early morning trip to the summit overlooking Newfound lake, and a wide range of territory in central New Hampshire. It was a delightful view, but not so interesting as that which we obtained from Kearsarge, which we stopped off to visit on the way down, making two notable mountain ascents in the same day —a feat not often accomplished. Well, our mountain climbing companions have all "passed on," and may be ascending grander heights in the world beyond the stars, while we still cumber the earth!

Late in 1881, Mr. Hutchins retired from the control of the *Union*, turning the same over to Dr. J. C. Moore, who nourished both political and financial aspirations, and thought to promote the same by newspaper connection. His first step was to dispense with my services as editor, and nominally assume the position himself, though he was no writer, but could hire some one whose identity could be concealed, which he proceeded to do. He cut a "wide swath" in the journalistic world for some time, got his paper and himself into financial difficulties, and finally landed in the state prison at Concord, where he remained for some time, but finally played sick and got pardoned out, returning home to Lake Village, where he remained in obscurity for a while and finally died.

Left again without a job and a family to support, I started a weekly paper, called *New Hampshire*, to be devoted entirely to business and industrial interests, but after a few issues I found it likely to be a failure, and, upon the advice of Col. John B. Clarke of the *Manchester Mirror*, discontinued the publication and turned the list over to the GRANITE MONTHLY, then in the hands of John N. McClintock, to whom I had sold it on my removal to Manchester in the fall of 1871.

Fortunately for me, about this time Col. Charles C. Pearson of the *People and Patriot* at Concord, was having trouble about getting an editor for that paper, Mr. L. B. Brown, who had been serving in that capacity, having finally failed him; and, hearing of my non-employment, sought an interview with me at the station in Manchester, and the result was that I was engaged as the editor of that paper, at a better salary than I had before received, and soon found myself and family back in the capital city, in a position that I was destined to occupy, with some measure of success, at least, for a term of ten years.

(*To be continued*)



Old Amoskeag Big Shop From the West Side of Merrimack River in 1850.

The Old Amoskeag Machine Shop

CONTRIBUTED

Chapter One

Locomotives, Guns and Steam Fire Engines Built There

HOW many recollections come to the minds of the old timers when something is said about the "old big shop." It can be said with truth and without fear of contradiction that there was an immense amount of romance connected with the story of the Amoskeag Machine Shop in its earlier years, when the manufacture of locomotives, guns, steam fire engines and many other important kinds of machinery was carried on there.

The need of a shop where the Amoskeag Company could do their own repairing, as well as making new machinery had been apparent from the beginning. In 1840, simultaneously with the building of their first mill on the east side of the Merrimack river, the Company erected a machine shop for new work and repairing. This building, which was 256 feet in length, 36 feet in width and three stories high was located upon a section of the lower canal. It had a blacksmith shop at the north end of it which measured 125 feet long by 36 feet wide.

William A. Burke was appointed agent and held this position until 1847 when he resigned and went to Lowell, Mass. This position was then taken by Oliver W. Bayley who held the place until 1855, then going to the Manchester Locomotive Works as agent. He was succeeded by Cyrus W. Baldwin who remained at the head of it until it was placed under the supervision of Hon. E. A. Straw.

Orders for machinery came in very rapidly upon the completion of this first shop and soon the need of a foundry became very apparent, it having been necessary to send to Chelmsford, Mass., for all the castings. So in 1842, the Company constructed a foundry north of the machine shop. Within four years this building became insufficient to meet the demands and in 1848 what was known as the "new foundry" was built, 120 feet long by 80 feet wide and one story in height. This was larger than the original building and was constructed along improved lines.

This same year a new machine shop was also built, being 256 feet long, 40 feet wide and three stories in height. This was erected a little to the west of the other building and the two shops connected by a bridge. This building was known as the "old back shop" and was built on the bank of the river. A blacksmith shop was erected at the north of this building which measured 64 feet long by 40 feet wide. During this period it is stated, each mill had its own repair department.

In 1853, a description of the shop was printed, written by one John C. Moore. In the course of this article he said: "The machine shop of the Amoskeag Company, unpretending in appearance and entirely out of sight of all passers-by and others even, unless led to enter the yard upon business or from curiosity, formerly attracted little attention, as being merely an appendage to the company's factory operations. Yet it has ever been an establishment of importance, using immense quantities of raw material, turning out a great amount of

machinery and giving employment to a large number of workmen and now under the judicious management of Oliver W. Bayley, Esq., its agent, it has not only become a most important part of the Amoskeag Company's establishment but has gained a worldwide reputation for the excellence of its machinery.

"The old machine shop, built in 1840, answered all the purposes of the Company until 1848 when they built another machine shop and foundry, now known as the 'New Machine Shop' and 'New Foundry.' This machine shop is 260 feet in length, 40 feet in width and three stories in height; and the foundry is 120 feet in length, 80 feet in width and one story in height. At this time the Company commenced the manufacture of locomotives,—and the experiment succeeding beyond expectation they have from time to time, extended their works; adding a 'Boiler Shop' in 1852, 200 feet in length and 40 feet in width; a 'Tank Shop' 200 feet in length and 25 feet in width; a 'Forge Shop' 200 feet in length and 36 feet in width; a 'Paint Shop' 84 feet in length and 40 feet in width, all one story in height; a fire proof 'Pattern House' 100 feet in length, 30 feet in width and three stories in height, and a 'Store House' and 'Setting Up Shop,' 250 feet in length, 80 feet in width, a part two stories in height and a part one story in height.

"There is consumed at the works every year 2000 tons of pig iron, 800 tons of bar iron and steel, 100 tons of copper, 40 tons of brass castings, 250 tons of boiler iron, 600 tons of Lehigh coal, 600 tons of Cumberland (English) coal, 4000 bushels of charcoal, 4000 gallons of oil and 700 cords of wood. The average sum paid as wages per month is $12,000 which among the workmen is distributed at the rates of from $40 to $75 per month. Some men average more than the latter sum.

"After taking a hasty look at the iron and copper stores and at the outworks connected with the main buildings in which lay the materials of their internal strength I next was introduced into the moulding and smelting department. Some heavy castings were under preparatory arrangement and the furnaces were puffing forth their volumes of heat which escaped from the boiling metallic masses in their bosoms. Two castings take place in one day—turning out car wheels, cylinders, bars and blocks of heavy proportions, besides the miscellanea which are furnished to order—some of them of very considerable specific gravity.

"From thence I went to the boiler and tank shop. Here the boilers and locomotive tenders are made. It happened to be the 'day after the fair' when I paid my visit, on which account I am constrained to be thankful; for the cyclopean din was great enough, with but a few at work, to satisfy me of the truth of the comparative saying—'as noisy as a boiler maker.' I stood the hammering in of one rivet like a martyr, and left, counting on my way back to the more peaceable regions, some ten or twelve tenders in various stages of finish, besides the furnaces and boilers of as many locomotives."

In the illustration presented herewith, one gets a very clear idea of how the various buildings looked. The one in the right foreground with the tall chimney is the so-called "new foundry." The large three and one-half story building at the left is the pattern house. Just to the west of this is the annealing furnace. To the south of the foundry is seen a row of buildings with some chim-

neys. This was one of the blacksmith shops and in one of those buildings was the gun barrel rolling room during the Civil war.

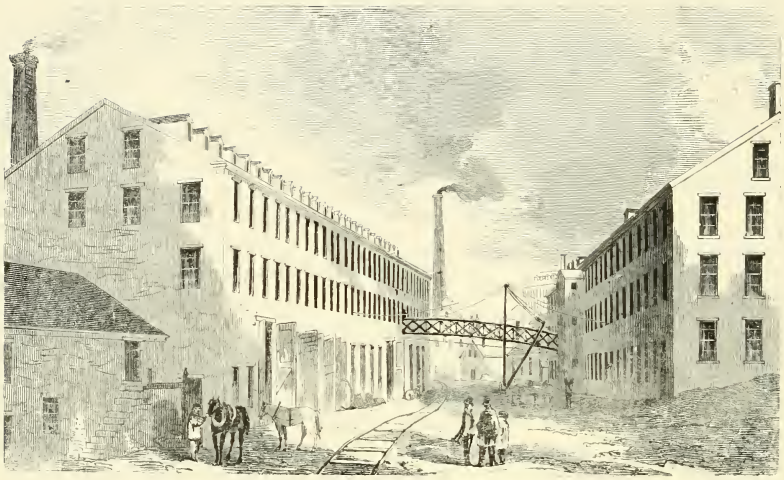
Directly to the east of this is shown the main blacksmith shop. Then in the center of the picture is shown the two main shop buildings with their connecting bridge. Beyond these and still further to the south is shown the north wing of No. 7 mill on the central division and just beyond is old No. 5 mill. It should be noted how the river swings in toward the "old back shop." The land upon which No. 9 mill on the central division stands is mostly made land, secured by filling in the river, as is the land where the river dye house stands. The east line of piers in No. 9 mill basement is set upon the west foundation wall of the "old back shop." This will serve to give anyone some idea of the amount of reclaimed land. This view was made about 1870.

The machine shop at this time presented a very unpretending picture compared with the neighboring premises—the Stark and Amoskeag mills—between and in the rear of which it stood, looking more like a series of adjunctive buildings than an independent establishment, so humble and quiet did it seem, seen from the opposite side of the river. Yet it had an infinity of productive media within its walls, the machinery and tools alone costing over $300,000.

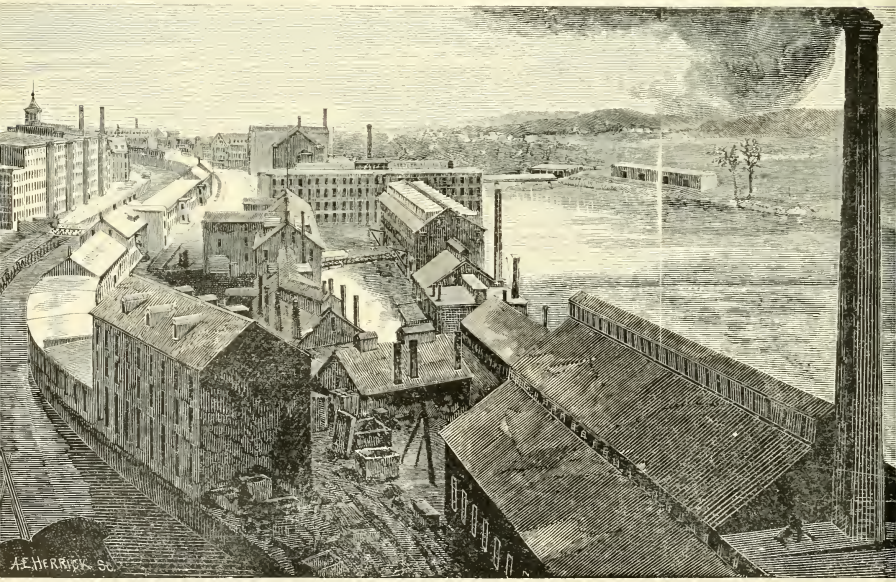
A large proportion of the hands employed in the shop were engaged in the construction of cotton carding machines and other machinery connected with the cotton industry. Here one man who visited the plant in 1853 said he saw "many men at work, like mere automatons, feeding the various machines which produce the several portions of the power loom, the carding apparatus and other minutiae of cotton machinery, with their supplies of wood, iron, brass or copper and laboring as easily as the clerk at his desk or the author in his study, but with this distinction, the mechanic was not doling out his most intense mental energy in proportion to the amount of his work. Were it so required human nature could not long meet the drain which the demands of manufacturing progress would entail upon it."

Another activity carried on in the old "big shop" was the manufacture of turbine water wheels. These were made from a capacity of thirty up to one thousand horse power. Cotton machinery was made here every year sufficient to equip a mill of at least twenty thousand spindles. Carpet machinery was also built here. In 1844, N. S. Bean went to the Amoskeag Machine Shop under William A. Burke and was employed especially in the building of Jacquard carpet looms. He later went to Lowell, Mass., and set up some of this machinery for the Lowell Manufacturing Company.

The two large cranes in the rear of the present central division machine shop are the same ones which were used at the old "big shop." They have been repaired from time to time and are kept constantly in use. In 1857 the machine shop and foundry kept about 800 hands busy. This force fluctuated, the great panic of the late fall of 1857 hitting so badly that the force at the shop was cut down to only fifty men. In those early days the apprentice system was in use in the shop. If a young man wished to learn the business, he became an apprentice for three years. For the first year his pay was fifty cents per day, the second year it was sixty-six and two-thirds cents per day and the last year he was drawing the large salary of eighty-three and one-third cents per day.



Old Amoskeag Big Shop in 1856



Old Amoskeag Big Shop in 1875

In 1863, the McKay sewing machine was perfected, and the "medium horn," upon which the shoe was placed while being stitched, was brought to a successful use by a man by the name of Mathes. This invention made these machines very popular and from 600 to 800 of them were built in the old shop. With one of these machines a shoe could be completely stitched in a few seconds. Ruggles printing presses were also built in the shop here.

Chapter Two

Steam Fire Engine Building

In 1857, the late Nathaniel S. Bean was working as a locomotive machinist in the Lawrence, Mass., machine shop. There were then in that city, a number of old-time hand tub fire engine companies. Being somewhat interested in fire matters, Mr. Bean became a member of one of the companies there.

Having thought and pondered over the subject for some time, Mr. Bean felt that a better means of fire fighting could be found and he wondered if steam could not be used advantageously to that end. Communicating his ideas to one Thomas Scott, a fellow mechanic of considerable ingenuity, together they managed to construct in the winter of 1857 and 1858, the first steam fire engine ever built in New England, which they named the "Lawrence."

The machinery was nowhere in sight as it was encased in wood, which covered the working parts completely except the balance wheels. It had a running board similar to a locomotive that went from the boiler straight around the frame, for the engineer to walk on. The machine weighed about four tons.

This machine was sent to Boston where it took part in a great test on Boston Common on August 31 and September 1, 1858, competing with three other engines. They were the Reamie and Neafie, of Philadelphia, Pa.; the G. M. Bird, of East Boston; and the Hinckley and Drury, of Boston. The Bean machine was superior in its boiler and pump, but in the general arrangement the Philadelphia machine was the better. The Bean machine was awarded the second prize of $300.00, the first prize going to the machine from Philadelphia. Boston finally purchased the Bean machine for $3,500.00.

This machine was in active service until 1862, when it was discarded. It was afterwards sold to the Norway Iron Works, of South Boston, and was used for pumping purposes, but was finally broken up. It can be said with truth that neither Mr. Bean nor his companion had ever seen any early engine of this kind and they worked entirely on their own ideas.

In 1859 Mr. Bean came to this city and entered the employ of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company in the old "big shop" where he designed and built the first two Amoskeag steam fire engines, known as the Amoskeag No. 1, and the "Machigonne." The first engine, Amoskeag No. 1, was of what might be termed the mongrel type. It was tested on July 4, 1859, raising steam and playing two streams to the height of 203 feet in seven minutes from the time of lighting the fire.

This engine was later purchased by the city of Manchester at a cost of $2000. It continued in service until October, 1876, when it was replaced by a new engine, and the old one was sold to a lumber company in Canada. This first engine was a rotary pump engine, that is, instead of having a plunger pump as the later Amoskeag engine did it was equipped with a rotary apparatus which

threw water by centrifugal force. The pump always had to be primed and this was the cause of more or less delay.

The advent of Amoskeag No. 1 caused a most profound stir in fire department circles. The conservatives held to the old hand machines and looked upon the steamer as a useless innovation. They prophesied all sorts of failure for it and hailed the first alarm of fire as an opportunity to show the overshadowing merits of the hand tub. The first alarm called the apparatus down in the vicinity of the locomotive works.

An immense crowd turned out to witness the test. Of course there could be but one result and the "new innovation" was hauled back to its quarters an easy winner. It had been said that there was a conspiracy on that night to push the newfangled machine into the canal, but many such traditions have come down to the present day.

Mr. Bean then entered upon the superintendence of the manufacture of these engines as a part of the regular product of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. Up to 1860 ten of these rotary engines had been built and sold to various cities and in the year 1865, one more was turned out of the shops and sold to the city of Fall River, Mass.

Some time previous to 1860, Mr. Bean had designed his famous piston pump, sometimes called a plunger pump, and this design was first applied to the eleventh engine built, known as the "Fire King" No. 2 and sold to the city of Manchester, in 1860. This style of pump was to overcome the unremediable defects of the rotary pump. It was a double engine as to steam cylinders and piston pumps.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company then caused to be issued in Mr. Bean's name, letters patent on this pump and for more than fifty years this pump, although made in many forms to meet particular circumstances, retained to the end all the essential features designed by Mr. Bean.

Lighter engines being desired by some cities, this was followed by the "Single Round Tank" engine, the first of which was sold to the city of Troy, N. Y., in 1860; and still later the famous "Single U-Tank" engine, the first of which was delivered to the city of Manchester, in 1860, under the name of "E. W. Harrington, No. 3." A still lighter engine being desired the third class "Single Harp Tank" engine was designed, made and delivered to the city of New York, in 1861.

This latter engine created such a favorable impression in New York that an engine of the same general style but larger was demanded, and this led to the building of the second class "Single Harp Tank" engine, the first of this style being delivered to the city of Hartford, Conn., in 1861. The next style was known as a first class "Single Harp Tank" engine, the first of this style going to the city of Concord, in 1862.

This was followed by another style known as the second class "Double Straight Frame" engine, the first one of this style going to New York City, in 1866. These engines had one defect however and that was the inconvenience experienced in turning around on the road. This led to the design of the "crane-neck frame," which permitted the front wheels, when turning, to swing under the frame, so the engine could be turned completely around in a space not greater than its own length.

This improvement, strangely enough, was not patented by the Amoskeag, and proving to be very valuable, it was quite generally copied by other builders of

steam fire engines. The first engine having this improvement was sold to the city of Boston, in 1870.

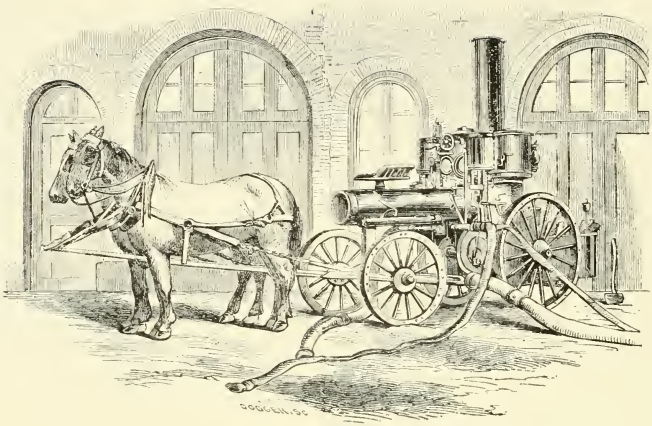
In 1867 steam fire engine 225 was in process of construction in the shops of the Amoskeag corporation and merely as an experiment, it was fitted to propel itself. As a result of that experimental engine another self-propellor, numbered 263, was built under the supervision of Nehemiah S. Bean, the mechanical superintendent of the Amoskeag Company. This engine was looked upon as a wonder, and it was shown all about the country.

In November, 1872, the memorable Boston fire broke out and aid was asked of Manchester. The Amoskeag Company sent down the horseless engine and it did such good work at that big fire that the city of Boston purchased it.

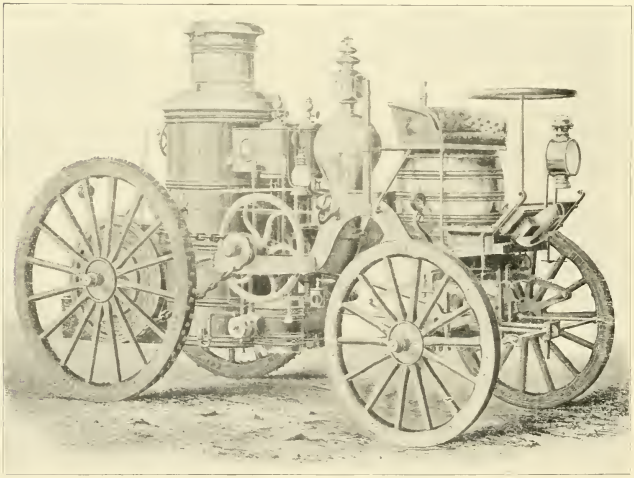
Hugh Bonner, an old time chief of the New York fire department in an article on "Fire Fighting" published several years ago has the following to say about the Amoskeag Horseless Engine: "Directly after the Boston Fire we obtained from that city an engine which had been used there during the great conflagration and which was known as the horseless engine. This was fitted up with machinery, connecting with one wheel which propelled the engine through the streets. It was operated by our company for years, very successfully, although in a crude stage and was known as the first of its kind ever constructed. It was made by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company of Manchester, New Hampshire. It was very serviceable at the time, as our horses were scarcely able to stand, owing to the epidemic of epizootic then raging throughout the city and this company so equipped could reach fires much sooner than those operating with such horses. In 1874 four engines were ordered with the improved motive power on both wheels—a great improvement over the one formerly used by Engine Company No. 20. These engines were known as the steam propellers and were run by Engine Companies Nos. 32, 11 and 8 with varying success. They were unreliable in winter because they would slip on the icy pavements and become unmanageable. The tiller was not always effective in passing over a frosty place. The steam propellers were also objectionable on account of their frightening horses, which would never take to them on crowded thoroughfares and they caused many runaways. They were finally altered and used with horses."

The following clipped from the *Engineering and Mining Journal* of November, 1872, might be interesting to many people: "During the time when the New Yorkers were thrown, not upon their 'beam ends,' but upon their natural and proper ends, for the means of locomotion, a self-propelling steam fire engine made its appearance in the streets, and after a few trials of its running powers, was put to work in the ordinary service of the Fire Department. During a late fire it stood in front of our office, on which occasion we had an opportunity of examining its construction. It is made by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company of Manchester, N. H., and differs in no way from the ordinary engines made by that company and in use all over the country, except in the self-propelling attachment, which is applied in a very simple manner.

"The driving wheel shaft is lengthened sufficiently to carry a small drum, nearly in a line with one of the rear wheels. To this wheel a large drum is bolted or cast on, and is moved by a chain from the driving shaft. This ap-



Old Amoskeag Steam Fire Engine No. 1



Amoskeag Steam Fire Engine, No. 447, Built for Detroit, Mich.
First Engine to Have the Differential Gear as a Part of the
Driving Mechanism.

paratus is applied to only one of the wheels, in order to allow the machine to make, without inconvenience, those short curves which are inevitable in crowded streets and at corners. It has proved to be amply sufficient for the work. We saw the engine running down Fifth avenue one evening, and could not but notice the ease with which the engineer steered it and controlled its speed. The latter was changed twice in running half a block, and the rapidity with which a change from fast to slow motion was made was really surprising. The sidewalks were lined with lookers-on, who expressed a good deal of gratification at the certainty of having one fire engine which no horse disease could disable.

"A test of this New York machine's powers was made on Thursday. It is well known that the high French roofs are thought to have aided the progress of the flames both in Chicago and New York, and the chief engineer was anxious to ascertain the ability of the engine in throwing to the roof of some of our high buildings. The highest, or one of the highest structures in New York, is the Equitable Life Insurance Building, and the engine ran down there. The circumstances were not in favor of the engine, as the water at the hydrant had but seven pounds pressure.

"Fifteen lengths of rubber hose of 2½ inches in diameter, inside measurement, were stretched a distance of 750 feet to the top of the cupola of the Equitable Insurance Building, at Broadway and Cedar street, at an altitude of 116 feet from the sidewalk. Through this great length of hose, to which was attached a pipe 1¼ inches in diameter, an effective stream of water was projected to a height of about 150 feet above the cupola, or 266 feet above the surface of the street. The greatest pressure of steam upon the boiler indicated during the test was 100 pounds to the square inch, and the extreme water pressure upon the hose was 190 pounds to the square inch.

"Several trials through the same and less quantities of hose, with the pipe in the street, were made subsequently, copious streams being thrown vertically from the street to the tops of surrounding buildings, which were also completely drenched at great distances by oblique and horizontal streams. The boiler of the engine is of sufficient strength to withstand a steam pressure of 140 pounds to the square inch, but it was not deemed necessary to make a test under such high pressure. This trial sufficiently demonstrated the ability of the machine to throw cold water on any roof in the city in still weather.

"The propelling gear is thrown out of action while the machine is at a standstill, by simply dropping a pin through the links of the driving chain. The steering gear has a different and better arrangement than in the old engines. A chain wound around two drums, placed on the forward axle close to the wheels, is also wound around the shaft of a steering wheel, and the whole apparatus is worked like an ordinary railway brake. It operates in the best manner, and the driver has complete control of the engine's course. Altogether, the Amoskeag Company have produced a very necessary and useful machine, and cities will probably conclude that it is absolutely necessary to have a certain proportion of these self-propellors in their service."

The self-propelling Amoskeag steam fire engine, Lafayette 1, of which a very fine engraving is given herewith had a most interesting history. It was catalogued as No. 447, double crane-necked frame and was delivered to the city of

Detroit, Mich., for which it was built, in December, 1873.

Previous to the building of this engine the driving mechanism of the self-propellers was of somewhat crude design, being a double chain drive from each end of the main shaft to each rear wheel. It was found, however, that the engines could propel themselves fairly well in a straight line, but considerable difficulty was experienced in turning sharp corners. Later it was found that the engines were more manageable and could be fairly well steered when being driven from the right-hand rear wheel only, and the single chain drive was applied to several self-propellers, one of which was finally located in Boston and another in New York where it met with much favor.

On a business trip to New York City in 1873, Superintendent N. S. Bean met a gentleman who casually inquired of or suggested to him, that the self-propelling engines would be greatly improved by incorporating into their driving gear a "compound" such as is generally used on cotton speeders in cotton mills, claiming that by this addition the power would be applied to both driving wheels and that when turning corners these two driving wheels would be automatically driven at varying speeds without any material loss of power.

This "compound" or "differential gear" as it is called, was originally invented by Mr. Aza Arnold and applied to cotton speeders in South Kingston, Rhode Island in 1822. Mr. Arnold, however, took no action towards having the idea patented until January 7, 1823. A model was made and taken to England, unknown to him, in 1825, and it was quickly seized upon there, being patented in that country by Mr. Henry Holdsworth, in 1826.

Mr. Bean, having other matters on his mind at that time did not give any particular attention to this suggestion and did not even learn the gentleman's name, but after his return to Manchester he came to the conclusion that the idea was worth looking into. There happening to be in stock at the storehouse several of these compounds, belonging to speeders, one of them was brought to the office and a long examination and discussion of this suggestion took place between Ex-Gov. Straw and Superintendent N. S. Bean, the upshot of which was that Mr. Bean gave orders to his assistant constructor to go ahead and see what could be done with it.

At that time the Lafayette No. 1 was under construction in the shops for the city of Detroit and when it had been designed should be of the same general style as the engine in New York except that it was to a "crane-necked frame."

It was decided to make the experiment upon this engine. Many alterations were required to apply this device, but in due time the engine was completed and on trial it was proven that the suggestion of the gentleman in New York city was true in every particular and that the self-propelling engine had been immensely improved. All such engines afterwards made were equipped with this valuable device.

It is a matter of general public interest at this time, when the automobile is in such general use, that there are probably no automobiles manufactured but what are equipped with this "differential gear," differing somewhat in form maybe but essentially the same mechanical device and applied for the same purpose as that on this Detroit engine. This was undoubtedly the first instance of its application to wheeled vehicles and it was

fully covered by letters patent granted to Mr. Bean, December 22, 1874.

Up to 1877 there had been sold, made and delivered 523 engines of the various styles and classes when Amoskeag Manufacturing Company transferred the entire steam fire engine business to the Manchester Locomotive Works. This company conducted the business successfully for many years and finally sold the patent rights to the International Power Company of Providence, R. I.

During the time the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company built the steamers they became general favorites, and they were not only sold in all the principal cities in this country, but to others in all parts of the world, among which may be mentioned Amoor, Russia; Arequipa, Chili, S. A.; London, England; London, Province of Ontario; Lima, Peru, S. A.; Sidney, New South Wales; Shanghai, China; Yokohoma, Japan; and to many other distant places.

The Amoskeag Manufacturing Company built, in 1871, a first size steam fire engine called the Governor Fairfield, for the city of Saco, Me. On the sixth of May, 1882, the chief engineer of the fire department of that city showed his committee on fire department what an Amoskeag engine could do. The steamer was set at the river with cold water in the boiler. The engine was started on forty pounds of steam, playing a splendid fire stream, and in nine minutes, fifteen seconds, one hundred pounds of steam were registered and the engine was blowing off and continued to do so through the trial, while a Silsby in nine minutes, thirty seconds had twenty-one pounds of steam only.

The longest recorded distance a fire engine ever threw a stream of water according to all authentic records which could be found by the writer after a careful research, seems to be due to former "Engine Six" (now Engine Two) of Cambridge, Mass. This engine is an extra first size Amoskeag, and when delivered to the city by the manufacturers, was tested at Fresh Pond. At the test the engine played a stream of water three hundred and eighty-one feet, four and one half inches, which play immediately gave to the engine the name of "Big Six," by which it was always known until transferred to its new station.—From "Bucket Brigade to Flying Squadron."

On the night of the 10th of January, when the flames were raging with their utmost fury through the fallen ruins of the Pemberton Mills, at Lawrence, Mass., and the Washington Mills, together with other buildings, being in great danger, Mayor Saunders, of that city, deeming the force of the firemen present insufficient, forwarded a dispatch to Manchester, N. H., for assistance. The call was nobly responded to. By orders of Chief Engineer Hunt, the 'Amoskeag' was sent. The dispatch was received about half-past twelve. No engine was in readiness at Manchester, and a dispatch was sent to Lawrence for one. An engine was started from Lawrence, went to Manchester, took a train with the steamer, its horses and company, and a carload of firemen, and returned, accompanied by Mayor Harrington and a part of the engineers. In just two hours and eight minutes from the time the telegram was received, the 'Amoskeag' was at Lawrence, playing four streams of water upon the fire. The distance is twenty-six miles, making fifty-two miles traversed by the locomotives, which, with the loading and unloading of the machine is remarkable time. Even amid so much terror and confusion, its arrival at the ruins was

greeted with enthusiasm. And the firemen, who were nearly worn out with exhaustion, welcomed it with hearty cheers. It remained at Lawrence during the greater part of the next day, doing good service at the ruins.

This engine was built for the city of Manchester by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, under the direction of N. S. Bean, Esq. It is the first one of its own peculiar kind, though many are being made by the Company now, and for lightness and time of firing up is unequalled. Weighing when empty five thousand five hundred pounds, it is easily drawn by two horses, and will carry fuel sufficient to feed four or five hours. She will fire up and play two streams in less than four minutes from lighting the match; can get up steam as well while running as while standing. On one occasion she fired up and had two streams through four hundred feet of hose each in three minutes and forty seconds, drafting her own water. She will throw four seven-eighth inch streams through one hundred and fifty feet of leading hose each, horizontally; will throw one and one-fourth inch stream two hundred and forty feet.

These machines are being made as fast as the Company can get them out and sent to various parts of the country; already have they gone to Maine, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Illinois and other places—bidding fair to take first rank among the steam fire engines throughout the country. —From an old paper of 1860.

The illustration printed herewith gives a good view of old Amoskeag No. 1, the first steam fire engine to be built by the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. This first engine of what might be termed a mongrel type, was designed and built in 1859, under the direct supervision of Nathaniel S. Bean. It was tested on July 4, 1859, raising steam and playing two streams to the height of 203 feet in seven minutes from the time of lighting the fires. It was a rotary pump engine, that is, instead of having a plunger pump as the modern Amoskeag of later types did, it was equipped with a rotary apparatus which threw the water by centrifugal force. The pump always had to be primed and this was the cause of more or less delay.

(To be continued)

New Hampshire and Michigan

JESSE H. FARWELL

(By an Occasional Contributor)

NEW HAMPSHIRE has furnished more men who have made an impress for good upon the nation's life, in official, professional, educational and industrial capacities, than any other state in the Union in proportion to population, or even irrespective of the same.

A president of the United States, a chief justice and several associate justices of the supreme court; numerous members of the cabinet; governors of states from Maine to California; senators and representatives in congress; judges of federal and state courts all over the Union; college presidents and other eminent educators; lawyers and physicians of note; captains of industry and leaders in "big business," born in New Hampshire, have gone out into other parts of the land and made imperishable records in their respective fields of activity.

But while many states in the Union have been favored by the aid of New Hampshire-born life, energy and ability, it is safe to say that Michigan, more than any other, has profited thereby. The first great governor and United States senator of that state, Lewis Carr, who later served in the cabinet in more than one capacity, and was his party's candidate for president, was born in the town of Exeter; while the first chief justice of the supreme court of the state, William A. Fletcher, was a native of Plymouth and the first state superintendent of public instruction, and really the first officer of the kind in the Union. John D. Pierce was born in Chesterfield, N. H. To his efforts, more than those of any other man, the University of Michigan owes its existence, and, in later years, another New Hampshire man, Harry B. Hutchins, born in Lisbon, held rank among the great presidents of that institution. John S. Barry, native of Amherst, was the only man ever three times elected governor of the state. Zachariah Chandler, native of Bedford, succeeded Lewis Cass as United States senator and was secretary of the interior in the cabinet of President Grant. He it was who was the leading spirit when the Republican party was formed as a national organization, "Under the oaks," at Jackson, Mich. Joseph Estabrook, native of Bath, was principal of the state normal school at Ypsilanti, and subsequently state superintendent of public instruction. Jefferson T. Thurber, native of Unity, and Sullivan M. Cutcheon, born in Pembroke, were speakers of the Michigan house of representatives; while William Graves, born in South Hampton, was secretary of state. Oliver L. Spaulding, native of Jaffrey, Bryon M. Cutcheon of Pembroke, and Charles C. Comstock of Sullivan were Michigan representatives in congress.

Alfred Russell, native of Plymouth, was long a leader of the Detroit bar; while James F. Joy, another Detroit lawyer, born in Durham, N. H. engaged in railroading, built the Michigan Central Railroad, the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy, and other great lines, promoting the development of the West. But the most remarkable man in some respects who went out from New Hampshire and made his home in Michigan, was James H. Farwell, the pioneer in the freighting

business on the Great Lakes, whose commerce now exceeds in tonnage that of the nation's Atlantic trade, to whose career we now refer in brief.

Jesse H. Farwell was born at North Charlestown, N. H., January 22, 1834, the son of George and Aurilla Farwell. On his mother's side he was a direct descendant of Priscilla Mullins of Mayflower fame, and, on another line, of Ethan Allen. At sixteen years of age he went out from the old farm, with $10.00 in his pocket, a parting gift from his father, to make his way in the world. Going to Buffalo, N. Y. he engaged to work for an uncle at $25 for the first year. Here he remained until twenty-one years of age, when he made his way over the lake to Detroit, where, upon the morning of his arrival, when walking out before breakfast, he made a deal to go into partnership with a stranger, which partnership continued several years successfully, doing a general contracting business.

For many years Mr. Farwell and his partners did all the paving in the city of Detroit, and much of that in other cities of the state. They also constructed the bulk of the sewage system of the city of Buffalo, N. Y., with its difficult outlet into the Niagara river. In connection with his son, George Farwell, whom he had taken into partnership, he built Section B, the largest and longest section of the aqueduct tunnels for the water supply of New York city, otherwise known as the Croton Aqueduct, employing the labor of 1500 men for more than three years in the work. Subsequently they did the earth and rock work for the government locks at Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, the same being the largest in the world.

For many years Mr. Farwell was, by far, the largest individual owner of freight craft on the Great Lakes, owning about a dozen boats in all and continuing in the business until a few years before his death. He was a successful speculator in many lines, and never met with failure. Among other enterprises he engaged largely in the manufacture of pianos and organs, both in Detroit and Canada. He had many well-selected real estate holdings in Detroit, and was instrumental in effecting various improvements in municipal conditions. He took special interest in the improvement of the water-ways connecting the Great Lakes, and did a large amount of the work involved himself. His interest extended to national affairs, and he served on several committees carrying on the early investigation concerning the Panama and Nicaragua canal projects.

The Farwell school, a fine granite building, at North Charlestown, was given by him as a donation, promoting the future welfare of his native place, and it stands as a fitting monument to his memory. He was a Universalist in religion, a Democrat in politics, and a member of the society of Sons of the American Revolution.

He was an ardent lover of nature, and for relaxation he was wont to go each year, in the fall, back to his old home among the New Hampshire hills and spend a month or two riding and driving amidst the beautiful scenery. It was in the midst of this scenic beauty that he died, at Bretton Woods in September 1905, leaving a widow, a daughter and the son, George Farwell, who was his partner, and successor in business.

Among the great "captains of industry" in this country, when the extent and importance of operations carried on is considered, no man can hold higher rank than Jesse H. Farwell, native son of Charlestown, N. H.

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Editorial

The experience gained in highway construction on a large scale, undertaken in New Hampshire this year, for the first time, will be valuable in formulating plans for future highway building operations. As Representative George H Duncan of Jaffrey, one of the legislative leaders in recent sessions, stated, the highway department had to work quickly after the eight million dollar bond issue was authorized to figure on this administration's allotment of the bond money in order to forestall the inevitable political pressure for a slice of the money. Haste, of course, is never conducive to the best quality in planning or in working, hence it is altogether natural that mistakes were made. And after the highway department officials had mapped out their ideas, the program had to go before the Governor and Council for their approval, where alterations had to be made to meet the exigencies of their notions, and the continuing necessity of haste suggested by Mr. Duncan without doubt caused snap judgment rather than carefully studied reasoning to prevail. And, in spite of the haste the probability is that political influence did creep into the proceedings and sway the decisions to a greater or lesser extent. For that matter it would be more surprising than otherwise if political influence did not have a part in any governmental undertaking, whether hastily or maturely considered. But on the whole when the highway construction for this season is completed, New Hampshire will have a goodly number of miles more of good, durable, hard-surfaced roads in place of the same number of miles of very bad roads. That there will still be many miles of highway in poor condition goes without question but the answer to that is the highways had been allowed to get into such a run-down condition, it was impossible to catch up in a single year's top-speed construction. There may be ground for criticism of the laying down of a two years' program in such haste, particularly if that program is an iron-clad arrangement, as has been intimated. New Hampshire winters are most uncertain in their performances on roads. Even well built roads, that is of the old type, which have been thought good for several more years have been disclosed in the spring, after a series of thaws and freezes, to be a complete mess, and in view of that it will be passing strange if the highway department and the Governor and Council, next spring do not find

themselves confronted with a number of highway problems not taken into their plans last winter when they were planning for the two years' spending of the bonds. In such a contingency a hard and fast program would force a draft on emergency funds if a thorough-going reconstruction job was done, or in case of make-shift repairs there would be inroads on the regular highway maintenance funds. It would seem, in view of the great uncertainty as to how New Hampshire roads will weather our rigorous winters, there should be a considerable degree of flexibility in most highway programs.

* * *

New Hampshire very likely has its fair proportion of law violations, but considered in connection with the stories of crime of sufficient importance to find its way into the news services from all sections of the country and filling columns of space in practically every issue of our newspapers, New Hampshire lawbreakers for the most part must be classed as comparatively petty offenders. Few crimes of violence are committed in this state when the prevalence of such crimes in other states is taken into consideration. Thievery likewise in New Hampshire is small calibered stuff compared with the hauls made elsewhere. The New Hampshire papers, now and then, will give big headlines to lawbreaking, but it seems mainly to have to do with the activities of federal and state prohibition officers or local police chasing bootleggers, or state and local police getting after reckless or heedless automobile drivers. Take the general run of prohibition law enforcement that is played up in the papers. To read the headlines one gathers the impression that a round-up of speakeasies is of a sensational nature; that is to say reading the headlines of the raids gives one that idea. But when, if one does, the court proceedings are followed up, it is found that a pint, or a few quarts of beer or hard stuff has been seized and the lower court judge figures fines ranging from $25 to $100 are adequate. Usually the offenders are sent along to the Federal court where somewhat stiffer fines are imposed. With rare exceptions, the bootleggers caught are very small fry. And the bulk of automobile delinquents are heedless or self-important persons who fail to obey local traffic regulations relating to Stop signs and parking restrictions. These draw small fines. The worst traffic law violators are the drunken drivers and while there are too many of these for comfort, as a matter of fact, they comprise a relatively small number. The evidence of increasing severity of punishment for this class of drivers should have a tendency to impel more caution. We do not contend that New Hampshire is a flawless state, but compared with others we are not so bad as we might be.

Charles E. Dickerman--An Appreciation

ALIDA TRUE DICKERMAN

O ye grove! "Cathedral pines!"
Ye fell, these many years!
And only as New Hampton can recall
That majestic towering line
May we, in the vortex of a new generation tost—
See on your hillside's growth of tamarack and growing pine
The strength and beauty of a grandeur lost.

AS ONE looks across the sheen of the Dickerman pond in which lies reflected yon expanse of growing pines which we like to call the Dickerman Memorial, one is strangely moved to recount in a singularly sympathetic manner those personal characteristics of a man which so endeared Mr. Dickerman to his friends. Under the tropical skies of Florida, in June time, in rose time, when our own homeland of the north was firmly encrusted in snow and ice, the gentle soul of a lover of the beautiful, of bird and flower, passed on.

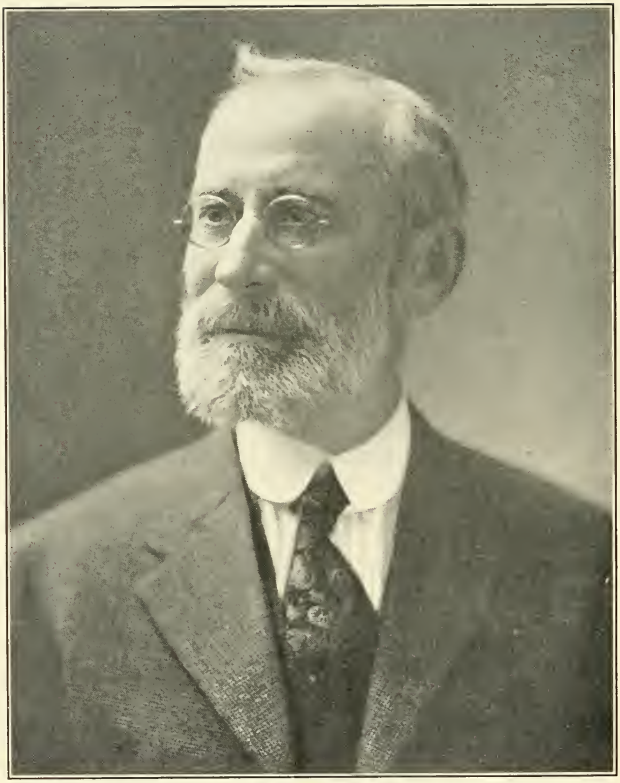
Charles E. Dickerman, fish culturist and pioneer in the field of brook trout propagation in this country, one time a grower of violets and chrysanthemums for the Boston market, a Maryland hotel keeper for a brief period and a resident of New Hampton, N. H., for fifty years, with the exception of the lapses noted, died in New Smyrna, Fla., at "The Palms Hotel—on the Dixie," February 23, 1929, and burial occurred at Mt. Auburn Cemetery, Cambridge, Mass., the 29th.

Mr. Dickerman, the second son of George H. Dickerman, a successful box manufacturer of Boston, was born in Stoughton, Mass., and in view of the fact that his nature did not recognize the limitations of age as regards years one must needs turn to the records of vital statistics to learn in what year his birth occurred. It is more or less true and we learn it in after years that life does tend to grow heavy when too great stress is laid upon the marking of anniversaries. Mr. Dickerman never felt the weight of years.

An idealist, responsive, eager to serve, charitable to the erring and unworthy, sympathetic to the sorrowing, stimulating to those conditions meriting advancement, financially relieving the unfortunate investor who chanced to be his friend, gracious in his hospitality, youthful with the young and all that one could wish as a friend, tabulates briefly a list of graces not often bestowed upon one person.

Mr. Dickerman was a great lover of folks. No one traveling the length and breadth of Florida with him could fail in appreciating to what large degree this was a fact, as he found continual joy in the interchange of thought with all who crossed his path. Indeed, several times he left the beaten track to locate a little camp home where he had learned was to be found distress and straitened circumstances, and wherein lived a brave little couple challenging a situation following not only in the wake of the hurricane, but one which came out from the more deadly maelstrom succeeding the Florida boom.

He saw from a camp cottage, one morning, three little urchins starting off for school neat and tidy in their overall uniforms barefooted as in Whittier's time, brave and cheerful, as were their young parents. "Cheerful" did I say? That very night came the dreadful



Charles E. Dickerman

freeze which took their cucumber crop, and with it the last hope of returning north that year, where their parents were kept religiously ignorant as to their financial needs and suffering. It was after witnessing one of these human pictures that we remarked that not only on the battlefield is to be found such a type of heroism as must be felt constructively, during the coming years. Such experiences shall prove to be, through the power of ballasting midst adverse conditions, the stabilizing of those foundation principles which shall make more secure the new Florida of the future.

It was beside the log fire at his New Hampton home, however, that Mr. Dickerman's charm was most warmingly felt. He was ever gathering groups of friends about him. The usual morning salutation would be followed, in the later years, by something like this, "What is the program for the day? Shall we have friends in to dinner? Shall we play cards this evening in groups or better still can we not drive over the Ashland hills to visit our friends who are so closely confined at home doing the world's work in supplying us the needful things for our table?"

He found a special joy in visiting a certain home on Gordon Hill, where they, by reason of also being kept close to the attractive farm home were not able to visit him, so "Why should I not go to them?" This spirit was characteristic of the man. He was glad always to include in his day's program some event which would mean joy to a friend. Rich indeed were these contacts, inspiring to a large degree that courage which would override chronic frailty and suffering. His friends were seldom allowed to realize his indispositions.

Nine years ago Mr. Dickerman sold the private fish hatchery to the state of New Hampshire that it might be perpetuated as a memorial to the Dickerman family. This estate consists of several hundreds of acreage with one of the most perfectly protected brooks to the river that can be found, forty deeds having been acquired at an expense of sixty thousand dollars to get this brook and stream protection. The entire estate with the dam construction and pools cost one hundred thousand dollars.

During the days when C. E. Dickerman actively worked the hatchery he supplied the mountain houses of New Hampshire and Vermont each morning with these speckled beauties fresh on ice.

The writer recalls the story as told by Dr. True, how as a little boy he used to catch the little trout which were to be found so plentifully in the brook on the True farm in Holderness, N. H., and how he found great pleasure in taking the trip across the foothills to the Dickerman hatchery where he "sold his fish." It was his first notable bit of financiering.

In previous years Mr. Dickerman was very active in Grange circles, both Pomona, as lecturer and the local unit where, as I recall it, he served as master and also lecturer. A friend reminds me that he also led in a highly successful manner for several seasons in New Hampton a Chatauqua course in literature. This was at a time when such service meant much to the cultural life of a rural community.

Mr. Dickerman, during a brief two years' residence at St. Johnsbury, Vt., became affiliated with Palestine Commandery, Order of Masons.

Mr. Dickerman was an experienced traveler. He visited in a comprehensive way, Mexico and California, and later he with his wife, Mrs. Stella Dickerman, whose death occurred five years ago, visited California again and took at

varying periods several attractive cruises to the tropics and judging from later and lesser ocean voyages, those of more educational interest must have been most enriching and fruitful of enduring friendships as later contacts proved.

The loss in 1901 of his fifteen year old daughter, Mabel, then a most natural and accomplished musician, just at the close of her graduation, was a staggering blow which colored his later years. His delight was in her music, and friends who knew him best and were conscious of his thirst for the best in music in later life never doubted its source. His sense of loss in this sad experience was expressed through a singularly sympathetic attitude toward life and thus again we see the rich compensations that grow out of grief through family bereavement.

Mr. Dickerman's son, Albert Cornell of Pawtucket, a Massachusetts Tech man, is a successful engineer with a wide knowledge, practical as well as technical, of water works construction and operation and his experience of many successful years together with the inherited personal charm of his father, bespeak a future of rich service. His hobby has been and will, no doubt, always be, camera pictures. His landscapes have won prizes in Providence art contests where their excellence as to artistic merit has been widely and favorably commented upon.

This son, together with a daughter, Susan, Mrs. C. LeBaron Kasson, of Mattapan, Mass., three grandchildren, C. Le Baron Jr., and Stella, twins, and Frank, of whom Mr. Dickerman was most fond, with his wife to whom he was married in 1927, survive.

We should not mourn but rather rejoice in this life which has held so many cultural contacts which have stood for progress in civic matters and now as a matter of reminiscence, we are in possession of those precious memories which must ever abide.

So has passed but not gone from us this good friend, this gentleman of the old school of chivalry, Charles E. Dickerman.

"To live in the hearts of our friends is not to die."

Amidst New Hampshire Pines

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

Midst the shadows and the silence
In a pine grove far away,
Far from city streets and turmoil,
From its restless toil and play,
Mused a man that oft had mused there
In the boyhood years of old
When today is like a rainbow
And the morrow bright like gold.

Youth had passed—this grove was grander
And its pines majestic stood,
And beheld time's sleepless changes
In this well-remembered wood;
But the same sweet peace and quiet
Reigned within this woodland yet
And the same surcease from worry,
For Earth's sorrow and regret.

Once again the birds were singing
Midst the shadows far and nigh,
Once again soft breezes whispered
Through pine branches dense and high;
And dead cones and needles rested
Like a carpet at his feet,
And a balmy coolness soothed him
In this silent, dark retreat.

And this man mused there, reclining
Near a little ledge of stone,
Far from city streets and turmoil,
Like in boyhood all alone;
Whilst he dreamed again the visions
He had dreamed in years of old
When today is like a rainbow
And the morrow bright like gold.

Stories of the American Revolution

A NEW ENGLAND NOBLEMAN

WM. L. JOHNSON, M. D., UXBRIDGE, MASS.

THERE is an interest connected with a study of the great men of the 18th century that is not easily explained, and yet is very real. Many of these characters are household words today, their lives and actions better known than those of our own Senators and men in high places. Something of this has to do with the romance of their lives, with their struggles against tangible foes and with the general ignorance of the community. We deplore the lack of great men today, not always stopping to think that the great mass of the people, by education and environment, have been raised to a far higher level than that of our ancestors of two centuries ago, and the really great characters do not tower so far above the common people. But there is another reason for this interest. We are taught that the principal cause of the Revolution was the Stamp Act and it really was, but a study of the characters of these early days shows that without consciousness on their part, perhaps, they were really blazing the way for the road that would later lead to Independence. This leads me to believe that without the Stamp Act, without George the Third even, we should ultimately have gained our Independence.

One more reason for this interest. It shows the opportunity that is before everyone in this land of ours. Given integrity, courage, resolution and Faith in God and the poorest boy can rise to the pinnacle of greatness as well now as he could so many years ago. So we can with profit and interest follow in the footsteps of one who made history in America, and profoundly influenced the life of New England particularly.

Sir William Pepperell's life was one of romance, of honor, of loyalty, and of profound achievement. His father was a poor Welsh fisherman who left his home in England when he became of age and came to America to seek his fortune. He had courage and determination for he settled on the bleak Isle of Shoals and became a fisherman and trader. But a few miles away was Kittery Point where lived John Bray, a shipbuilder and man of influence in the colony. He took a great interest in the young fisherman, as did his daughter, Marjory, the pride of his household. John Bray had ambitious plans for his daughter but she loved the stalwart fisherman, and he wisely surrendered and allowed them to marry giving them a fine tract of land in Kittery. Here the young couple began their life together and here was born June 27, 1696, the subject of this paper, William Pepperell.

By his fortunate marriage and his own ability the elder Pepperell emerged from the hardy fisherman to be the leading merchant of the state. His fleet scoured the ocean in peaceful pursuits, the large trade with the West Indies bringing him vast wealth and power. His lumber built the great ships of England, while his fishermen stocked them with the needed food, and others brought the sugar, coffee and molasses to Boston and Philadelphia and the other important centers of the grow-

ing colony. He bought large tracts of land in his adopted state, and his strict integrity and strong personality made "Pepperells" stand for the foremost center of trade in New England. But this was not all his active mind grasped. He became captain of the Maine militia, and then the commander of all her troops, no light task in those days of constant warfare with the savage Indians. In addition to these burdens he was made judge of the court of Common Pleas, and without legal training this Welsh fisherman dispensed justice with such skill and prudence that his decisions were seldom even questioned.

In the midst of these stirring activities the young William passed his boyhood days. He was strong and vigorous, with a keen mind and a charming personality, which all his life attracted friends and held them. Private tutors supplemented the work of the village schoolmaster. While other boys were spending their time in careless play, he was surveying land under a competent instructor, was learning the drill in his father's company or was conveying important messages to distant towns. At ten years of age we find him copying his father's letters, keeping his accounts, and actually helping to write the Judge's docket. He was a remarkable penman, his signature even to this day being superior to all but the professional writer. At fourteen we find him enlisted in the militia and standing guard at the fort. These were accomplishments impossible at the present day and greatly surprising in those stirring times, but both the elder Pepperell and his more famous son were remarkable men, extraordinary types of mind and character.

The mother of this gifted child must not be forgotten. She had brought her husband wealth and opportunity. She instructed her son in the great responsibilities of life before him, developed his manly qualities, and revealed to him the beauty of religion, not its horrors as most of the boys were taught in that age. So all his life this accomplished lad was a devout churchman, with a life and a personality which even the ungodly had to respect.

Before he became of age his father turned over the important trade with England and the continent entirely to the son, and he at once prepared to enlarge and develop it. This took him constantly to Boston, where he became a great favorite and was put in the way of political and military advancement. He had barely reached the age of twenty-one when he was made justice of the peace and captain of the Maine cavalry. At the same time he was elected representative from his native town of Kittery. As the father had augmented his fortune by a fortunate marriage, so his son was to climb to social prominence in a similar manner.

Mary Hurst was a Boston heiress, the daughter of a merchant prince of that city and the granddaughter of Judge Sewell of York. She had many suitors and her beauty and fascinations are on record to this day. She was heart whole until she met young Pepperell, however, and then she surrendered unconditionally and they were married March 16, 1723. Their union proved a very happy one and four children were born, only two of whom reached maturity. The young couple resided in Kittery and here the splendid Pepperell mansion was erected, where he dispensed lavish hospitality to all comers. It must have been a wonderful place from the meager description left to us of it. "Costly mirrors and paintings adorned the carved wainscotted walls. The oaken staircase in the great hall,

lined with family portraits, was so wide that six ladies, in the wide hoops and farthingales of that period, could trip down the stairs abreast, without danger to satin petticoats or brocaded trains. Massive silver shone on the sideboards of the dining hall, old and costly wines filled the cellars, deer stalked through the wide domains of the park, and a retinue of servants tended to the wants of family and guests."

From this description one would think the young man might abandon active life and enjoy the fruits of his father's laborious activity. Far from it. He was now an equal partner with his father in a business second to none in New England. Honors came thick and fast. In June, 1727, he was appointed privy councillor to the governor of Massachusetts, then an appointive office. It is interesting to note that he held this office by renewal appointments for thirty-two successive years, during eighteen of which he was president of the board, a striking evidence of his great ability, for it must be remembered that Maine at this time was but a frontier outpost of Massachusetts, and Kittery was a long way from Boston.

He was but thirty years of age when he was appointed to the supreme command of all the militia in Maine. It was a most responsible position in the days when every able-bodied man had to be a soldier. Many of these men were veterans, old enough to be his father, many had been trained and held commissions in the British army but all recognized the leadership of this gifted boy of thirty years.

Two years later he was made chief justice of Maine by appointment of Governor Belcher of Massachusetts. This would have been an impossible appointment at the present time. He was a merchant, not a lawyer, but his merit was so great that the honor was universally applauded. Now his early training in the office of his father stood him in good stead. He sent posthaste to London for a law library to fit himself for his new duties. When, in his busy life, he found time to digest them is a mystery. But he did, for he held the office to the day of his death. His decisions were widely quoted as models of sound law and sterling common sense. Impartiality, equity and justice were his mottoes and to these he faithfully adhered.

"The same promptness with which he fitted himself for whatever duty devolved upon him, made a great deal of his success as a soldier and was a keynote to his character. He not only dared to undertake difficult tasks, which shows courage, but he always set to work to find the surest way of accomplishing such tasks thoroughly and intelligently, which shows judgment."

Judge Pepperell was a very busy man. His great commercial house was expanding daily. His son Andrew had been taken into the firm almost as early in life as had his more gifted father, and "Pepperells" was known everywhere in New England, a synonym for honest dealing and progressive expansion. The time had now come when the gifted head of this great house was to become a world-wide character, as famous in the nations of Europe as in his native land, and to receive the title by which posterity will always know him. Spain and England had become involved in a war in which the loyal colonists as usual had done valiant service. In her extremity Spain called on France for aid and the latter country, ever jealous of England, declared war on that country. This was a serious matter to New England. They were sure to be involved with the savage red

men, and the Frenchmen of Canada. Maine was the frontier and would be the first attacked. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts sent dispatches to Colonel Pepperell to see that his companies were in readiness at the earliest moment. He at once acted and sent orders to every group in the state to be in readiness, closing with these characteristic words:

"I hope that He who gave us breath, will give us the courage to behave like true-born Englishmen."

Your friend and humble servant,
W. Pepperell.

The French were supreme in Canada. They had secured the services of the Indians, then occupying a large part of the territory between Canada and the provinces. Louisberg was the greatest fortress in America and the French considered its possession absolutely essential to continued dominance in the north. They had taken twenty-five years to build this, at a cost of five million dollars and it was named for Louis XIV. It was surrounded by a solid stone rampart, two and a half miles in circumference. It was defended by one hundred and one cannons, seventy-six swivels and six mortars, and had a garrison of sixteen hundred men. The harbor was also defended by a battery of thirty twenty-two pounders, and on the shore was a bastion with a royal battery of fifty cannons. It was called the "Gibraltar of the New World" and by the French was deemed almost impregnable. Scarcely had war broken out when the French in this fortress attacked and captured a fort in Nova Scotia. The captives were conveyed to Louisberg and later exchanged and sent to Boston. They brought back minute accounts of all the conditions there and Governor Shirley conceived the audacious plan of attacking the fortress.

A secret session of the Legislature was held and by a majority of one the plan was endorsed. Secrecy was deemed absolutely essential, but the plan became known owing to the loud praying of one of the members for the success of the expedition. The writer is constrained to remark that the membership in the legislature must have changed greatly from then until the present day.

Governor Shirley appointed Pepperell to the supreme command, not because he was a soldier, but as the historian Bancroft says, "because of his personal popularity, which would secure enlistments." I also suspect that his wealth had something to do with it, as, at any rate, he used his own means freely in supplying the wants of the volunteers. Pepperell hesitated some time about accepting this high appointment, but he was strongly urged to do so by the great English preacher, Whitefield, who was visiting him at that time. The latter gave him a motto for his flag, "Nil desperandum, Christo duce."

The French were Catholics and the feeling against the papists was very strong in New England. Thus it was as crusaders the valiant fishermen enlisted as soldiers to attack the great fortress of the enemy. Pepperell had forty-three hundred New England men under his command, many of them his personal friends and followers. Commodore Warren received orders from England to sail with his fleet from the West Indies and co-operate with Pepperell in the seige.

On the 30th of April, 1745, the troops arrived at Gabarus Bay and actual hostilities begun. The French were thunderstruck at the unexpected appearance of the colonists but believing themselves secure in their stronghold, they prepared for a stout defense and refused to consider a demand for sur-

render. The besiegers were no "parade soldiers." They were hardy settlers who had conquered the wilderness, the wild beasts and the savages. They landed immediately on their arrival, and through surf, through bogs, through mud up to their knees, they dragged their cannon and ammunition with untiring zeal. They had a piece of extraordinary good fortune at the outset. The royal battery of thirty guns which commanded the harbor and protected the fort, was hastily abandoned by the French, who only spiked the guns without destroying them. It was easy work to drill them out and remount them. Within forty-eight hours of the arrival of the troops, and before their own cannon was set in place, this battery began hurling shot and shell upon the fort. This unaccountable stupidity on the part of the French has never been explained, but it was the key that opened the great fortress of Louisberg.

For forty-nine days the siege went on, days of incredible suffering and exertions on the part of the besiegers, of heroic defense, and unflinching courage on the part of the besieged. The approaches to the fort were bogs and morasses, impassable to horses. On improvised sleds, hundreds of these sturdy New England boys dragged their cannon, wading waist deep in the mire, in the darkness of the night, and each morning the surprised garrison found a new battery, risen in the night, hurling death and destruction upon them.

The wisdom of the choice of Pepperell as a leader was now shown. He kept his men contented by his own spirit and exertions. He was untiring in his efforts to sustain their health and spirits, and yet he was so prudent and showed such rare judgment that in the whole siege he lost but a hundred men. Not a single refractory soldier was brought before him nor did the guardhouse have an occupant during these seven weeks, a rare testimony both as to the intelligence of the soldiers, and the wisdom and kindness of the commander.

The religious aspect of the warfare was kept constantly before them. The ardent Whitefield, though he had refused Pepperell's earnest request to be his chaplain, sent repeated fiery appeals to the men, to fight valiantly against the French idolaters, assuring them of the favor of the God of Israel. It was the era of the "Great Awakening." Calvanism was of the extreme type and the New England soldier looked upon the Catholic as a heathen fit only for extermination. Sectarian bigotry inflamed the courage of the strong colonists, they sang Psalms as they waded through the mud and mire. Like the Israelites of old they felt that they were "called of God." They were much cheered by the words of encouragement from their wives and friends at home. Prayer meetings in their behalf were held in every hamlet and village in New England and the flame of enthusiasm was fanned by the fiery words of the preachers, led by the gifted Whitefield.

Pepperell labored day and night for the comfort of his men, allowing them all sorts of innocent games and amusements to keep up their spirits, and from his own pockets supplying their needed wants. Parkman says he spent ten thousand pounds of his own money in pushing this enterprise to success and it is easy to believe that he was probably the only leader in America who could have accomplished this result.

An interesting letter has come down to us from the long ago, which is worth noting. It was written by Capt. Jeremiah Marston to his wife in Hampton, N. H., and shows the determination to "see it through."

Cape Breton, 17th May, 1745.

Loving wife:

This comes with my love to you, hoping to find you in health, as by the blessing of God I am at present. We landed here the 30th of April, when a number of French came out to hinder our landing, but our men got on shore and engaged them and killed several, and took the lieutenant. The 4th of May we lay siege against the city, which still continues, but we hope to be in the city shortly. We have already gott possession of the Grand Battery, which is one of the chief batteries. We have now eight cannons planted against the city besides our bombs, mortars, coehorns and the grand battery, which makes ripping work in the city, and there now lays here four men-of-war and we expect sundry others before our New England ships. I desire you'd send me a pott of butter and some old cheese, and six pounds of sugar by the first opportunity. I trust you have a constant remembrance of me in your prayers and I ask a continuance of them. I don't expect to gett home till the fall of the year.

From yr. affectionate husband,

Jeremiah Marston.

After the batteries were set up a continuous storm of shot and shell was poured upon the doomed fortress and its valiant garrison. The vigilance of the fleet under Commodore Warren kept supplies from reaching the French and on the 17th of June the fortress surrendered, and side by side Colonel Pepperell and Commodore Warren entered and raised the flag of England over the ramparts. They were amazed at the strength of the citadel, even in its extremity apparently impregnable. The soldiers felt that "God had gone out of the way of His common providence, in a remarkable and almost miraculous manner, to incline the hearts of the French to give and deliver this strong city into our hands."

The capture of this great fortress created a profound impression all over the civilized world. No event in the colonial life of America could compare with it in importance or had so far-reaching an effect.

Mr. Hartwell said in the House of Commons, "The colonists took Louisberg from the French, single handed without European assistance, as mettled an enterprise as any in history, an everlasting monument to the zeal, courage and perseverance of the troops of New England."

Voltaire, in his History of the Reign of Louis XV, ranks the capture of this strong fortress by husbandmen among the great events of the period. Parkman, our own historian, characterizes it as the "result of mere audacity and hardihood, backed by the rarest good luck" and Hawthorne says, "The siege was a curious combination of religious fanaticism and strong common sense."

London was equally as excited over it as was America. Bonfires and illuminations were held everywhere. King George conferred a baronetcy on Pepperell and gave him a commission as colonel in the royal army. When Sir William landed in Boston he was escorted from Long Wharf by the governor and council, and the city was decorated from one end to the other. His journey to his home in Kittery was a triumphal march. Lynn, Salem, Newburyport and Portsmouth honored him with banquets and fetes, on a scale never before seen in America. His family and neighbors waited impatiently to greet him at his own home and his arrival was the signal for an outburst of joyousness and gaiety that has perhaps never been

equaled here, for was not their own townsman the only native nobleman in America.

Sir William owned the whole of the town of Saco, now a prosperous manufacturing city, and nearly all the surrounding territory. He entertained with great magnificence. All the great men of England who visited America were to be found at his house, for his hospitality was unbounding. He was of a kindly disposition and his generosity to the poor and needy was known all over the colony. He does not seem to have excited the usual jealousy and covert hatred of the very rich. He was as much loved and welcomed in the poorest cottage as he was in the courts of royalty.

He visited England soon after his return and his reception in that country was the greatest ever accorded a colonist. King George received him at court and showered honors upon him. At the great banquet in London in his honor, given by the Lord Mayor, a magnificent silver service was presented to him. He was entertained at many of England's great homes, as one of the great men of the world. Curiously enough his personal charm of manner deepened the regard that royalty had for him. Pitt, the great prime minister of England, made him lieutenant-general of the Royal Army, an honor never before or since conferred on an American, and the King gave him a commission as major general. The Pepperell coat of arms was a bunch of pineapples and his coach and four were known everywhere.

He never did any fighting after the Louisberg victory. The jealousy of Governor Shirley would not allow him further honors. He does not seem to have resented this slight. As one writer says, "He was superior to it." The only allusion we find to it was in a letter to a friend, "Governor Shirley thinks I am too old to fight." His many activities did not give him much time to regret the hardships and horrors of war. He was actively interested in every good work, the churches finding in him a ready helper. The town of Pepperell, founded about this period, was named in his honor. He ordered a church bell, cast in London, for the church in that town, on which was his name and this curious inscription:

"I to the church the living call,
And to the grave I summon all."

This bell never reached its destination and the town of Pepperell lost what would have been its most precious relic. It landed in Boston after the death of the donor and in the excitement and troublous times which immediately followed, it was stored for safe keeping, and tradition says it was melted to supply bullets for the soldiers.

His spacious home in Kittery held one of the largest private libraries in the country for Sir William had ample means and a taste that led him to select the best books. Many of them are now the property of the church in Kittery. His hopes and ambitions were bound up in his only son, Andrew, who was a graduate of Harvard and a junior member of the firm. His sudden death in 1751 was a terrible blow to his father and mother, who felt that the light had indeed gone out of their household. The only surviving child was a daughter who married Colonel Nathaniel Sparhawk. An interesting letter has come to light, written by her father, ordering a part of her trousseau from London.

Piscataqua in New England.
Oct. 14, 1741.

Francis Willis Esq.,

Sir—Your favor of the 16th May and 20th June last, received by Captain

Prince, for which I am much obliged to you. Enclosed you have a receipt for forty-six pounds of gold, weighing twenty ounces, which will be delivered to you I hope by Captain Robert Noble, of ye ship America, which please to receive and credit to my account with, and send me by ye first opportunity, for this place or Boston, silk to make a woman a full suite of clothes, the ground to be white paduasoy, and flowered with all sorts of colors suitable to a young woman. Another of white watered tabby and gold lace for trimming of it. Twelve yards of green paduasoy, thirteen yards of lace for a woman's headdress, two inches wide, as can be bought for thirteen s a yard, a handsome fan with leather mounting, as good as can be bought for about twenty s, two pair silk shoes and clogs a size bigger than the shoes.

Your servant to command,

Wm. Pepperell.

Sir William died on the 6th day of July, 1759, just two months before Wolfe's great victory over Montcalm at Quebec, in his sixty-third year. His health had become undermined by the toils and privations of his life as a soldier, and his persistence in keeping up his active and laborious duties after his return to private life.

To his grandson, William Sparhawk, he left the greater part of his vast property and his title, but his descendants were all too loyal to England to remain in this country after the rebellion broke out and as Tories their property was all confiscated and the name of Pepperell became extinct in this country.

His beautiful estate was not spared in the tense and bitter feeling of the times. The patriots broke into the house and broke and carried off all its beautiful adornments, shouting, "Such should be the fate of all traitors to their country." They forgot all about the great services the elder Pepperell had rendered to the country. His priceless treasures are scattered all over the country. His most prized sword is the possession of the Historical Society in Boston. The poet Longfellow unearthed a valuable painting of the Pepperell children in a junk shop in Portland and it is now in the drawing room of the Craigie House in Cambridge. A few years ago a ring with an inscription commemorative of Sir William's funeral was ploughed up on a farm in New Hampshire, formerly owned by a pallbearer of the departed nobleman. The finest painting of Sir William, with his scarlet uniform and sword by his side, is now the property of the Essex Institute in Salem. Even his tomb in Kittery did not escape the ravages of the ignorant in the bitter hatreds of Revolutionary times. The stones were broken and destroyed and the bones were scattered until today no one is sure where this great man's remains lie, but his name and fame are secure in America's history.

In spite of his loyalty to England he contributed no little to the liberty of America for he first showed that the sturdy fishermen of New England were the equal of the finest trained soldiers in the world, a lesson that was not lost on subsequent leaders of the revolt against England.

Was the Enid Suicide John Wilkes Booth?

J. M. FRENCH, M. D., MILFORD, MASS.

IN THE month of October, 1911, I was called to the city of Enid, Oklahoma, by the dangerous illness in the General Hospital there of my oldest brother, a veteran of the Civil War. I remained with him until his death, when I arranged for his funeral services and burial, which were conducted under the auspices of the local and vicinity posts of the G. A. R., of which order he was a member.

Returning to the city after the burial, I went with some of the members of the order to the office of Mr. Penniman, the undertaker who conducted the funeral, where we discussed some matters pertaining to my brother's death and burial.

As we were about to leave, one of the Grand Army men remarked that he had often wanted to visit this undertaker's office, in order that he might see what he called "his mummy." He added that perhaps "the doctor" might like to see it too. And so Mr. Penniman, accepting the suggestion, invited us all to follow him into a room in the rear of the building, where his embalming work was done, and some of his stores were kept.

Along one side of this room was a glass show case, reaching nearly to the top of the room, arranged in separate compartments with glass doors, in which were exhibited the caskets and other undertaking wares. At the further end of this room was one compartment which differed from the others in having a wooden door instead of a glass one. In appearance this was a wooden box some eight feet in height, with a cover hinged in the middle, so that its upper half could be turned down to expose the contents—something like a coffin standing on end, only somewhat longer.

An attendant now came forward and unlocked the door of this compartment and folded down the upper half, *exposing to my somewhat startled and altogether wondering gaze, the embalmed or mummified body of a man, in a standing position, with head slightly bent forward, abundant black hair deeply tinged with gray, a skin so dark and brown as to suggest the result of the embalming process, and empty sockets where eyes had been.*

I suppose that blank amazement must have showed itself in my face, for I had no idea of the nature of the Thing which we had been brought there to see, nor did I any more comprehend its meaning or significance now that it was before my eyes. To the others, the sight was evidently nothing new; or at least they knew something of the nature of the object which was before us; and so, as all eyes were fixed upon me, and no one else seemed to have anything to say, it was left for me to break the silence, and ask, *"What is this?"*

The undertaker eyed me keenly for a minute, and then, seeing from the expression of my face that I was evidently in utter ignorance of what was before us, he replied, *"That, sir, is the body of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Abraham Lincoln."*

Now I was but a small boy when these things happened; but owing to the fact that all four of my brothers were soldiers in the Union army, I have a distinct recollection of the principal

events of the war; and none of these stood out in greater clearness than the death of President Lincoln. All through the long years I had brought with me a vivid memory of the day when the news of the assassination of Lincoln spread throughout the North. I remembered the hushed silence, the pale faces, and the looks of horror that showed themselves in the faces of those who heard the news that day; remembered the wave of indignation that swept over the face of the country, together with the half-crazed determination to be avenged for the foul crime; remembered the story of the box in the theater where the President sat; of the actor Booth, as he crept up unawares and fired the fatal shot, then sprang upon the stage, shouting dramatically, "Sic semper tyrannis," and disappeared from view; remembered the hunt for the assassins—for Seward was wounded as well as Lincoln killed, and it looked for a time as though there had been an organized plan to destroy the Government; remembered the capture of Herold and the shooting of Booth at Garrett's barn; remembered the stories that were given out to the public, as to the burial of the body of Booth and the trial and hanging of Herold, together with the other conspirators who were implicated in the tragedy.

I remembered, too, that even at the time when these things took place, and all down the years since that day, that there was then and has always been an undercurrent of unbelief, a dim and unaccountable suspicion, never coming boldly to the front, but creeping out here and there unawares, that the body which was buried that day was not the body of Booth, and that the murder of Lincoln was never avenged by the death of his assassin. Now and then strange rumors had reached my ears concerning this one and that one who claimed to have heard of Booth in the flesh, or even to have seen him in this place or that. But all of these wild rumors had passed from my mind, receiving but little attention, as they were looked upon only as the vaporing of some notoriety-monger, who would fain build up for himself a reputation by overturning the established truths of history.

And now here was a man who showed me a mummy, and said, quietly and with assurance, "This is the body of John Wilkes Booth, the murderer of Abraham Lincoln." You cannot wonder that my blood was stirred, and that in conversation with the undertaker, I told him that I proposed to go to the bottom of his story, and satisfy myself whether or not it was true. In carrying out this determination, I spent what time I could in conversation with Mr. Penniman during the brief remainder of my stay in Enid; and when I returned to my home, I gave much time and study to the work of hunting up the beginnings, and following out the winding ways of the strange story of this man of many names, whose body I had seen before me there, by the aid of many clues which were given me by the undertaker, and many others which I was able to discover in different ways.

It was indeed an unusual story. For whether this now gruesome body was that of John Wilkes Booth or another, the evidence was beyond question that its mortal tenant had departed this life on the 13th of January, 1903, at the Grand Avenue Hotel in Enid, where he had registered under the name of David E. George. This, however, was only one of the many names by which he was known at different times and in different places. Of these, the best known was John St. Helen; and by these two names he was probably known for a longer time than by any or all the others. His

death was plainly a case of suicide, and the body was brought to the undertaking rooms for burial. At first the man was supposed to be a common pauper. In his pockets were found a postage stamp and a few coppers; and he had no valuables of any kind.

The body was identified before night, by the aid of the daily papers, and through the instrumentality of a Methodist minister of Enid, whose wife had known David E. George in another city before her marriage, and to whom he had confessed, when he was supposed to be at the point of death, that he was John Wilkes Booth, and that he had killed Abraham Lincoln, the greatest man that ever lived. So when she saw in the papers an account of his death she at once sent her husband to view the remains, and if possible to bring about the identification of the body. As the minister entered the room where the undertaker was working over the body, he questioned him: "Young man, do you know whose body you are working on?" The undertaker replied that he did not. "You are working on the body of John Wilkes Booth," declared the minister. Mr. Penniman admitted to me that when his visitor threw at him this strange assertion, he could not for the moment have told who John Wilkes Booth was. However, he had sufficient presence of mind to meet the emergency. "In that case," he countered, "I think I will embalm him and keep him." He did so, and when I saw the body some eight years later, it was still in an excellent state of preservation, and Mr. Penniman had become the best advertised undertaker in America.

A little later this identification was confirmed, and the story of the suicide's life was made known to the public, by Mr. Finis L. Bates, a lawyer from Memphis, Tennessee, who had known him intimately in former years, and who now came forward and related his history, which he afterwards published in book form, under the title, *"The Escape and Suicide of John Wilkes Booth."*

In this book Mr. Bates relates that in the year 1872 he was a young lawyer just beginning the practice of his profession in the frontier town of Grandberry, Texas. Here he made the acquaintance of a young man known as John St. Helen, who was living there under the guise of a merchant doing business in a small way. St. Helen became involved in a mesh of circumstances which made it necessary for him to seek legal advice in order to avoid going before the district court, which for good reasons he feared to do. He therefore determined to throw himself on the mercy of his friend, the young lawyer. First retaining him as his attorney and paying him a liberal retaining fee, thereby bringing his case within the ethics of the legal profession, which forbids a lawyer to disclose the secrets of his client, he confessed that he was not what he seemed, and that he could not afford to go before the district court, since it was entirely probable that he would there be seen by those who had known him in former years, and whom it would be dangerous for him to meet, for fear that his real identity would be discovered. His lawyer, therefore, after considerable effort, succeeded in making satisfactory arrangements, whereby he answered to the court through his counsel, and by paying the necessary fines was able to remain at home, and thus avoid the danger he feared.

Soon after this he became critically ill, and was supposed to be at the point of death. His attending physician sent for Mr. Bates, telling him that St. Helen was dying and wished to see him alone.

All others withdrew and St. Helen, yet conscious, but so weak that he could speak only in broken, whispered words, said to him, "I am dying. My name is John Wilkes Booth, and I am the assassin of Abraham Lincoln. Get the picture of myself from under my pillow. I leave it with you for purposes of identification. Notify my brother, Edwin Booth, of New York City."

His mind seemed relieved by this confession, and perhaps as the result of his improved mental condition, his physical forces rallied, and he finally recovered. In due course of time he made a full and circumstantial confession to his friend, giving in detail the story of his crime, the circumstances of his escape, and the history of his subsequent wanderings up to this date.

For some months previous to the assassination, he had planned to kidnap the President and take him to Richmond as a hostage of war. But with the fall of Richmond, and the surrender of Lee, such a course became manifestly impracticable, and he saw nothing to do but to accept the inevitable, and leave the South to her fate, bitter and disappointing as that would be.

Coming to Washington at this time, he stated that he was in conversation with Andrew Johnson at the Kirkwood Hotel, and that while so engaged, he expressed to him this idea and stated his intention to follow it out. I quote now substantially from his own words, as reported by Mr. Bates.

"Vice President Johnson turned to me and said, in an excited voice and with apparent anger, 'Will you falter at this supreme moment?' I could not understand his meaning and stood silent, when with pale face and quivering lips Mr. Johnson asked of me, 'Are you too faint-hearted to kill him?'

"As God is my judge, this was the first suggestion of the dastardly deed of taking the life of President Lincoln, and it came as a shock to me. For a moment I waited, and then said, 'To kill the President is certain death to me,' and I explained to Mr. Johnson that I had been arrested by the guard in coming over the East Potomac bridge that morning, and that it would be absolutely impossible for me to escape through the military line, should I do as he had suggested, as this line of protection completely surrounded the city.

"Replying to me, Mr. Johnson said, 'General and Mrs. Grant are in the city, the guests of President Lincoln and family, and from the evening papers I have learned that President Lincoln and wife will entertain General and Mrs. Grant at a party to be given in their honor by President and Mrs. Lincoln at Ford's Theatre this evening.' At my suggestion, the Vice President assured me that he would arrange, and see to it himself, that Gen. and Mrs. Grant would not attend the theatre with the President and his family, and would also arrange for my certain escape.

"I replied, 'Under these circumstances and assurances, I will dare to strike the b'ow for the helpless, vanquished Southland, whose people I love.'"

Mr. Johnson then proceeded to arrange that General Grant should be suddenly called from the city that afternoon—which you will remember was done. He further arranged for a countersign or password to be given by Booth and his companion, in case they should be stopped by the guard at the East Potomac or Navy Yard Bridge. And it is a matter of history that they were permitted to pass this bridge, while the next man coming, who was in hot pursuit of him, was turned back.

The story of the assassination is a familiar one. After firing the fatal shot,

in leaping from the President's box to the stage, Booth's left spur caught in the draperies, and threw him, his left shin bone striking against the edge of the stage, and breaking the small bone about six inches above the ankle joint; but as the large bone was not broken, he was still able to walk, though with much suffering.

In the confusion that followed, Booth succeeded in escaping from the stage, and being closely followed by Herold, fled across the Navy Yard Bridge, which they were permitted to pass on giving the countersign which had been imparted to them by Vice President Johnson.

Passing through Surrattville, they came towards morning to the home of Dr. Mudd, a physician with southern sympathies, who set the broken leg, and allowed the two men to rest there until the next afternoon, when they went on their way. Passing through Bryantown, they came some time in the night to the home of Captain Cox, a well-known planter and Southern sympathizer, who sent his overseer, Franklin Robey, to conduct them to a place of safety in a pine thicket near by, where they remained some days.

It was this overseer, whom St. Helen speaks of in his confession as "Ruddy, or Robey, or some such name," but whose real name, as Mr. Bates admitted to me in a personal letter, was Franklin Robey, who played a most prominent part in the escape of the fugitives, according to the story told by St. Helen to Mr. Bates. He declared that the overseer was instructed by Colonel Cox to assist them to escape, and that he undertook to put them across the country and into the hands of the Confederates, for which service Booth agreed to pay him $500. While arranging for this undertaking, Robey left them in charge of Colonel Cox's brother-in-law and was absent for several days. When he returned, he reported that he had arranged with a party of Mosby's men under Captain Jett and Lieutenants Bainbridge and Ruggles, to meet them at the ferry on the Rappahannock river, between Port Conway and Port Royal, and take them to a place of safety.

After experiencing many adventures and undergoing much danger, they finally reached the Rappahannock; and all accounts agree that they were met at the ferry by these three men, who conducted them across the river, and took them to the home of a Mr. Garrett, where arrangements were made for them to remain for a few days. But according to the accounts given out by the Confederates some years afterwards, and published in the *Century Magazine* for January, 1880, this meeting was wholly accidental, no previous arrangements having been made.

After crossing the river, Booth claimed to have discovered that he had left his diary, with several pictures, letters, and other personal papers, on the other side, and sent Robey back after them, with instructions to bring them to him at Garrett's barn, where he was to stop. After they had been located at Garrett's, Herold was sent on with the Confederates to Bowling Green, to get a shoe for Booth to wear on his injured foot, the original having been left at Dr. Mudd's. Booth was thus left alone at Garrett's, both Herold and Robey being expected to return that night—which, according to St. Helen's story, they did. But that afternoon, Lieutenant Ruggles came back to the hiding place of the fugitives, and warned Booth that the pursuers were hot upon his trail, and that any longer stay there would be unsafe. Therefore—and here the story told by St. Helen differs radically from the accepted version of

history—Booth set out in the afternoon alone, being met in the woods a short distance away, by Bainbridge and Ruggles, with an extra horse, and conducted on his way to safety in the southwest.

Herold and Robey returned that night as had been planned, and not finding Booth, decided to stop until morning, when Herold would follow on after Booth and Robey would return home. But it was the unexpected that happened. A little past midnight the place was surrounded by a party of Federals in search of the fugitives, with the result that Herold was captured, and Robey was shot by Boston Corbett under the impression that he was Booth the assassin. The diary and personal papers of Booth which Robey had been sent back to obtain, were found in his pockets, and served to confirm the belief, which has gone down in accepted history as a fact, that Booth was the man who was shot by Boston Corbett.

To continue the story as told by St. Helen. As for the real assassin, his escape was now easy, since the public mind was now turned entirely from him, content in the belief that he was already dead, and hence no further search was made for him. He made good his escape into the Indian Territory, thence into Mexico where he remained for some time, and then returned under the name of John St. Helen into Texas, where he was living when his confession was made.

The story of his after life may be briefly told. He lived in many places in the West and Southwest, known by different names and following different occupations, for thirty-eight years after his assassination of Lincoln, a wanderer over the land, followed by a never-ceasing remorse, which became more intense as the years went by, and the friends of his former life dropped out of sight and knowledge, until finally, age coming on, his health failing him, and left without funds or any visible means of support, he committed suicide at Enid in 1903 as has been related.

There were many points of resemblance between this man of many names whom I have called St. Helen because it is the earliest name by which I have been able to identify him, and Booth the real assassin. There are many testimonies as to the similarity of their personal appearance and mental characteristics. The resemblance between the tintype given by St. Helen to Mr. Bates, and the picture of Booth taken just before the assassination, is very marked. To make the proof seem more conclusive, however, it would be necessary to present satisfactory proof of the identity of the two pictures—which, so far as I can learn, has never been done.

It is also claimed by Mr. Penniman that evidence of a fracture of the left leg above the ankle, similar to that which was sustained by Booth in his fall, was found on the body in the Enid undertaking rooms, and is shown by the radiograph. But Mr. Bates, in his book, (see page 47, line 5) says it was the right shin bone which was broken, instead of the left. There seems therefore to be an essential difference between Mr. Bates, in his description of St. Helen's fracture, and Mr. Penniman in his account of the evidences of a fracture which were found in the leg of David R. George, who was claimed to be both John Wilkes Booth and John St. Helen. To make this matter clear, I referred the varying statements to Mr. Penniman and in his reply he says to me that Mr. Bates was wrong in his statement as to which leg was broken. He tells me that he has had the body examined by some of the most capable

surgeons in his section, and that they are one in declaring that the left leg was broken just above the ankle; and that before the dessication had progressed until it was impossible to detect the scar tissue, it was plainly to be seen that in the fracture the bones had protruded, and that recovery was delayed. This is a matter of some importance, and one on which it might be supposed that there would be a definite agreement. Most men can tell the difference between the right leg and the left.

There is also a scar on the neck of the Enid mummy, which has been claimed to correspond to the one which is known to have existed on the neck of Booth, and by which he was identified by Dr. May at the autopsy; but according to the published descriptions there is a considerable difference in the location of the scar in the two cases. These two points detract to a considerable extent from the strength of the evidence which might otherwise seem to make out a strong case in favor of the claim that the Enid suicide was in reality John Wilkes Booth. Also it must be remembered that the story as it has thus far been told is made up in the main of the evidence which has been presented by those who are trying to prove this side of the story.

But it is never safe to pin your faith to a disputed statement until you have studied both sides with equal care and an open mind. Realizing this fact, I gave much time during the next two years, and in a less degree during all the years down to the present time, to a careful investigation of all the evidence which I could procure on the subject. I studied the standard histories, and I searched diligently through all the rare, old, and forgotten books and papers giving contemporary accounts of the murder of the President and the trial of the conspirators. Along with this, I wrote many letters to persons who were still living and had personal knowledge of the great tragedy and its actors.

One of those to whom I thus wrote was John H. Traylor, who is named by Mr. Bates as having known both himself and John St. Helen when they all lived in Grandberry, Texas, in the early seventies. The importance of his testimony is presumably somewhat increased by the fact that he afterwards served as mayor of the city of Dallas, Texas, and hence may be considered a reliable witness. I asked Mr. Traylor if he believed that the statements of Mr. Bates were substantially true; if he knew John St. Helen, as stated by Mr. Bates; if it was generally believed by the people who knew him there, that John St. Helen was in reality John Wilkes Booth; and especially, if he himself so believed. I had but little expectation of ever hearing from him when I sent the letter but though forty years had passed away since the incidents referred to had occurred, I was fortunate enough to have my letter reach him and to receive a prompt reply. His letter was dated at San Antonio, Texas, March 29, 1912, and was in substance as follows:—

Dr. J. M. French:—Yes, I knew Mr. F. L. Bates when he resided in Grandberry in the 70's, and I think he was and is honest in his impression as to John St. Helen being John Wilkes Booth. But I do not think so, not at all. Still, my acquaintance with him was superficial and slight. He was what you would call a fast, whiskey-drinking man, but I think without the appearance and accomplishments of Booth.

Yours truly, John H. Traylor.

I welcomed this letter as a bonanza. It substantiated the outstanding facts as to the life of St. Helen in Grandberry and his friendship with Finis L. Bates,

together with the general understanding that he claimed to be the assassin of President Lincoln while at the same time it made quite plain the fact that these claims were not generally accepted, at least by some of those who knew him well.

I may add that the general tenor of the letters which I received from many sources during these first two years, was such as to corroborate this impression as a whole, and to accumulate a mass of evidence which could but tend to increase my doubts.

I soon came to realize that there were three main points in the story as told, which called for careful investigation, and which, if satisfactorily explained, would settle at once and forever the question of the truth or falsity of the claim of the Enid suicide that he was the assassin of Abraham Lincoln.

The first point relates to the complicity of Andrew Johnson in the plot to murder Lincoln. Thorough investigation of every item bearing on this claim was made in the course of the three important trials resulting from the assassination during the three years next following that event; namely, the trial of the conspirators by a military tribunal immediately after their capture; the trial of John H. Surratt in the civil courts of Washington some three years later; and the impeachment and trial of Andrew Johnson himself in 1868.

In the course of these three trials every scrap of evidence bearing on the relation of Johnson to the assassination was brought to the front, closely examined under a bright searchlight, and subjected to the closest scrutiny by witnesses, council, judges, and jurors. Especially in Johnson's own trial, his complicity was broadly hinted at, and every effort which the most unscrupulous ability could suggest was made use of. But no scrap of evidence, no shadow of proof, nothing which when carefully examined, could be made to support any such claim, was ever found. Nor have the years that have passed since that time brought to light any such evidence. Rather has the passing of time served to place him in a more favorable light before the American people than that which he occupied during his life. Andrew Johnson may not rank among the greatest of our presidents, but there is no cause to believe him an assassin.

The second point relates to the force of the proof presented, that the man shot was John Wilkes Booth. We shall need to divide this point into six separate items, and consider them one by one.

Item one. Some one was shot in Garrett's barn, either by Boston Corbett or by his own hand. This is everywhere admitted, nowhere disputed. And the man shot was either Booth or some other man. St. Helen claimed that it was the overseer Robey who thus suffered a vicarious death for the real criminal. It may be admitted as a theoretical possibility, that it might have been some third person, but no such claim has ever been made, and the possibility is extremely remote. Practically the choice is narrowed down to these two.

Item Two. The man who was shot had a broken leg. This is the concurrent testimony, which so far as I know has never been disputed. All the various accounts of the capture, however much they may differ in minor details, agree that the man had a broken leg. They also agree that Booth had a broken leg. And nowhere has the claim ever been made that this was true of Robey the overseer.

The further fact which has been noted, that there is a conflict of claims

between Mr. Bates and Mr. Penniman as to whether it was the right or the left leg that was broken, does not conflict with the claim that he had a broken leg, though it would certainly tend to lessen confidence in the conclusions of one or both of these two men.

Item Three. Accounts of the capture differ greatly. Each of the principal witnesses told the story from his own standpoint, intent on proving that he himself was the principal figure in the capture, and incidentally, that he was entitled to the lion's share of the prize money which had been offered by the government for the capture of Booth. There was one fact, however, on which they all agree, and that is, that the man who was shot both acted and talked in a manner which was utterly inconsistent with the theory that the victim was Robey, an innocent man, and in the full possession of his faculties; while both his words and his actions are readily understood, if the man was Booth, the assassin of the President, under the influence of drink, and knowing that his death was certain if he was captured.

Item Four. It may be noted here that outside evidence fails utterly to corroborate the claim that Robey the overseer, or any person who in any way corresponded to him, bore any prominent part in the escape of Booth and Herold. One thing Robey did, and only one. That was to guide the fugitives from Captain Cox's house to the pine thicket near by. After that he drops out of the story entirely. Not only is there no subsequent trace of him, but there is conclusive proof that no such person was with them at any period of their escape. There was no preliminary trip to make arrangements with Mosby's men to take charge of Booth and Herold. No such person could have escaped detection under the bright searchlight which was thrown upon all the incidents of the escape, during the trial of the conspirators. The whole story was made out of whole cloth.

Item Five. As for the examination of the body of Booth before the burial, it must be admitted that it was far from being as careful and complete as it should have been. Much was omitted that should have been done. Many important facts must have been learned which were not made use of. The records of the autopsy were singularly incomplete. But notwithstanding these defects, after a careful study of all the available facts in the case, it is impossible for me to escape the conviction that the evidence was still sufficiently complete and convincing to justify the identification of the body as that of Booth beyond a reasonable doubt. Yet at the time of making this study, nothing would have pleased me better than to have been able to prove beyond a doubt that St. Helen's story was true, and that he was in reality John Wilkes Booth the assassin. But little by little, as the evidence came in, it piled itself up on the other side; and I saw no way in which my desire could be gained, even in my own mind, unless I were willing to cheat myself by wearing green glasses into the belief that the world was green. And this I was not willing to do.

The body of Booth was identified by the broken right leg; by the scar on the back of the neck; by the letters "J. W. B." tattooed on the back of the right hand; and by the general appearance of the man. Regarding the letters tattooed on the back of his hand, singular though it may seem, I have nowhere seen any claims that these letters were found on the hand of the Enid suicide. In order to make sure as to this point, I wrote a letter of inquiry to Mr. Penniman concerning it. In his reply he states defi-

nitely that the tattoo marks ("J. W. B.") did not exist on the body of the man in his possession; and that in his opinion they never did exist in fact.

Still further identification was made four years later, when the body was taken up by the consent of the government, and carried to Baltimore for burial in the family lot of the Booths. This time it was identified by the dentist who found in the mouth of the corpse the gold teeth which he had made for Booth. Also at this time the broken leg was examined by the widow of Dr. Mudd, who testified that the fracture corresponded exactly with what her husband had told her at the time, as to the fracture which he had set for Booth.

Item Six. The man who was shot at Garrett's barn that night was mortally wounded and soon died. This also was universally admitted and nowhere denied. Whatever became of the body, it was the body of a dead man who was carried away by the Federal troops that night. If it can be proved that either Booth or Robey was alive at a subsequent date, then it must have been the other one of the two who was shot at Garrett's barn that night, and died before morning.

This brings us to the third and last of the main points to be considered, which is also by far the most important—the fate of the overseer. Did he drop out of sight that night, or can it be shown that he was alive at a more recent date? I spent much time in studying this problem, which seemed to me the crucial point of the story. My search was to find some one living in the neighborhood of Captain Cox, and get him to help me in settling this important question as to the fate of the overseer. It took considerable time and the writing of many letters; but in due time fortune favored me, and I was enabled to secure the positive proof which I sought. It came to me in the shape of a personal letter from the son of the overseer Robey, in which he gave me all the information I could desire, and that without having any idea to whom he was writing, or for what purpose the information was desired. The letter was not written to me personally, but to a man living in the vicinity, who had written to him in my interest. It was dated at Pisgah, Md., 1912, and ran as follows:

"Dear Sir:—Yours of 29th is at hand. In regard to your request for information concerning the death and burial of my father, there is but little to give. He died November 19, 1896, and was buried at Newton Cemetery. He died of pneumonia. Since the close of the Civil War, he spent his life in farming. He was a land renter, and died on the farm known as Waverly, on Nanjemoy Creek, belonging to the late Mitchell Murchett's heirs. I have given you the information asked for, and now I should like to have some information concerning the nature of the interest which you, a perfect stranger, take in the life and death of my father. Hoping this may give satisfaction, if other information is needed, hope you will see me personally. Yours respectfully, Hubert F. Robey."

This letter left nothing to be desired. It came from an authoritative source, in a way not open to suspicion. It dealt with facts which were open to the world. It definitely removed the overseer from any possible connection with the fatal tragedy at Garrett's barn, and proved beyond a doubt the falsity of St. Helen's claims. It left no room for questioning the accepted verdict of history, that Booth was shot on the morning of April 25, 1865, and died soon after.

There is therefore no escape from the conclusion that the Enid suicide was not John Wilkes Booth; and that the body which I saw in the Enid undertaking rooms was that of a pretender, but not that of the assassin of Abraham Lincoln.

The Old Amoskeag Machine Shop

CONTRIBUTED

Chapter Three

Gunmaking in the Old Shop

Gunmaking on the Amoskeag. What a peculiar romantic touch this gives to the recorded history of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company. The years of 1861 to 1865 saw many and vast changes in all of our varied northern industries and noteworthy among such was what went on "down under the hill," upon the Amoskeag Corporation.

"The old big shop," so-called, was the scene where some of the Civil war activities of the Amoskeag Company were laid and quite early in the war Agent Ezekiel A. Straw made a trip to Washington, which resulted in the Amoskeag Company making proposals in regard to gunmaking. The first result was a contract for the making of 10,000 rifled muskets of the Springfield pattern. The use of the term muskets, it is explained, simply meant that in their rigging, bayonets, etc., they were like the old muskets, same size of barrel, rifled and smaller bore. The Company was to furnish the material and make every part.

Much new gunmaking machinery had been manufactured for the Company at Windsor, Vermont. The Armory is the name which was given to the building connected with the Amoskeag Company's machine shop where the gunmaking was carried on. In the preparation for this work, which was no small undertaking requiring much time, large capital, good judgment and very strong personal influences for its ultimate success, the Company lacked for none of these things. Hon. Ezekiel A. Straw, the agent of the Company, had the necessary enterprise, the knowledge and reputation required to get the proper machinery and materials and to obtain the contract for guns.

As one Manchester paper of 1862 put it, "it was the most important project started in Manchester for many years, for its permanent prosperity and the city was largely indebted to Mr. Straw for its inception." The Armory building was of brick, 300 feet long by 30 feet wide and two or three stories high. Nearby was a blacksmith shop for guns, measuring 50 by 40 feet. The Company's other shops were also used more or less for some parts of the necessary machinery.

There was as much improvement in machinery and tools for making rifles as there was in the rifles themselves, and the Company had the advantage of having all of the best kind, and also it was all new. They purchased many sample tools and machines and built the rest themselves, including complete sets of rolls for making the barrels, stocking machines, bayonet machinery, in fact, everything needed in manufacturing the weapons was made here.

Their gun establishment was complete in every detail and was equal to the best in the country. Its capacity was from 1500 to 2000 rifles a month and it gave employment to from 200 to 300 skilled machinists. It is stated that six government inspectors were present to inspect the guns at the close of every day. The late Richard S. Eastman assembled the guns, being an especially careful workman.

Every day and sometimes several times during the day many loud reports

of firearms like the firing of a platoon or whole regiment at once was heard. It was the trial of guns at the gunshop. Several pieces were so arranged that they could all be put to the test at once, occasioning a very loud and sharp report. The *Manchester Daily American* of May 22, 1863, says that "the Company is now doing a thriving business in their manufactures for the government. The preparation was expensive but the result is said to be the best gun manufactured in New England."

Another contract which the Company had was for the manufacture of 500 breech-loading carbines of what was known as the Linder patent. They were a very handsome and effective weapon for cavalry use. It is stated that over 40,000 rifles were manufactured by the Company during the course of the war. Besides these they built a breech-loading cannon for an inventor named Linder. This gun was ordered by Russia as a sample. A fourteen shot breech-loading repeating rifle, the invention of a Mr. W. W. Wade, an employee of the gunshop, was turned out there. It weighed only eight pounds.

About June 1, 1861, quite a patriotic occasion took place at the machine shops. This was nothing less than the raising of a flag. A suitable pole was procured and raised over the machine shop. The "boys" employed there then "chipped in" and bought the flag. At the top of the pole was a miniature cannon. The initial flag raising was made a great occasion. The famous Dignam's band of Manchester was secured to furnish music and the oration was made by Henry C. Sanderson, one of the shop foremen. There was a great deal of honest pride in this effort and it was made a most inspiring occasion.

During the period of the famous "draft riots" in New York city in 1863, it was rumored that an attempt was or might be planned to seize the daily output of arms being manufactured at the Amoskeag gunshop. With the feeling that it was the best policy to be prepared for any emergency that might arise, Agent Straw had a six-pound brass field piece mounted at the gate, and within the yard, just west of the lower canal and in line with Stark street. The gun was manned by some discharged members of the old First New Hampshire Light Battery and a guard was stationed about the mill yard for some time.

Among the men who worked in the old gunshop during this time may be mentioned former tax collector George E. Morrill, the late Amariah Avery, for many years an overseer, the late Ormond D. Kimball, adjutant of Louis Bell Post, G. A. R., for many years, and Charles W. Silver.

In Myron L. Stickney's room, at the central division machine shop, there are still to be seen two four-pound hammers which were used in the old gunshop for the purpose of straightening gun barrels and which are now put to other uses daily. In the blacksmith shop there remains a drop hammer which was used in the old gunshop for the making of springs for the guns. For many years it has been utilized in the making of pipe flanges.

The famous gunsmith, Carlos D. Clark, at one time was employed in the gunshop. He was working at Windsor, Vermont, building machines for making gun parts and Agent Straw went to Windsor and induced him to come to Manchester and enter the employ of the Amoskeag Company.

Such, briefly told, is the story of the old Amoskeag gunshop, now only a memory. Guns made here may fre-

quently be picked up, but they have all been bored out for shot guns. The Manchester Historic Association in its rooms at the Carpenter Memorial Library has one among its varied collection of guns, which may be seen by calling at the rooms of the association.

Certain it is, that whether it be making guns or cloth for uniforms for our soldiers, the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company has had a most patriotic record behind it of earnest endeavor to help the United States Government at any and all times in every way possible.

They Helped the Soldiers

The men employed in the Amoskeag Machine Shop have recently formed a society pledging themselves to pay to each individual who enlists from that shop, the sum of $5.00. About forty have already enlisted and received the promised aid. They have also given to the Soldiers' Aid Society for the relief of the sick and wounded soldiers eighty dollars. The ladies of the society express their thanks for the liberal donation assuring them that such generosity will bring its reward.—From newspaper files of 1861.

An Order for Muskets

The Amoskeag Machine Shop of this city has obtained from the War Department an order for the manufacture of 10,000 rifled muskets. The machinery is nearly ready to be put into operation in the work.—*Manchester Daily American*, Jan. 17, 1862.

Money for Soldiers

About a dozen hands in the machine shop of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company having enlisted, the other employees of the shop have raised and presented them the sum of $165.00. This will be a pretty little dividend and a handsome example for others to follow.

—Manchester paper of 1861.

Chapter Four

Locomotive Building in the Old Shop

The story of the building of locomotives in the Amosekag machine shop has been told in more or less detail in a previous article in this magazine. It will however be briefly touched upon here.

As is well known, in its earlier years the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company was engaged extensively in its mechanical department in locomotive building. The Gen. Stark was the second locomotive to be built by the Company. It was sent out of the yard on June 27, 1849, at five o'clock in the afternoon. Built for the Concord Railroad, it passed through this city for many years on its daily runs.

It was a twenty-four ton passenger engine and had five and one-half foot wheels. It weighed 46,000 pounds. The *Manchester American* of August 17, 1849, says "We have noticed that many of the newspapers speak very highly of the new and powerful engine, 'Gen. Stark,' which was built at the machine shop in this city. This and the 'Etna' are all which have been made here and both of them 'take the lead' wherever they go. We understand another large and powerful engine will be put up this fall with some important improvements."

The *Lowell Journal* had this to say of the same engine, "Manchester workmen are fast acquiring a reputation for mechanical skill and successful and thorough workmanship. The 'Gen. Stark,' a locomotive recently built there by Mr. O. W. Bailey has been pronounced a very superior machine.

Lowell mechanics would be unfaithful to their previous well earned reputation if they suffered younger hands to excel them in a field in which they have gained so many laurels."

Engine for Michigan R. R.

A splendid engine, named J. B. Jevis, left the Amoskeag Company's machine shop in this city for a road in Michigan we believe.—*Daily Mirror,* July 16, 1861.

Chapter Five

An Early Automobile Built in the Old Big Shop

What? An automobile built in Manchester in 1868? Yes, and it was constructed in the old "big shop" of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, too. This automobile, or steam carriage, as it was called, was built by James S. Batchelder and H. W. Writner together. The idea was undoubtedly derived from the self-propelling steam fire engines which were then being experimented with at the old shop.

The steam carriage consisted of a common democrat wagon with a boiler attached to the rear end. The boiler was the same and made exactly like a steam fire engine boiler only it was smaller, about the size of a barrel. The wagon was very strongly built and had ordinary wheels. A tall smoke stack rose from the boiler. The fuel, wood and coal to feed the fires, was carried underneath the boot of the wagon, in back of the seat.

The engine was located underneath the body of the wagon about midway between the front and rear axles. The cylinders were four by six inches and it was calculated for an eight horsepower engine. The engine, a common reciprocating engine with a crankshaft on the front, had a sprocket wheel attached and this was belted by a chain to another sprocket wheel on the rear axle.

The machine worked perfectly, the only difficulty being that of stopping every two or three miles, dismounting to fire the boiler as it was impossible to reach the boiler without leaving the seat and one charge of fuel would only go about that distance. The longest run the machine ever made so far as is known, was to Goff's Falls. It was finally sold to a traveling salesman who had a cottage at Lake Village. He dismounted the boiler and engine and used them for many years in a launch upon the lake.

The *Manchester Union* of July 11, 1868, says: "We saw the steam wagon built at the 'old shop' by J. S. Batchelder, as an experiment. It is a good-looking, four-wheeled vehicle, with seats for two men. The engine and boiler is affixed to the rear of the carriage, the machinery operating underneath, the rear wheels only being acted upon, and the steering being done in front. We understand the cost of the whole concern was only $500. The owner and inventor claims that it will run readily over common roads and ascend and descend ordinary hills without difficulty. We have not learned its capacity for freight—which is quite an important feature. It seems to us that although an ingenious contrivance, it can never supersede horse flesh anywhere. People who take short journeys for pleasure prefer live stock in harness and long journeys will follow the iron tracks built expressly for steam carriages of another sort, viz: locomotives. In its description of this machine the *Mirror* omits the fuel question, but we are informed by the local paper that a hod full of coal will run it two or three hours, and that two or three hods may be carried. We don't see exactly who has use and need for a carriage of this sort in New England."

We wonder if the *Manchester Union* would so express itself today about the necessity of the automobile.

The *Manchester Mirror* of July 9, 1868, says: "Our readers have generally seen the newly invented steam carriage for common roads which has been brought into existence by James S. Batchelder, of this city. It was out on exhibition last evening, fired up and running for nearly two hours through the streets. It runs up hill and down and even on roads somewhat rough. The running part and the body are not unlike those of an ordinary wagon, the wheels being very stout and well ironed. The reservoir of water is beneath the seat and by a tube connects with the boiler, which is set in the rear part of the carriage. In front, on the inside of the dasher, is the steam gauge, on the right hand side, apparatus for guiding the vehicle, and directly in front of the seat, the means for reversing the steam.

"It requires some fifteen minutes to feed, fire up and get in motion, but once in action will go 'like a bird.' It is an ingenious machine and is more likely to come into common use than hundreds of mechanical inventions were a half century ago."

James S. Batchelder, the inventor, was a native of London, and came to Manchester in 1843, a few years later connecting himself with the locomotive and steam fire engine industry then and later carried on by the Amoskeag Company. With William H. Writner, Mr. Batchelder is said to have set up nearly all the steam fire engines built by the Amoskeag Company, and occasionally Mr. Batchelder was sent to deliver new engines in various parts of the country. When N. S. Bean assumed the superintendency in the fifties, Mr. Batchelder was his right hand man.

Prominent in fire department circles, it is said that he was engineer for the old Amoskeag No. 1, the first steam fire engine in our local department. In 1861, he ran the old Fire King engine on the west side. Then for a while he withdrew from active work in the department but when the N. S. Bean engine was built in the seventies he became engineer of this engine.

He finally left the employ of the Amoskeag and buying out the piping business of J. A. A. Sargeant, he engaged in that line of trade. He was regarded as an expert machinist and one of the best mechanical engineers ever employed in the city. He passed away Nov. 22, 1892.

Chapter Six

Conclusion of the Story of the "Old Big Shop"

The following description of the Amoskeag Company's old machine shop was written and printed in the *Manchester Daily Mirror* on April 21, 1851. It is thought worthy of reproduction here:

"By the politeness of Messrs. Bailey and Crane, we were shown throughout the extensive machine shop of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company, on Saturday last. The extent of the operations of this shop, where machinery of all kinds is perfected at the shortest notice, is indeed surprising, and perfectly confusing to the uninitiated are the almost endless variety of operations through which every article is subjected before its completion. The nicety of the details of the looms is a subject worthy of the consideration of the most mathematical mind, while the aggregate results of the yearly operations staggers the most credulous belief. There is now being manufactured at this shop, machinery for several muslin de laine mills, in different parts of New England, one we believe in Providence, and another in Woonsocket, R. I. This fact shows that the high stand taken by the goods at the

Manchester muslin de laine mills in the market are beginning to excite considerable competition among the manufacturers. The machinery for the Manchester new mill (muslin de laine) is also manufactured here. They have also an order from Lowell, for seventy carpet looms, a fact which reflects much credit upon the management and mechanical skill of the personnel of this establishment.

"But the most extensive branch of business now carried on here, is the manufacturing of locomotive engines. About one year ago, the first engine ever manufactured in Manchester was completed, and since that time, we believe, fourteen locomotives have been sent from this shop, and we are informed that the present year, it is intended to complete at the rate of two a month. Even this rapid rate will not fill all the orders now on hand, several of which are for locomotives for New York and Western railroads. Mr. Bailey, the agent of the machine shop, has devoted his attention principally to this branch of business for the present year, and must feel highly gratified at the unbounded success which has crowned his efforts.

"There are about five hundred men now engaged in the various departments of this establishment, a larger number than was ever before employed here, embracing, we understood, many of the best mechanics in the country. They are certainly a substantial looking set of men, and their work speaks in their favor more plainly than any praise which we might offer.

"Of all the branches of productive industry in operation in Manchester, our citizens may especially feel proud of this establishment, which not only extends the name and works of our city to various and distant parts of the country, but also adds five hundred substantial men to our working population. Such an addition is a source of honor and profit to any community, and we trust that the day may be far distant when the operations of the establishment shall be curtailed in the slightest degree. This certainly never will be so long as it maintains its present reputation for turning off good work."

Besides all the outside work carried on here and the building of locomotives and steam fire engines and gunmaking all of which have been thoroughly treated in this article the shop manufactured and built a large quantity of cotton machinery needed for the Company. This included looms, spinning frames, pickers, railway heads, drawing frames, slubbers, intermediates, speeders, cards, spoolers, warpers, quillers, and slashers.

Altogether the machine shop has had a most interesting history and it has always been what is commonly referred to as a hive of industry. But like everything else the "old big shop" had to give way at last, and the "back shop," so-called, on the river bank was torn down to make room for No. 9 mill on the central division. The foundry, pattern house and front shop gave way to something more substantial and more modern, somewhat later.

Well might the poet sing:

"Her noble shop where Master Burke,
Hath planned and built the means,
For manufacturing India goods,
Of cotton from Orleans,
Her crew the noblest of our sons,
Have rendered him their aid,
By industry and prudent means,
Have found themselves well paid."

Zo Elliott

[Reprinted]

It's Not My Song Anymore

ZO ELLIOTT

THERE'S a tune marching down the tip of my pen—a tune that flows on with much more ink than it took to write it. When I think of the amount of work expended in the printing and sale of four million copies, the amount of human energy put into the production and singing of the song, I am a bit bewildered how to begin. But the tune marches on. Once it was mine. Now it seems to be the other way. I seem to belong to it. A few tales about it I know out of the many millions. I can tell you at any rate how the tune started, and follow it a certain distance with you. All right. Let's go.

One day in the spring of 1913 when I was a senior at Yale, my friend Stoddard King and I were informed by an official of our Zeta Psi chapter that there was to be a banquet at the old American House in Boston to which chapters from New England colleges were to send their favorite minstrels to entertain the brethren. Expenses were to be paid, and we were to be excused from our classes for the occasion.

Just as every group at a Sunday-school picnic is supposed to bring its own lunch, so the banquet delegates were to provide their own entertainment. I have forgotten just what efforts at musical composition King and I attempted, but as I recall the tunes some of them were pretty terrible.

Some days later, as I was playing out of hours in my room—a dangerous thing to do, as the d e a n' s office was downstairs — my playing drew the attention of my roommate, Ward Twitchell, to a melody I was improvising. "What's that? You'll make your name and fortune on it."

My faith in Twitchell's appreciation made me do as he suggested. I had no more than finished when King came in. I played it over for him.

"Just the thing for the banquet," he said. "Say—I've got an idea for some words for it. 'There a long, long trail a-winding.' "

"Into the land of my dreams, where the nightingales are singing," I continued—this, by the way, was my only contribution to the actual words of "The Long, Long Trail"—and in a few minutes, to much nervous laughing and excitement, Stoddard had finished the chorus. He came back from his next class with a completed verse. We hadn't been caught by the dean yet, so I set the verse to music, with Stoddard making some suggestions about the melody.

Was there ever a harder place to present a song than that Boston banquet? The brothers were in a most exhilarated state, greeting every new feature of the entertainment with cheers, and making life miserable for the performer by their racket and any undesired pieces of bread. King and I were looking forward to the same reception. But King had an idea. He got Brother Bagley to introduce us, Brother Bagley possessing a deep and powerful voice that caught the general attention with its "now just a moment, gentlemen," and we leaped through the opening. A few remarks by Stoddard, and he was singing "Nights are growing very lonely," and soon after I chimed in with the tenor of the chorus. The brothers were listening. They stopped throwing bread. When Stoddard

called "Now, all together," they went over the top with us.

The act had gone over. One of the brothers who happened to be a Boston publisher was so much impressed with the song that he urged us to publish it. In fact, he went so far as to make a clear copy of it, and to add some harmonization which ultimately became the basis of the first edition. Stoddard was emboldened to approach several New York song publishers with the manuscript. They couldn't see it.

In the autumn of 1913 the manuscript went in my pocket with me to Trinity College, Cambridge, England, where I was to continue my studies following my graduation from Yale. But the tune also lingered near its birthplace, in New Haven. A note from friend Deak Bennett said: "Ransom and Mayer and I passed the window of 85 Connecticut Hall last night. We sang it in your honor."

It was at Cambridge that I began to realize the appeal of our song. My friend Parker down stairs—he became a captain in the British Army and was severely wounded—had a piano and I gave it a lot of exercise at his repeated request. When our parties were at their height we would call down for our very popular landlord, Ewart Beatty, and the musical side of the program would generally be brought to an end by Beatty's saying, "Well, Mr. Elliott, aren't you going to play that little tune you brought over from America?" Sometimes he would say "from Yale" for a change. He would then tune his fiddle to play an obligato, and we played the song so much that I almost believe Beatty thinks the tune was written in his house. At any rate, it went out into the world from there.

How the song came to be published was a result of a sort of combination of chance and maternal loyalty. I had stepped into a Cambridge music shop with my friend Acheson to rent a piano. To test the piano, I employed my pet melody. The man who owned the shop was impressed. Could he send someone around to hear it? As a result of this expert's visit my mother was inspired to wager nine pounds ten shillings against the publisher's similar amount, the initial cost of production. The young London publisher many years after confided to me that he spent many nights in his little dark office figuring how to get the money to meet his side of the bargain. A few years later he was kept awake figuring how to supply the demand and had to move out of that dark office into a light one. The song almost broke the firm of West's; then it made the firm.

I know of nothing, except the arrival of a son, as exciting as the receipt of the first complimentary copies of a new song. They reached me in December of 1913. When they come at twenty-two they seem like meteors—and they disappear as quickly. So had it not been for the kind patronage of Mrs. Burt, the number of complimentary copies might have surpassed those actually marketed, the publisher might have become bankrupt and the song cut off in its infancy. Her activities among the American colony in Europe instilled the breath of commercial life into the enterprise. My first royalty statement was just barely enough to buy me a derby hat at Scott's. Seven dollars bought a darned good hat in those days.

"The Long Trail" had been in print seven months when "Tipperary" came swinging past it in August, 1914. Then came "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag." The seriousness of this new war that had just burst on the world was being realized more and more. The lads who now marched away knew

it was to more than glitter and glare, and "Keep the Home Fires Burning" was the reigning song. Men came from the ends of the earth, not for a gallant and exciting campaign, but to wait in the mud of the trenches—wait, wait until the war might cease, or they themselves might die out of the wearisome business.

They found a song which seemed to express all this. It was a song which first attracted general attention as a boatload of Canadians sang it coming down the Thames from a Sunday outing. England scarcely knew what a trail meant, but it had begun to know "the long, long night of waiting." These Canadians knew both. In every restaurant, every barracks, every square, the song with the trail in it was heard.

As a friend told me, next to the noise of London traffic the sound of "The Long Trail" predominated. One could not escape it. The men of far countries had brought a new idea to an old world in the shape of a song. Next to the sound of guns you would hear the song, as another friend wrote me. Always when there was song. Thunder and song—song and thunder. "The Long Trail" seemed to be the least exhaustible of all vocal ammunition. It had become the song of mud and blood. John Masefield wrote me that never had he seen so many men pass to die singing the same tune, always, always, thousands upon thousands going up to die in the mud. Coningsby Dawson in his war letters "Carry On" wrote: "We sing it as a sort of prayer as we stand almost waist deep in the mud." Could such things have happened to a song written by two college boys? Stoddard and I had yet to learn.

The first intimation of the regard with which the song was held, aside from the reports of publishers, I read in the *New York Times*—for late in 1914 I returned to America to continue my law studies at Columbia University. I was supposed to be studying law, but who could do that with the world on fire? I cursed the hurdy-gurdies that thrilled me every morning with the "Marseillaise," then opened a case book. No use. I had to look at the paper. On the front page I read this: "While the soldiers were lined up on deck waiting to be disembarked from the torpedoed troop ship *Tyndarius* someone took up 'The Long Trail.' They were all singing it as they calmly waited each his turn to escape death." I rushed across the hall to tell my friend Dan Keller, who two years later died in the Argonne while fighting with the 79th Division. He gulped with astonishment and pride, and when he caught his breath, I remember his saying: "To no one would I wish such honor more than you." Then I set out to class with him but left him at the classroom and walked for nearly an hour along Riverside Drive alone. The song was beginning to tug at my own heart strings.

America was pretty near the jumping off place herself by this time, and the morning papers upset some of the students so much that I believe the law professors were despaired of some of us. Things were getting under our skins. With the declaration came the question with many of the boys of continuing their profession. A check for $10,000 from my London publishers came and spared me much of this worry. I telephoned my mother, cut my classes then and there and went on a shopping orgy.

A few days later I spent some of that money for a ticket to Plattsburg. At the first officers' training camp I remember the remarkable sensation of hearing my tune start with the big fellows up front, pass through my own squad, reach the end of the column, and then be taken up by the next company. My

faithful friend and bunkie, Ridgley, would give me a prod of approval, but I remember once when the band tried it at reveille, his saying as he rubbed the sleep out of his eyes, "There's that damn tune of yours, Elliott."

It took the camp medicos five weeks to discover that I was not the perfect physical specimen they wanted lieutenants to represent. I was back at the Yale Club in New York one June day in 1917, ruminating on my failure to become an officer in the United States Army. A band started playing. It was Major Currie with his Highlanders down from Canada. As they started down Vanderbilt Avenue the crowd followed. I can't resist a band myself, and grabbing my hat I chased after them. As they turned Forty-second Street a thrill shot through me. They had broken into the English version of "The Long Trail"—in strict march time. I must confess I followed them with tears in my eyes.

Liberty Loans came along. The song was sung at all such rallies. Great artists like Schumann-Heink, Caruso, Stracciari, McCormack, Alma Gluck, Frieda Hampel sang it. Matzenauer sang it one evening at the Metropolitan. In fact, it became almost compulsory for every artist to have it in his repertoire. May I say that the first two artists who took the song up were an American Indian singer, Chief Caupolican, and Dorothy Jardon, who made it very popular in San Francisco.

My sister went into a New York shop to buy an extra copy—in the early days. "Is it any good?" she anxiously asked the young woman in charge, wishing to fathom its popularity. "Aw, pretty good," replied the young woman, and then turned to more attractive material.

Speaking of personal experiences, my favorite is about the time when I was at Camp Vail, New Jersey—for I had managed to get in service in the honorable estate of a private—I was washing my clothes alongside of a tall, freckle-faced, red-headed sergeant. Of course his name had to be Red. Well, Red started singing "The Long Trail," and after a few gulps he ejaculated, "Gee, I like that song! Sing it with me?" Yes, I would. "Well then, you take the upper and I'll take the lower." We started, then Red left the soap suds alone. "Sounds swell, doesn't it? You know, there's a fellow in the barracks next door who's been playing and singing it on a melodeon. Sings it just right, not too loud, not too soft." Just then someone in the shower-bath made the statement that the fellow who wrote the song was in camp. "You don't say?" Then putting his hands on his hips, "Mighty smart fellow he must be." I began to try to explain or else make a getaway, but I was caught. Someone in the shower pointed to me and said, "That's the fellow." Red's jaw dropped, he turned scarlet red, not brick red any longer. I didn't know whether he was going to shake hands or hit me. He controlled himself, however, and explained: "Well, here I've been singing away like a fool for you, and you wrote it." After that experience I only saw Red a couple of times, and when I did he dodged round the corner rather sheepishly. It was plain that song writers couldn't be trusted.

I wish I could mention their names and the many stories which individuals have connected with the song. In general they said at first: "It was the first song I ever heard my sweetheart sing. I was starting for the front." Later it became: "It was the last song I heard him sing or he wrote about." One Red Cross nurse who was very ill in Baltimore wrote me through the aid of her

own nurse that if I would send her an autographed copy of "The Trail" she thought it would help her so much. She was delirious at times, and the song carried some sort of "balm to hurt minds" that touched some great tragedy in her life. When she recovered I received her thanks and her story. Music, I am told, often unlocks mental gates that have been closed. This same friend added that in psychopathic wards in the military hospitals, when all else fails, sometimes the singing of "The Long Trail" helps.

The phrase "The Long, Long Trail" became often a symbol of continued courageous endeavor. Just recently a bronze tablet based on Darling's cartoon of Roosevelt's death called "The Long Trail" was unveiled while someone played the melody. Novels, movies, vaudeville acts used the phrase synonymously or directly. There was Cadet Clarkson's Plattsburg parody, "There's a long, long line of trenches into No Man's Land in France, where the shrapnel shells are bursting and we must advance." This is the only official parody. I O. K.'d it one evening in company barracks at Plattsburg for the enthusiastic gentleman. I still have difficulty getting all of the syllables in just right, but it is easier than B. C. Hilliam's patter song, which ran in the play "Buddies" and is something like this: "There's a sort of charm about it, when you hear the soldiers shout it in their rough and ready rhythm that will make you sing it with 'em." Then it ends up: "Yet the trail remains a mystery, the song a part of history. The birdies will be singing it, the bells they will be ringing it to the wail of the tale of the long, long trail."

So much for parodies. Now for myths, the best one of which is this. It was a common story that the writer of both words and music died in France. Those who had sung it so much wanted some poetic justice about it. It seems that the writer, an American, had difficulty getting into the service, according to one printed account. The United States Army would not have him, so over to Canada and back, and at last, on a second trip, he signed up with the Canadians. He met the logical fate of a soldier. He was mortally wounded, and while awaiting his end in the hospital he wrote the melody and words. The story was quite well known, and was the way the average soldier wanted the song written. Stoddard King and I have lived too long.

There are some laurels connected with the song that Stoddard and I like to remember. I like to think that the first American troops in Europe passed in review before Ambassador Page and Admiral Sims to its rhythm. A friend in England tells me that every year before the cenotaph of the Unknown Soldier in London, when the King of England, the royal family and all of England's greatest assemble in the Mall, it is taken up in great volume just before "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King." Again, during the great memorial concert in Albert Hall, the king of England was said to have stood during its rendition, and Lloyd George in his victory speech referred to it as the song that helped to win the war. Secretary Daniels sent us the official thanks of the United States Navy for and in behalf of those whom the song had served. Yale University granted it the Joseph Vernon Prize as a work by Yale men that best represented the spirit and ideals of Yale. When the British passed over the bridge at Cologne, they marched into Germany to it.

In the Invalides, the wondrous museum in Paris where the proud relics of

a brave empire are collected, there is a corner dedicated to the relics of the Allies. In the American room, my friend, Major Gimperling, had placed for me a manuscript copy of "There's a Long, Long Trail." His doing so accomplished one of the dreams of my life, that I could place a letter beside it in which Dan Keller, my friend at Columbia who had wished me success, prophesied its significance. Dan lies buried in Romagne. The ink in the letter is still clear, and so long as it can be read it is the finest tribute a friend can ever pay to another's work. I often think of that manuscript as the last high altar of the song's endeavor. It has been there three years now, and it will stay there ultimately to crumble in the land where those who sang it and loved it fell with the tune fresh in their hearts. It is there for them always if their shades should wander back, perhaps asking "What was that tune we used to sing so much?"

There is something about a war song that carries an appeal even to the opposite side. This my venturesome publisher knew, and he arranged after the Armistice to let the Germans have the song if they wanted more of it. From his account, the whole venture was highly successful, as the climax came so quickly. At the initial performance of it, the leader of the orchestra was assailed by beer mugs and bottles and barely escaped with his life from the outraged audience. The audience repeated Lloyd George's phrase, so I believe the reception represented their true sentiments—although I was asked later by a very sportsmanlike Fritzie to send him a copy, and away it went, autograph and all.

Autumn in New Hampshire

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

I hear in cadence low and sweet
The voice of Autumn calling,
And one by one like golden thoughts
The sun-warm leaves are falling.

The mountains glow in tapestries
Aflame beneath the sky,
And thru the red and golden leaves,
The sunbeams glimmer by

To lie in patterns 'neath the trees;
And somewhere, far away,
A little bird is singing soft
A parting roundelay.

Oh, come with me in Autumn.
New Hampshire's mountains call
And heart's delight is realized
In the glory of the fall.

New Hampshire Men and Matters

Recollections of a Busy Life

HENRY H. METCALF

CHAPTER EIGHT

BACK again in Concord, which had been our residence from 1868 till 1872, and again for the greater part of 1879, we settled down with the hope and expectation of making this our home through the balance of our mortal life. Here we had many acquaintances and some good friends—more at least than anywhere else in the state since we had kept in touch with the capital city and its people, during our stay in Littleton, Dover and Manchester.

We found a home in a new double house on North Spring street, just completed by Washington P. Ford, which we occupied with wife and three children, then ranging from 9 to 12 years of age, for a dozen years or more, then removed to an apartment in Insurance Block, where we remained but a short time, then resided for seven years on South State street, when we built a house at 24 Broadway, into which we moved, and which was our home for 21 years—a house in which we still take pride, as one of the handsomest on the street, although we disposed of it five years ago.

The *People and Patriot,* which we had engaged to edit in succession to one Leonard B. Brown who had ceased his services in that connection, was then printed and published in Bailey's Block. The old *New Hampshire Patriot* had been purchased from E. C. Bailey, who had bought the same of Butterfield and Hill, for the sake of the name and whatever good will remained attached thereto, and united with the *People,* which had long before become the leading Democratic paper in the state, in point of circulation and influence.

Col. Charles C. Pearson, in whose hands was the management and control of the paper, was in poor health, and did not long survive after I assumed the editorship, and after his death control of the paper passed into the hands of his father, John H. Pearson and Mr. Lewis C. Pattee of Lebanon, as administrators or trustees, and so continued till 1885, when a stock company was formed, known as the Democratic Press Co., to which the paper was sold. Meanwhile the plant had been removed from Bailey's to Moore's Block, where Nardini's restaurant now is, and the publication of a daily edition was commenced and thereafter continued, though in point of fact it was a mistake financially, as the paper, which had previously been issued at a profit, never after really earned a dividend.

I continued in editorial charge of the paper for ten years, till the spring of 1892, when it was sold to Stilson Hutchins of Washington, or at least a controlling interest in the stock of the company was purchased by him. This arrangement was brought about, undoubtedly, at the instigation of William E. Chandler, who had been threatening John H. Pearson, who though no longer in control of the paper, held, along with his friends, considerable of the stock, with

a libel suit against the paper, unless attacks upon him, induced by his political acts, ceased, and which I persisted in continuing, as occasion required.

When Mr. Hutchins assumed control of the paper I resigned as editor though he offered to continue me in that service, but I knew very well that his policies would be in conflict with my ideas of how a Democratic paper in New Hampshire should be conducted and chose not to continue, handicapped as I would be if I did.

I was now left practically without employment, though I had, nominally, in company with Allan H. Robinson, (though he really did nothing about its management or publication) at the beginning of 1892 bought from John N. McClintock, the GRANITE MONTHLY magazine, which I edited and published for two years, when I sold it, at a small profit, to the Republican Press Association, they having expressed a purpose to publish a magazine, whether I sold or not, and I knowing very well that there was not room in the state for the successful publication of two magazines.

It so happened that the National Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, which organization I had joined as a charter member of Capital Grange, No. 13, at its institution in January 1896, and was its first lecturer, was planning to hold its next annual session in Concord, in November of that year, 1892, upon invitation of the Concord Commercial club, the business organization of the city, which later became the Board of Trade, and a few years since blossomed out as the Chamber of Commerce. There was much to be done in the line of arrangements for the proper entertainment of that important body, and nobody connected with the club inclined to take the burden and responsibility of doing it. Finally the president of the club, Mr. George F. Page, then the head of the Page Belting Company, sent for me, and after lengthy consultation, and some consideration, I consented to undertake the work and for some weeks previous to the National Grange meeting devoted my best efforts to it. Money had to be raised by subscription among the citizens to defray the necessary expenses, and about $1,200 was thus secured for the purpose; halls had to be secured for the purposes of the gathering; music and decorations provided for, and last, but by no means least, rooming accommodations secured for many hundred people, who had to be assigned thereto, and shown to their quarters upon arrival; the conduct or supervision of which work I assumed and carried through satisfactorily.

The Commercial Club, or Board of Trade, as it was soon after called, was so well satisfied with my work that at the next annual meeting, in January 1893, I was chosen secretary of the organization, and held the position continuously for fifteen years, except for an interim of two years when another man held it, during which time the membership fell off from 150 to about 30, and I was called back to resurrect the concern. During this time another session of the National Grange held in Concord in 1898, had to be provided for as well as several sessions of the State Grange, requiring an outlay of at least $500 each, which I had to raise and expend and which was only one of the incidents of my work as secretary. During this time or in the later portion thereof, I was for nine years secretary of the state Board of Trade that held quarterly meetings in different parts of the state for the consideration of different subjects of material interest; the arrangement of the

programs, and the selection of speakers being mainly in my hands. Meetings were held at Hampton, Canobie Lake, Derry, Nashua, Milford, Peterboro, Jaffrey, Newport, Claremont, Laconia, Mt. Uncanoonuc, Sunapee Lake, and various other places in many of them more than once, and many speakers brought out, who afterward became prominent in the public eye. I well remember one occasion just after Edgar O. Hirst had been appointed to the forestry commission, when he made his first appearance in the state as a speaker at a meeting of the state board at the Uncanoonucs; also another at the same place, when Hon. Albert O. Brown, who has since become an authority on the subject, made his first public address upon the subject, he having been just appointed as the head of the new tax commission. At another meeting, at Sunapee Harbor, when the late Hon. Wilbur H. Powers and E. M. Hopkins of Boston were the speakers, the steamer whistled for its departure to meet the Concord train, just as Mr. Hopkins, who has since become the distinguished president of Dartmouth college, had got fairly started on his speech, and all were obliged to leave. Whatever became of that speech we never knew, but everyone knows what became of Hopkins.

At one of these meetings, in Exeter, about the time when the Grand Trunk Railroad was seeking the right to extend its line across New Hampshire, and thus, in some measure, relieve the state of the arbitrary rule of the Boston & Maine, the Board passed a resolution endorsing the project, that gave some impetus to the movement, which, though ultimately abandoned, created a good deal of sensation and aroused some hope for a time in the minds of a good many people. It will be remembered that Judge James W. Remick was the New Hampshire attorney employed by the Grand Trunk to carry on its contest in the state, and that Jesse M. Barton of Newport was engaged as his assistant. Circumstances compelled the abandonment of this project, which had it succeeded and the Grand Trunk Railroad gotten through to Portsmouth, would have meant much for New Hampshire and its seaport city and erstwhile capital.

The late Gen. Charles W. Collins of Nashua, who was a member of the staff of Ex-Governor Nahum J. Batchelder, was the first president of the state board with whom I was associated, and the late Hon. Omar A. Towne of Franklin was the last. Among other men who served as president in my time, were the late Olin H. Chase, then of Newport and Ex-Mayor George W. Cox of Laconia. I remember that at an evening meeting of the board in the latter city, it fell to my lot to introduce as a speaker the late Booker Washington, the celebrated negro educator. Among the presidents of the Concord Board of Trade, serving in my time, I remember most distinctly George F. Page, Myron J. Pratt, David E. Murphy and Charles T. Page, of whom the first and last only survive—the former in Boston and the latter still in Concord.

As I have heretofore stated, I became a charter member and the first lecturer of Capital Grange, No. 113, upon its organization in January 1886, and was furthermore seven times re-elected to that office, and served one year as master of the grange. I was also a charter member of Merrimack County Pomona Grange, No. 3, succeeded Nahum J. Bachelder as lecturer of that organization in 1887, and was ten times re-elected to that office in subsequent years. I also

served for six years as lecturer of the New Hampshire State Grange, from December 1897 to December 1903, making 25 years of lecture work in all, during which time I think I may justly claim to have prepared and presented more programs than any other person in the state.

Upon the death of James O. Adams, secretary of the state board of agriculture, early in 1887, I wrote to N. J. Bachelder, of East Andover, then secretary of the State Grange, suggesting that he be a candidate for the position, to which proposition he consented. I secured the adoption of a resolution by Capital Grange, recommending him for election to that office, and the appointment of a committee to go before the board of agriculture, and urge his election. Meanwhile I had an interview with Hon. Moses Humphrey, chairman of the board, in which I set forth the propriety of Mr. Bachelder's election, and in which he promised to "take care of the Republicans" on the board if I would look after the Democrats, the board then being evenly divided between the two parties. This was done, and he was elected, receiving the votes of all members except one Democrat, who had himself aspired to the office.

Mr. Bachelder held the office of secretary of the board of agriculture for 26 years, until, in 1913, there was a change in the political administration of the state government and the board was reorganized, under Governor Samuel D. Felker. During several years of this time he was also commissioner of immigration, under a special act of the legislature, designed to promote the resettlement of abandoned farms in the state by people from outside. Through all this period of service, as the executive officer of the state board of agriculture, he was arranging for and holding farmers' institutes in all parts of the state, with speakers upon the different branches of agricultural operation, many of which it was my fortune to attend and report for the press. Through the work of his office, taking him into all sections of the state, Mr. Bachelder secured a wide acquaintance and gained much popularity, resulting in his election as governor in November 1902, and his service in that office in 1903 and 1904, when he set the example of appearing and speaking at public functions of all sorts, throughout the state, which all his successors have followed, though his predecessors had seldom appeared in that way.

Although I was not publicly announced as connected with any paper for many years after 1892, I was for some time the New Hampshire correspondent for the *Boston Post,* also of the *New York Herald* and *Times,* as I had been previously, for a time, of the *New York World.* From 1896 to 1908 I furnished the editorial matter for the *Portsmouth Times,* published by Col. True L. Norris, writing also a weekly Concord letter for the same paper, and reporting the proceedings of the Legislature for the sessions included in that period. For five years during that time I furnished the editorial for the *Cheshire Republican,* a Democratic weekly paper at Keene, till it was purchased by Robert P. Bass, turned into a "mugwump" organ and finally discontinued. I also edited the Granite Monthly, then in the hands of the Rumford Press, in 1901-2, and provided a grange department for the *Manchester Mirror* for two or three years.

In 1895 I edited and published a volume, on "New Hampshire Agriculture," giving the history of the various agri-

cultural organizations in the state, followed by personal sketches of representative farmers throughout the state, and about the same time edited a volume entitled "New Hampshire Women," for the New Hampshire Publishing Company.

In 1909 I was employed by the literary executors of the late Hon. Harry Bingham—Messrs. Edgar Aldrich, Albert S. Batchellor and John M. Mitchell—to edit and compile a memorial volume, containing the writings and speeches, and covering the professional and political life of Mr. Bingham, which was brought out in the following year, in a work of over 500 octavo pages, prefaced with a biographical sketch of Mr. Bingham, which I wrote, and containing numerous footnotes sketching the various public men referred to in the work. This book was published for gratuitous distribution, and was sent to libraries, lawyers and public men generally throughout New England, and is a permanent memorial of the life work of one of New Hampshire's most eminent lawyers, and most distinguished Democratic political leaders.

Upon the death of Albert S. Batchellor, editor of state papers, or state historian, as he was generally called, in 1913, I was appointed by Governor Samuel D. Felker as his successor in that office, and entered upon its duties in the early summer of that year. The position had never before been a political one, and had been held by Rev. Dr. Bouton, and I. W. Hammond, previous to Mr. Batchellor, all of whom had died in office; but partisan animosity had reached fever heat among Republican politicans with their defeat in 1912, and many of them insisted that no Democrat should be allowed to hold a salaried position under the state government if it could be helped, and so, after the Republican party again came into power, through the election in November 1914, a bill was prepared and introduced in the next legislature, providing for the abolition of the office. This bill was ultimately turned down in committee, after extended hearing, in which some prominent and fair-minded Republicans, prominent among whom was the late Hon. Omar A. Towne of Franklin, appeared against it, and so failed of passage; but the late James E. French, chairman of the committee on appropriations, sometimes known at the "watch dog of the treasury," and one of the most bitter Republican partisans to whom the very name of "Democrat" was "anathema," succeeded in having the appropriation for the work of the office cut out of the budget, and the governor had not sufficient backbone, or lacked the disposition, to have it reinstated, and so the work had to cease, except that the completion of the publication of the early laws was turned over by the governor and council to the office of the secretary of state, by whom Miss Isabelle Smith, who had been my clerk, was engaged to complete that work. No subsequent legislature has made any appropriation for the continuance of the work of the state historian, which office I still hold, it never having been abolished and no successor ever having been appointed. I have, however, voluntarily done such work as I could to perpetuate interest in New Hampshire historical affairs, and have been instrumental in promoting many historical anniversary celebrations, of a local nature and, particularly, the state celebration of the 300th anniversary of the settlement of New Hampshire, in 1923, and the 150th anniversary of independent government in the state, in 1926, the bill providing for each of which I prepared and got through the legislature, the first under the administration of Governor Albert O. Brown,and the second under that of John G. Winant, who

were chairmen of the respective commissions appointed under the law, of both of which I was secretary and carried out the arrangements.

I spent two or three years, after I was deprived of my work as state historian, in preparing for publication a work entitled "One Thousand New Hampshire Notables," which was designed as a sort of "Who's Who" in the state, being brief biographical sketches of prominent residents or natives of the state then living. This book was issued in 1919, and though the proceeds were not great they were of material assistance in "keeping the wolf from the door."

In the latter part of 1922 I published a small volume entitled "New Hampshire in History" of which 1500 copies were issued and most of which were soon disposed of. It did not purport to be a history of the state, but simply set forth, in some measure, the contribution which New Hampshire had made to the progress of the nation. I had first given it in the form of a lecture before the Conway Woman's club, which was afterward repeated in Concord, before an audience which included the governor of the state, Albert O. Brown, Judge Charles R. Corning and other prominent citizens, who urged its publication. Thus encouraged I extended the matter materially and published it in the volume named.

The Granite Monthly, which I had started in Dover in 1877, and which had had a variegated history, as is apparent from what I have already written, had passed into the possession of the Rumford Printing Company when the Statesman Company, to which it had been sold in 1893, divided into the Monitor Press and the Rumford Co., the former taking over the newspapers—the *Monitor* and *Statesman*—and the latter the job printing department. The magazine was finally taken over by one Henry C. Colby, an attaché of the printing company, who had gotten into financial difficulties, and mortgaged the magazine to Gen. Henry M. Baker of Bow, who had taken possession of the same by legal process, and from whom I obtained it by lease in 1906, and continued its publication for twelve years, having in the meantime purchased it outright from the general's executors, Rufus H. Baker and Sherman E. Burroughs, after his decease. At the close of 1918 I sold the magazine to Harlan C. Pearson, who published it nearly five years and then sold it to Mrs. Robert P. Bass, or to her father who purchased it for her. It was published under her auspices till 1927, when it was turned over to my son, Harry B. Metcalf of the *Newport Argus Champion* for whom I edited it for that year, after which it was acquired by Edward T. McShane of the Granite State Press of Manchester.

In 1924 I published a quarterly magazine, devoted to politics and called the "Democratic Quarterly Review," of which 1000 copies were circulated, and which, although it brought no more financial return than enough to pay the cost, enabled me to express myself in emphatic terms upon current issues. In April of that year a paper known as *The New Hampshire Democrat,* was started by one J. C. Smith of the York, Me., Publishing Company. It was nominally issued from Portsmouth, and I was employed as its editor. The paper was published for four years, and then died for want of patronage; but while it was published it presented, from week to week, more political truth than any other paper in New England. In fact, so far as I know, it was the last straight Democratic paper issued in this part of the country. Since the demise of this paper I have known no medium through which I

could tell the people what I think of the men or the agencies which, to my mind, are converting a government "of, for and by the people" into a government of the masses for and by the classes.

Politically I am, and always have been, a Democrat of the Jeffersonian order, believing in "equal rights for all and special privilege for none," and have always supported that doctrine, by voice and pen. As a matter of party duty I have often been a candidate for office on the party ticket, though without hope or chance for election—all the way from ward moderator to representative in congress, running for the latter in 1910, against Frank D. Currier, the Republican nominee and incumbent in the second district, whose majority of about 10,000 in the previous election was reduced one half. I was entitled in justice and by precedent to a renomination in 1912, when, by the way, the general overturn in politics in the state occurred, but one Raymond B. Stevens had been induced to file as a candidate, and I decided not to contest with him, much to the dissatisfaction of most of the party leaders in the district. I was morally sure of the nomination if I had sought it, but felt that Stevens might more readily command the support of the Progressive Republicans of the district, he being a new man in politics, than one who had been fighting the Republican party for a generation. So I gave him the chance and he was elected, as were the Democratic candidates for governor and for congress in the first district—Samuel D. Felker and Eugene E. Reed.

The only elective offices that I ever held, of a public nature, were non-political, being those of member of the board of education in Littleton and auditor of union school district in Concord, which latter I held for nineteen years. I served as a delegate in the constitutional convention of 1918-23, being chosen from Ward 7, Concord, in pursuance of an agreement between the two parties, whereby one Democrat and two Republicans should be elected, my colleagues being Frank P. Quimby and Albert M. Thompson. In this convention, over which Albert O. Brown presided and in which James O. Lyford was the dominant figure, I proposed and advocated various amendments, such as the abolishing of the executive council and the doing away of the convention itself, but without success.

I have never been a "joiner" in the ordinary sense of the term, and aside from the Grange, have never belonged to any fraternal organization, unless the Royal Arcanum and the Sons of the American Revolution may be considered as such. I was a charter member, and at one time regent of Granite State Council R. A. of Concord, but withdrew after the policy of "freezing" out the older members was adopted by the organization; and I have been a member of the New Hampshire society, Sons of the American Revolution, for more than 40 years, serving both as president and historian.

In religion I have been a Universalist since I came to years of understanding, and since 1882 have been actively identified with the First Universalist Society of Concord. I have served upon its prudential committee, and for many years as its moderator and superintendent of its Sunday school. I have attended most of the N. H. Universalist state conventions since 1871, and several general conventions. I was for nine years vice-president of the state convention, but was retired as such through the animosity of one of its ministerial members whom I had criticized for taking partisan politics into the pulpit. Subsequently, however, after he had left the

state, I was elected as a member of the board of trustees, and held the position for six years, till at the convention in Marlborough, five years ago, I declined to be a candidate for re-election and asked the nominating committee to substitute Arthur H. Britton in my place. At this same convention I was elected a life member, the first in the state to occupy such position.

When the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association was organized, in the summer of 1899 through the instrumentality of Governor Frank West Rollins, I was chosen a member of the executive committee, along with Edward N. Pearson of Concord and William H. Stimson of Dunbarton, and held that position till 1914 when Governor Rollins went out of office and I was chosen in his place, officiating as president till last June, when I declined re-election, and was made president emeritus. During all this time I was deeply interested in the work of the association and contributed more time and effort to its work than to any other cause, and more, I may say without boasting, than any other person in the state.

Since my son, Harry B. Metcalf, has been the owner and publisher of the *Argus-Champion* in Newport (he having purchased and consolidated the two papers then published in the town in the fall of 1926) I have contributed a weekly column of "Recollection" or "Observations" to the paper, as much for my own diversion as for the interest of the readers, though I have the satisfaction of knowing that some of the latter have been interested in the same, and as long as my mind is clear and my sight remains I may continue this diversion. These "Recollections," for the first year were republished in book form, under the title of "Sullivan County Recollections," the matter referring mainly to Sullivan county affairs. I might also say that when the 100th anniversary of the establishment of Sullivan county was celebrated in 1927, I edited a volume of the proceedings of that celebration with the addresses given, of which the leading one was the address of Ex-Governor John H. Bartlett upon the "Vanishing Village," which volume was printed by my son.

I was an earnest advocate of the cause of woman suffrage for years before it succeeded, and was the first and only man in the state who ever introduced an equal suffrage resolution in a political state convention. I campaigned for the cause with Carrie Chapman Catt, previous to the constitutional convention of 1902, and spoke in various places in its advocacy, and although I have been somewhat disappointed in the results, since the triumph of the cause, I have never regretted my action.

In my 89th year, far beyond the "allotted" age of man, I am patiently awaiting the final summons, hoping only that so long as I remain on earth I may be able to do something for the advantage of my fellow beings. My wife, Mary J. Jackson, whom I married in Littleton, December 18, 1869, passed away October 9, 1926, from the effects of a stroke of paralysis received in June previous. She was a true woman and had been my faithful companion and helpmeet for nearly 57 years. My oldest son, Harry B. Metcalf, born January 25, 1871, after a varied journalistic career following his graduation from Dartmouth in 1893, has been for the last three years the editor and proprietor of the *Argus-Champion* at Newport, having purchased and combined the *Argus and Spectator* and *Republican Champion* of that town. My second son, Edmund B. Metcalf, has spent his life in newspaper offices as a compositor and linotype op-

erator, working many years in Boston offices till he was disabled by a paralytic stroke in the spring of 1928, and is now in Morristown, Pa., the home of his elder daughter.

With my daughter and youngest child, Laura Prucia, wife of Harlan C. Pearson, well-known publicist, I make my home, and expect to do so while I remain on earth.

Warning to the Inhabitants of a Certain College Town

These eerie autumn mists are not such fogs
As nature raises up from streams and bogs;
There's something strange about their wavering gray.
I think they're homesick ghosts who've lost their way,
Sighing and shivering, hapless shades transplanted,
Seeking in vain the dwellings they once haunted.
For Hanover's a sorry place for ghosts,
This pleasant little town that gaily boasts
Itself the home of migratory houses.
'Tis well at last one feeble voice espouses
The cause of Daniel hunting for his room,
Troubled, not knowing that the common doom
Has touched his former residence over-night;
Of Kate returning to an altered site;
Or Eleazar wandering round the square
In search of buildings now a block from there.
Think twice before you move an ancient house;
There are more things disturbed than vine and mouse,
And ghosts cast homeless in the village street
Are parlous folk on darkening eves to meet.

NEW HAMPSHIRE

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Editorial

A friend of mine, no longer concerned with things in this world, used to dismiss gloomy thoughts with the philosophic observation that "Some days must be dark and dreary." Which was his paraphrase of the older saw that things are seldom as bad as they seem to be.

That attitude has no place in the philosophy of most of the experts who are engaged in diagnosing our business and industrial ills. The picture they give us of conditions is usually of sombre aspect, if not downright depressing; always drastic remedies must be applied if any improvement is to be expected. That type of expert almost invariably is controlled by a pessimistic strain; or at least appears to be. For instance, a speaker at the Hanover meeting of the New England Council, discussing marketing methods, gave forth the following:

"In general, these changing conditions * * * make it suicidal for any manufacturer or merchant at the present time to cling to tradition. What we need—and this applies particularly to New England, I think, because many of our businesses have been so long established that perhaps tradition sometimes has gained a firmer foothold here—is willingness to face facts, to be guided by present day facts, together with a courage to make the changes that the facts indicate to be necessary."

The implication, of course, must be that New England manufacturers and merchants are not facing the facts and that our traditions have been outgrown. Exaggeration may be necessary, or at any rate it is deemed necessary by certain propagandists, to startle those they are endeavoring to bring to a point of changing over their manners and customs of living or doing business. Yet, if those who were listening to the speaker who made the foregoing utterance, the members of the New England Council, have been sincere in the information the Council has been sending out for a year or more, they must have known what the speaker was saying does not apply generally to New England manufacturers and merchants.

Considered simply as a theoretical discussion what the speaker said was all right. It is patent to anybody who gives thought to the subject that the manufacturers and merchants of any period must take cognizance of existing conditions, that is must face the facts. But, all of the information the Council has been giving out of late has been tinctured with enthusiasm based upon

the awakening of industry and commerce to the spirit of the time, with resultant general improvement in all lines and unprecedented prosperity to many industries. In other words they have been facing the facts.

Now, as to tradition. The New England Council has emphasized time and again the beneficent influence the New England tradition of good craftsmanship has had in creating the highest grade mechanics and all-round workmen to be found in any section of the country. That knowledge is so general, we are told manufacturers are glad to come to this section to locate if their line is adapted to production here. Moreover, we are told, many more manufacturers are moving into New England than are leaving here for other sections, and despite dullness in a few of the industries, production as a whole exceeds any period in the history of New England.

It is our observation that while the old New England tradition in business and industry still survives, it has been made over into modern dress and adapted to the time. We do not pretend to claim that there may not be better methods of marketing our products worked out. More efficient methods of doing everything are being discovered and put into effect all the time. But we are a bit skeptical of the claim made that New England marketing methods are so sadly archaic as the speaker at the Council meeting in Hanover would have us believe. If they were, it is difficult to understand how manufacturing and merchandising can be in such an exceptionally flourishing condition. The manufacturers and merchants must be getting rid of their wares, else they would not be turning them out in such unprecedented volume.

This magazine is in hearty accord with all movements to bring about a more prosperous New England and New Hampshire, but we are not ready to agree that our traditions must all be junked in order to achieve that happy state of affairs. As a matter of fact, one of the traditions most religiously adhered to in New England has been to do the very thing the speaker at Hanover advocated, that is to face the facts. The custom has been and still is to face the facts in a matter-of-fact way. We have not been, as a rule, gushing and boastful after the manner of some of the newer sections. We are disposed to take some things as self-evident and one of those things is that New England is a going concern, on solid foundations. There may be some basis for the charge that we are self-complacent, but we know we have every reason to be so, and do not feel it incumbent on ourselves to be always making big claims, such as Californians feel constrained to make about their climate, for example. But, we are not hide-bound, nor afraid to face the facts.

Hill Beasts

G. PRICE

I look out from my one sixth-story window,
My one small entrance to the vast beyond,
And see you crouched there like some huge extinct
Genus of stegosaurus, some great beast
Of mesozoic origin, some towering
Dinosaur crouching there silently on
Your wide-spread haunches with your great neck stretched
Downward as though feeding within the small
Valley below, your great back arched against
The wide, dull-blazing sky, bristled, sharp
Against the day. I almost fear to peer
Too long lest you should wake and stretching forth
Your heavy neck, snatch me from out my small
Sixth-story window as I gaze with wistful
Eye upon your sturdy backbone bristling
Forth, its knobby outline etched against
The fading splendor of the western sky.

The Old Bridge

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

There's an old bridge, short and narrow,
Far from village or abode,
Far from church bell and from schoolhouse,
On a lonely country road;
Where the swift car seldom passes
And the oxen still are seen,
Where in summer comes a hay-rack
From some meadow, sweet and green.

Underneath this bridge a streamlet
Sluggishly and slowly flows,
And that streamlet's banks are mossy,
Where the basking turtles doze;
Where a willow tree is standing,
Old and dying on the right,
Where the moonlight gleams so weirdly,
And the sunshine smiles so bright.

There's an old bridge, short and narrow,
Where the boys still fish today,
There's an old bridge o'er a streamlet
Where the dragon flies still play;
Human life has many changes,
Fickle are its fate and fame,
But this bridge stands here unaltered
And that streamlet flows the same.

Samuel Blodget

Canal Boat Days

FRED W. LAMB

Chapter One.

THE MIDDLESEX CANAL.

HERE and there, between Boston and Chelmsford, moss-grown, untenanted, untraveled, and in many cases almost obliterated, are traces of what gave promise many years ago of being one of the greatest commercial enterprises, if not the greatest, of New England, the Middlesex canal. So comprehensive was the idea, that fully completed, it would have resulted in an inland waterway from Boston to Canada.

The observant traveler on the Boston & Lowell Railroad, now a part of the Boston & Maine system, between Woburn and Wilmington, Mass., will see a broad ditch filled with a sluggish stream of water. If his curiosity is thus aroused and he makes inquiry, he will be told that this is a portion of the old Middlesex canal.

With the words will come a swift vision of a beautiful ribbon of water lying between cultivated meadows and bordered by velvety lawns and shaded woodlands. On its bosom he sees the canal boat, moving with easy, quiet dignity. This vision will be quickly dispelled by the roar and rush of the train sweeping on to its destination and the vision fades from his memory.

The original purpose of the canal was the formation of a connecting route between Boston and Concord, N. H. and intervening places, by connecting with the Merrimack river. The original planners believed that if such a connection could be made an immense saving in time could be effected, instead of having products sent down the Merrimack, brought to Boston from Newburyport by vessel or carted overland from Lowell.

The meeting at which this plan took definite shape was held in May, 1793. It is stated that the meeting was called "for opening a canal from the waters of the Merrimack, by Concord river, or in some other way, through the waters of Mystic river to the town of Boston." Those present at this meeting were the Hon. James Sullivan, Benjamin Hall, Willis Hall, Ebenezer Hall, Jonathan Porter, Loammi Baldwin, Ebenezer Hall, Jr., Andrew Hall and Samuel Swan. The charter for the proprietors of the Middlesex canal was obtained from the Massachusetts legislature, June 22, 1793, and was the same day signed by Gov. John Hancock.

There were elected for officers: Hon. James Sullivan, president; Loammi Baldwin, Esq., first vice-president and Hon. John Brooks, second vice-president, with the following named gentlemen in addition as directors: Hon. Thomas Russell, Hon. James Winthrop, Christopher Gore, Joseph Barrell, Andrew Craigie, Captain Ebenezer Hall, Jonathan Porter, Ebenezer Storer, Caleb Swan and Samuel Jacques.

In those days it is recorded that the person most needful, a competent civil engineer, could not be obtained without great difficulty. Col. Loammi Baldwin, who was a man of considerable scientific attainments, was nominally in charge of the work and this matter was deemed of such importance at that time that by a special vote of the directors he was

commissioned to "repair to Philadelphia and obtain Mr. Weston's (an English engineer) assistance in conducting the canal. If he cannot come then that he endeavor to obtain some other person who shall be recommended by Mr. Weston, and that said agent be authorized to write to Europe for some suitable person for the undertaking, if none can be found elsewhere."

Colonel Baldwin secured Mr. Weston's services, however, and a survey was made. The report of this survey had this to say: "I consider the prospects before us in this undertaking much more flattering, in respect to the execution of the work, in proportion to the extent, than any I have seen in the South, the Washington canal excepted."

The route recommended in this survey was adopted and agents were at once appointed to carry on the construction work and the first turf was removed on the tenth of September following. The season being so far advanced but little could be done until the following year, except in the securing of land, settlement of claims, purchase of materials and conclusion of contracts for future work. The compensation for the land taken ranged from $150 per acre in Medford to $25 per acre in Billerica.

The route of the canal was by the Charles and Mystic rivers, from Charlestown to Medford, thence by way of Mystic pond and Symnes river to Horn pond in Woburn; thence through Wilmington and Billerica to North Chelmsford. The really active work of building was begun in the spring of 1795 and continued until 1803 when the work was finished. The first boat was, however, being actually run over a portion of the canal on April 22, 1802.

Billerica Mills was the point at which work was first begun and the principal part of the excavation was between that point and Horn pond in Woburn. Most of the rest of the course formed a natural canal, with some slight alterations.

The story of the building of the canal is a recital of a battle of earnest men against obstacles which at first seemed unsurmountable. The canal as thus built was twenty-seven and one-half miles long, thirty feet wide at the surface, eighteen feet wide at the bottom and four feet deep. The locks were eleven feet wide and seventy-five feet long, with an average lift of about seven feet, some being built of wood and others of stone. In the wooden locks the outside walls were of stone, the space between the inner and outer walls being packed with earth. In this way expensive masonry was avoided, though the cost of maintenance in after years was increased.

Altogether there were seven aqueducts over rivers and streams, fifty bridges spanning the canal and twenty locks. Four of the levels were five miles each in extent, the rest of from one to three miles each. The total cost, to 1803, was $528,000 of which one-third was for land damages. This amount was afterwards doubled in repairing and rebuilding the canal. Much of the work was done by contract. Laborers received about $8.00 per month wages, carpenters from $10.00 to $15.00 per month.

The route of the canal was crossed in Billerica by the Concord river, which at that point was one hundred and seven feet above tidewater at Boston and twenty-seven feet above the Merrimack at Chelmsford. The river was thus at the summit of the canal and able to supply water in both directions.

The cost of the original work was so heavy, that, rather injudiciously it was afterwards ascertained, the canal was opened for business before it really should have been and the consequence

was a number of leaks and resultant damage. Canal boats were not built until it had been in operation for some few years. From 1803 to 1807 it struggled along with but few resources. This radical innovation was too far in advance of the conservatism of the day to be readily accepted.

The canal was built under the direction of Col. Loammi Baldwin and Samuel Thompson of Woburn and was first managed with any respectable semblance of system by John Langdon Sullivan, a noted engineer of his day. He did not want the place, but being a proprietor, and having many friends who were financially interested, he was induced to take the position. He does not state in his account of the canal just what salary he asked. It was not very large in all probability, but it was so much in advance of the ideas of the directors that they felt obliged to refuse, but offered as a compromise a smaller salary and a commission on the business.

The Middlesex Canal company purchased rights up to Concord, N. H., and part of the expense was defrayed by a lottery permitted by a law of New Hampshire. Some of the tickets were sold in Massachusetts. For sixteen years the canal was a losing venture, or at the most, simply paid expenses. In 1819 the first dividend was declared and from that year until 1843 it prospered.

The freight boats were flat-bottomed, with square ends and parallel sides, and were between forty and seventy-five feet in length and nine and nine and one-half feet in width. The sides were three feet deep at the middle, but decreased to about one foot in depth at the ends, thus giving a somewhat rounded bottom. A load of twenty tons would give a draught of two feet to the boat, leaving the ends just out of water. Only half of this load might be carried in summer when the water was low. The boats were built of two-inch pine planks, spiked on to small oak cross timbers and knees, and at each end had heavy oak crossties, with one for the mast thwart, a little forward of the centre. On this mast could be raised a small square sail for use on the rivers.

During the passage of the canal the towline was fastened to a shorter mast put in its place. The rudder was a long steering oar, with a blade ten feet long and eighteen inches wide, pivoted on the centre of the crosstie and trailing behind the boat in the water. Three large scull-oars, sixteen feet long, and three setting poles for use up the rapids of the Merrimack completed the outfit. In the canal proper the boats were towed by horses, frequently without a driver, in which case the man at the rudder kept a small pile of stones or green apples ready for the encouragement of the horse. On the river a skipper and two bowmen were needed.

The entire trip, from Boston to Concord, N. H., and return, took from a week to ten days. Between Boston and Lowell the usual time for freight boats was eighteen hours up and twelve hours down, while the passage boats made the trip in twelve and eight hours, the freight boats making two and one-half miles per hour and the passage boats four miles.

Of the passage boats there were at first two, one running up and one down daily. Fifty cents was the fare, no tickets being used. Later when the amount of travel proved insufficient to warrant two boats, one was removed and the "General Sullivan" ran alone. This was a boat on the style of the Erie canal boats, though somewhat lighter, with a covered cabin over the whole length, except for the standing room at each end. The cabin was provided with

seats and was upholstered much as the old time horse cars were. In its day the "General Sullivan" was considered a model of comfort and elegance. All boats were numbered and lettered; and private boats, of which there were many, were painted with such designs as to be easily recognized, as in the case of freight cars today. No boats were allowed to pass through any lock after dark,—that is, seven o'clock in the spring and autumn and nine o'clock in summer; but on moonlight nights they might pass until ten o'clock, but not after that, nor before daylight at any season. Considerable damage having been done to the lock gates by the bumping of canal boats on entering, a fine of ten dollars was imposed upon any conductor who allowed his boat to enter the lock with sufficient headway to reach the gate. When a boat approached the lock, notice was given by the blowing of a horn and prompt attention was thus secured. The methods of receiving, transporting and delivering freight were very similar to those of the present. A waybill or "passport" accompanied the goods. Freight charges were paid on removal of the property, and in the case of delayed removal a wharfage or demurrage charge was added.

Ordinarily there were some sixteen men, locktenders, carpenters, etc., three clerks and an agent employed, at a total expense of about $8,000 per annum, in addition to the boatmen. In 1830 the boatmen were receiving $13.00 per month. Business grew rapidly less with the canal after the Nashua & Lowell Railroad was opened and in 1846 the canal was practically discontinued. In the same year the property was sold for about $130,000 and the amount was divided among the stockholders. On April 14, 1852, the last canal boat was run on the canal by Joel Dix of Billerica, and on October 3, 1859, the Supreme Court declared that the proprietors had "forfeited their franchise and privileges."

It is well to remember just here, that Lowell, Lawrence, Nashua, and Manchester were then places still to be, and that passage up the Merrimack was interrupted by the falls of Wicassee, Bow, Isle Hooksett and Amoskeag. A company called the "Merrimack Boating Co.," was formed, closely allied to the "Proprietors of Middlesex Canal" to work the river, while canals and locks were constructed around the various falls, notably "Blodget's Canal" at Amoskeag. Over $80,000 was paid by the Middlesex to assist in the construction of these various canals, while the patient stockholders awaited their dividends. Five-eighths of this went into work at Amoskeag and made way for the city of Manchester, while $12,000 was expended at Wicassee, which work was obliterated when, some years later, the dam at Pawtucket Falls was built, and the city of Lowell sprang into being.

In 1810, the receipts of the Middlesex Canal rose to $15,000 and in 1816 they were $32,000. In 1819, the first dividend was paid. From this time until the Lowell Railroad went into operation the receipts regularly increased so that the dividends grew from $10.00 to $30.00 per share. The year the Lowell Railroad went into operation, however, the revenue was reduced by one-third and when the Nashua & Lowell Railroad went into operation in 1840 the revenue was further reduced another third, thus practically killing the canal.

Chapter Two

THE "AMOSKEAG" OR "BLODGET" CANAL.

To the average person the canal boat is only a romantic dream. There were many stirring and amusing scenes incident to the days of the Amoskeag and Middlesex canals in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The Middlesex canal extended from Boston to Middlesex and the shipment of merchandise from Boston and the seaboard cities up the Merrimack river as far as Concord, including the intermediate points, was once quite an industry.

Hon. Samuel Blodget, a wealthy and influential citizen of Derryfield, conceived the project of building a canal around Amoskeag Falls. In the year 1793, he took up his residence on the east bank of the Merrimack at Derryfield. He, being a man of abundant means, had made up his mind that he could accomplish the undertaking with his own money.

At this time he owned most of the land immediately adjacent to the falls, on the east side of the river. The mill at the head of the falls, which stood just above the Amoskeag bridge, was owned by him in connection with Gen. John Stark. It was built before the Revolution, was now old and Judge Blodget bought out Gen. Stark's rights in it, thus completing his title to the privilege on this side of the river.

He commenced work upon his land, May 2, 1794, and in the course of the season, made considerable progress in blasting and other preparations for the dams and mill ponds. From the spring of 1794 Judge Blodget seems to have consecrated all of his capital and energies in this project. In the spring of 1795 he had made such progress with his canal that Col. William Adams of Londonderry, a skillful carpenter, began the woodwork on May 18th of that year.

A line of dams was built from rock to rock, upon the east side of the channel of the river, from a point about fifty-seven rods above the Amoskeag bridge, down the river very nearly upon the line of the stone dams and bank wall of the basin of the Amoskeag Company, a distance of about thirty-three rods below the Amoskeag bridge, thence it was extended east to the shore, making a basin ninety rods in length and from four to six in width. The basin was intended to answer the purposes of canal and mill pond.

Out of the southwest corner of this basin, the water passed through a slip 300 feet in length, and twenty feet in width, to the lower canal, commencing above and running immediately west of the Blodget house which stood where the present northern division power plant of the Amoskeag Company now stands.

The west bank of the canal from the Blodget house downwards was of cobblework, filled with stones and covered with a spiling of plank. At convenient distances along the canal were placed check gates so as to raise the water above them a foot or so. These gates were fastened by a hasp and opened down stream. As the boat or raft passed from the reservoirs through the slip, it gained considerable velocity and as it came against the check gates, the momentum opened the gates and the raft or boat passed through the entire length of the canal itself. This was an invention of Judge Blodget's.

It was found that, however plausible in theory, it did not work well in practice. The rafts of timber stove up and had to be re-rafted. The failure was attributed to the great descent of the slip. This difficulty was obviated by constructing two locks in its place. These

locks were completed in 1799. The upper one, of 150 feet in length, was built upon the surface of the ground. In June of the following year a freshet carried off the locks and thus the labor of five years—the expense of $20,000—was lost.

Such a result would have broken down an ordinary man. Judge Blodget, however, only extended himself the more to accomplish his undertaking. He had obtained a charter for his locks and canal in December, 1798. He now went to work to sell his stock and in order to stimulate public confidence, he employed Col. Loammi Baldwin to make a survey of a route for a canal, and also to estimate the cost of finishing the work. The surveyor reported that the cost of completing both locks and canals would be $9,000, but he recommended a route for the canal east of the old one, in order to be less subject to freshets.

(To be continued.)

Dirge

EMMA L. SPICER

When the poppies are in bloom,
I go sit beside the tomb
Of my brother, and I smother
Tears, and all the while I gather
Poppies red with bleeding hearts.
Fain I'd know the why they took him.
Vain my tears, a torn heart's token.
Slain the brother! . . my heart broken,
Torn and pricked by poppy-darts.

In the east a red and bulking
Poppy-sun is rising, sulking.
Sneers and shudders. Steers his rudders
Through the sky and clouds, his brothers,
While I sob red poppy-smarts.
Fain I'd know the why they took him.
Vain my tears, a torn heart's token.
Slain the brother! . . my heart broken,
Torn and pricked by poppy-darts.

Col. William H. Paine

1828---1890

MARY M. HALL

IN the town of Chester, N. H., on the Haverhill road about a third of a mile from the village, stands a house that about a century ago, was occupied by William H. Paine, tanner by trade, with his wife Susan (Emery) and their seven children.

The oldest child, William H. Jr., was destined to become one of New Hampshire's illustrious sons although unsung and seldom thought of even in the town of his birth. He was born May 17, 1828, and facts concerning his early life are amazingly meager. It is known that as a boy, he worked in a general store, then run by John W. Noyes, which gives us a mental picture of a smart energetic little lad. The next and last bit of his childhood that we hear is so contradictory that our first good impression receives something of a jolt.

One of the men of the town was hired by the senior Paine to help with some plowing, and while on the job, became disgusted with young William and when the work was completed said to some friends, "That oldest Paine young one is the biggest lunkhead that I ever saw." Slanderous talk about our little hero, but possibly deserving, anyone would find it difficult to keep his eyes on the furrow if his natural talents were along more intellectual lines.

Time passed and with his elementary course completed there was a pause at the cross-roads of life, while William decided whether or not he would become a clergyman. He was studious, sincere, honest and fearless, in fact he possessed all the essential qualities a young man needed for the ministry plus a superlative talent for mathematics and a love for out-doors that finally led him to select civil engineering as his life work. A choice that ultimately led him to phenomenal success.

Were it not for Mr. John C. Chase of Derry N. H., who had the pleasure of being a personal friend of Col. Paine, our knowledge of his manhood would be even less than that of his boyhood, and it is from the biography that Mr. Chase wrote of Col. Paine, in his recently published *History of Chester*, that we learn the facts of a most exemplary career.

In 1850, when a youth of only twenty-two, Col. Paine was surveying land for the early pioneers of northern Wisconsin. In 1852 he traveled to California, and became affiliated with Col. John Plumbe in hydraulic and topographical engineering. At the age of twenty-five, he surveyed the "Johnson Route" over the Nevada Mountains from Sacramento, California, to Utah and during this project introduced his own invention, the flat steel tape line, in place of the link chain that had been used heretofore. When this task was completed he returned to Wisconsin where he became city engineer of Sheboygan and later county surveyor, after which he was engineer of Sheboygan & Fond Du Lac Railroad.

When the Civil war broke out he enlisted in the Fourth Wisconsin and made an enviable record for himself, serving throughout the war as topographical engineer and, at its close was honorably discharged with the rank of colonel.

Upon returning to private life he set

tled in Brooklyn, N. Y. and accepted the position of chief engineer of the Flushing & Northern Railroad, but soon left it to take up the duties of consulting engineer under Roebling, the contractor that built the Brooklyn Bridge, a project that took eighteen years of incessant labor. The International Encyclopedia tells us that for a time Col. Paine superintended the entire work. The cable system of the bridge was planned by him, and cable roads in San Francisco, Omaha, Denver, and New York City are his achievements, The safety of the cables and anchorage of the suspension bridge over Niagara Falls were determined by him, while the tunnels under the Hudson and Detroit rivers are also monuments to the accuracy of Col. William H. Paine.

In 1890 he went to Cleveland, Ohio, as consulting engineer for a cable road, then under construction, but death came to him December 21 of the same year, previous to the completion of the work.

Mr. Chase in his recent history of Chester, speaks of Col. Paine as follows: "From an acquaintance extending over many years the author can testify to his high character as a man and while exceedingly genial with his associates, he was so modest in his bearings that one had little chance of getting from him any idea of his genius and bravery. His acquaintance with general science was wide and thorough and his familiarity with literature was that of a man of culture."

Surely a man that could retain such sterling qualities after living in California during the hectic days of the early fifties, must have possessed an innate refinement second to none. So in the future when we of New Hampshire feel the urge to sing lustily the praise of our governors and our senators let us not forget our technical expert: Col. William Henry Paine.

Some Peace-Time Activities of the War Department

MAJOR JOHN W. KEVENEY, INF., RES.

THE average citizen when he receives his federal income tax blank wonders what the government does with the money he and his neighbors annually pay to it. This wonder may spur him on to look up the latest bit of federal disbursements. Glancing over the list, let us say for 1928, he finds amoung other items, "War Department $390,540,803." "How absurd," he thinks, "in these days of limitation of armament conferences and Kellogg peace pacts!" His telephone rings or he is otherwise distracted. Had he not been interrupted and had he carried his search further he might well have been surprised at the functions of the War Department in peace time.

The primary function of the War Department through its agencies, is to provide for the national defence. Briefly this means it must develop an army to garrison our forts and military posts; to protect the lives of our citizens residing abroad as in China; to train the various elements of the army of the United States, the Regular Army, the National Guard and the Organized Reserves; to study and guard against any hostile attempts on our country; and so on through an almost interminable list of multifarious activities.

The above-mentioned function and those not refered to are functions of the War Department. They are carried out by the separate branches or services of the War Department. They concern not only national defence but also development and the weal of the country at large.

Let us take the Panama Canal as an example. Strategically, the canal is of inestimable value to War Department plans. From an economic standpoint, it is of untold value not only to our commerce but to the commerce of other nations for it saves vessels many thousands of miles in voyaging from the Atlantic to the Pacific and vice versa. It also does away with the perilous rounding the Horn. The Army Engineer Corps was directly concerned with the construction of the canal but had it not been for the co-operation of the Army Medical Corps, our attempt to build the canal would probably have failed as did that of the French. The Isthmus of Panama reeked with yellow fever and malaria. The Medical Corps having profited by its experience in Cuba went to Panama and eliminated these two diseases, thereby making the work of the Engineer Corps possible.

The Chemical Warfare Service, also under the War Department, has done much beneficial work not only with the Medical Corps, but with the Department of Agriculture. Much of this work has been done for the benefit of our country. The use of the so-called "war gases" in the treatment of certain respiratory diseases is not generally known to all. Mustard gas, for example, is used to retard tuberculosis. Dangerous fumigating compounds have been done away with, and "tear gas" mixed wiith hydrocyanic acid gas is used instead. This insures an efficacious but safe fumigant. Methods for the control of the boll weevil and other crop pests have been instituted,

thereby saving damage to the annual crops of the country.

The Engineer Corps in addition to its purely military functions is charged with the improvement of navigable waters and flood control. The development of our forts like New York, Boston, Galveston, and others, is done under the supervision of the Engineer Corps. Admittedly, the last floods in the Mississippi Valley were damaging but they would have been far more so, if the engineers had not supervised the construction of levers to control the "Fathers of waters."

The Medical Corps besides its work already referred to has done much to better the health, not only of the army but that of our and other peoples. It has accomplished much in the prevention of tropical anemia or as it is more generally known, the hookworm. Hookworm disease is now practically unknown in this country. In Porto Rico, our Medical Corps by stamping out this disease raised the efficiency rate of the islanders by sixty per cent. The Medical Corps was one of the pioneers in the use of vaccine against smallpox. In the Civil War over seven thousand soldiers died of smallpox. In the World War, when vaccine was used extensively there were but fourteen deaths from this disease. Likewise the Medical Corps was one of the sponsors for the inoculation against typhoid. In the Spanish American War twenty thousand or twelve per cent of the army suffered from typhoid. That was prior to the adoption of inoculation. During the World War, in the army, all soldiers were inoculated, there were but two thousand cases. Expressed in percentage one twentieth of one per cent had typhoid. Surely the army Medical Corps in the control of these diseases has set a splendid example for the public to follow.

The Signal Corps has developed a large radio net in this country, Alaska and the insular possessions. It has done much to advance the use and development of radio. Many inventions, the result of much research, have been made by the officers of the corps. The loop-antenna which later developed into the radio compass was a product of the Signal Corps.

In time of emergencies the army has ever been ready to assist. In 1906, the army under Funston restored order after the earthquake and fire at San Francisco. In 1915, during the Galveston flood the army greatly aided in the relief of the stricken area. At the time of the Boston police strike the army stood ready to restore order out of the chaos that then existed. The people of the Mississippi Valley and those of northern New England gratefully reflect on the work done by the army when their lands were inundated.

And so we could go on through the gamut of the peace time activities of the War Department, but time and space lack. The War Department with its annual appropriation is carrying on. It is providing for the national defence and at the same time is promoting the health and economic progress of our country.

Pembroke Street

ANNA GREENE

I COUNT myself fortunate to have known Pembroke Street in the nineties before that giant trolley-car came thundering half-hourly down the quiet road, a menace to the loiterer in its path. Then the street, not yet tarred stiff for the automobiles, stretched away white and inviting between the rows of staid houses and picket-fences; and the Nellies, Ladies, and Tommies of the period trotted briskly over the elm tree shadows that lay long across it in the late afternoon.

In those days Pembroke Street was *itself*, a place apart, a village of modest, well-kept homes, where the customs and, above all, the spirit of an earlier time yet lingered, a survival of the old New England. Since that time the speeding autos and the convenient trolleys have linked this hamlet with the populous towns on either side, making of it almost a suburb. It has become a favorite halting place for motoring parties, who delight to lunch or sleep at "Ye Olde Kimball Tavern". In fact, Pembroke Street now belongs chiefly to the motorist and the vacationer. But what do we expect? It is like this that all the dear old-timey places are disappearing.

It was on a fair June morning that I first saw Pembroke Street. The dew was on the lawns and the shadows of the elms lay motionless upon the street. Jogging along with the genial "Professor" behind his white horse, I listened to many an interesting bit of local history. The story of the Merrimack settlements, related *in loco*, was more thrilling than ever before. The "Professor", by the way, who happened to be showing the place to the newly elected assistant was Isaac Walker, long-time principal of Pembroke Academy, a devoted man, known and loved in that region. With his whip he pointed out the staid old Congregational Church, and the little "red schoolhouse" opposite; these, it appeared, had been working out the Puritan scheme of civilization, each in its own way, for more than a century. In a dreary spot on Academy Road we saw a yet more dreary monument erected to the memory of a young girl, there murdered on her way to school. We paused on a height to view the Merrimack in its shining course and the broad slopes that stretched away to the west with Mt. Kearsarge rising faintly blue above them. In the orchard close by a man in blue jumper and overalls was picking cherries.

Pembroke Academy, then as now the soul of the rural community, was still housed in the original building, erected in 1819. It was a brick structure, high-windowed and gloomy within but having a classic air about its exterior, which was due in part to a long two-storied porch with granite floors and rectangular granite pillars. Were there then "giants in the land in those days", who built those pillars, so rude and massive? An iron fence with granite posts enclosed a pleasant yard and a granite walk led down to the street. Somehow the aspect of the old school, so sternly simple, seemed to reflect the earnestness and rugged purpose of the youth of long ago. In fancy I saw them gathered on the upper porch between classes, young men and women, discussing the merits of a Latin translation or of a demonstration in geometry. There were future barristers, professors, clergymen, some of

whom were to achieve honors and even fame in the years to come. Older and graver than the boys and girls who at the new academy rush out to baseball and tennis as soon as lessons are ended, they were no less interested, I suppose, in the rendering of a passage from Homer or the marshaling of arguments for the weekly debate than are the students of today in the chances of winning at baseball or basketball against Concord high school.

For some time there had been talk of a new academy building to replace the old one which, despite its classic charm, was really inadequate for the needs of a modern school. Fate hastened the end. One June evening at the close of graduation exercises a fire was discovered at the rear of the building. A bucket line of old students and others, leading from the academy pump, did not avail to save the historic building. The library and scientific apparatus were, however, saved.

Next door to the old academy stood a somewhat seedy but dignified house, long used as a dormitory for the academy girls. To judge from its hip roof and tiny paned windows, it was of the same period as the academy. The front door with side-lights and a lunette was rather good. Also a front downstairs room, occupied by the writer, was charming, especially the antique wall-paper and the mantel, running around two sides of the big chimney.

But a melancholy fate awaited the old house. It seems that in laying out the somewhat spacious grounds of the new academy then building, the land was needed on which the dormitory stood. Accordingly the old house was carried to a neglected spot on the Academy road and there left like an outcast. Banished from its contemporaries and the shade of its familiar trees, it stood there looking gloomily down on the rough clods and unsightly weeds around—truly an undignified position for a genteel house of the early federal period!

One is not to think that life on Pembroke Street in the nineties was "all work and no play". By no means; there were Grange meetings for the initiated and church suppers for all. Not being among the initiated, I can speak only of the church suppers, which were bountiful and often hilarious. Home-baked beans (that goes without saying), flanked by brown bread, hot from the steamer, fresh rolls and coffee! And down the center of the long tables—pies! —apple-pies, pumpkin-pies, mince-pies, lemon-pies, Washington-pies, all looking quite too pretty to be cut and eaten. In short, a typical New England church supper!

The dishes washed and the rooms made tidy, we listened to a programme: music and sometimes a "reading" or a wee bit of drama. The writer recalls sitting up one night till cock-crow fabricating mice, destined to embellish a pantomime that the young folks were to act. By some trick of pulling invisible strings these mice were made to run about the floor, climb into the corners, etc. as mice like to do. Once a programme committee, more audacious than usual, staged a scene from Shakespeare's Henry VIII.

Election Day used to be a feast in Pembroke. The street suddenly took on a cosmopolitan air. The sidewalk was lined with working-men and "barges", filled with swarthy, jabbering Canadians from the cotton-mills near by, plied to and from the old town-house. From the hills farmers and their sons drove madly in, a tense look on their faces, as if fearing to arrive altogether too late for what they had to do. Many of the voters brought lunch which they ate in the supper-room with coffee provided by the town.

If you had passed down Pembroke Street near midmonth at about five o'clock in the afternoon you might have seen issuing from one of the mansions a bevy of well-dressed ladies, each with a book and some with formidable manuscripts. These were the members of the Germanae Literary Club, famed locally for its well-written papers and yet more for its dainty luncheons. And if you had followed a group of these ladies you might have heard something after this fashion:

"Wasn't it voted at the last meeting to serve only simple refreshments? Sandwiches and tea or something like that! But cheese and apple salad (I never ate a better) with those nice Swedish rolls and, to top off with, chocolate mousse and angel cake! If that's simple, what would you call elaborate?"

"Oh, but it was so good! Let's forgive her. Only its going to be hard for the other ladies to get ahead of her."

"That's just it."

Another group was taking a resolution of sympathy with some delicacies to a neighbor who was ill and would never be any better.

While Pembroke Street is not quite the idyllic village of other years, it still has pastoral charms for those who will seek them out. The "Little Woods" for example, is yet unspoiled. Very likely a black snake might still run across one's path there as once happened to the writer. Or, perhaps, if one sat quite still under a tree, a tawny fox might break through the undergrowth and slink back at sight of the intruder. This happened twice to me. In May, I am told the arbutus still blooms a deep pink in the sunny pastures and columbines and saxifrage are still gathered by the railroad track. Cows wait at the gates in the dewy twilight and from the deep wood is heard the familiar plaintive song of the hermit thrush. And the sunsets are just as lovely as of old. Only last evening I watched one that was exquisite. Clouds lay along the horizon like islands of flame. Above were threatening dark waves edged with brightest turquoise. A windmill stood against the blue of Mt. Kearsarge, while down from the sky was falling, slowly, softly, a hush like that which drops from brooding wings.

New Hampshire's Moon

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

HOW beautiful shines the harvest moon upon meadow and mountain! How brightly beams the hunters' moon! How beautiful and bright is every full moon which shines upon New Hampshire's vales and hills, rivers and lakes, transforming its darkened landscapes with a silvery splendor, and causing the forests to appear blacker in summer and the snows whiter in winter. From Coos county to the counties of Cheshire, Hillsborough and Rockingham, how beautiful and bright shines New Hampshire's moon upon its meadows and mountains!

Seemingly close to the Granite State, yet far away, New Hampshire's moon varies in its distance, and we should have to walk the length of this state approximately 1300 times to reach the moon. Of course, our moon comes the nearest of all large bodies to the earth. The sun radiates some of its solar rays to our satellite, reaching its surface after a journey of about 8 minutes. Then these solar rays are reflected to New Hampshire, within less than 2 seconds. How very swift is the velocity of light!

New Hampshire's moon moves on an orbit around the earth, with a velocity of 3350 feet per second. Accordingly, our moon presents different phases to the eyes of New Hampshire citizens, depending upon its position relative to the sun. Therefore, we see the well-known "last quarter, new moon, first quarter and full moon." That is, we see more or less of the solar rays illuminating the lunar surface. This lunar disc of about 2160 miles in diameter is exhibited to us at a mean distance of 239,000 miles. As we well know, our moon is sometimes wholly or partially eclipsed. The earth comes between the sun and moon, thus casting a terrestrial shadow upon it.

Not only is our moon revolving around the earth but it is also revolving around the sun, at an orbital velocity of 18 ½ miles per second. It completes its solar revolution in 365 ¼ days. Our moon rotates slowly upon its axis. The length of the lunar day is exactly equal to that of a lunar month. Our moon's weight is only about 1/81 that of the world, its volume 1/49. Our satellite is not so dense as that of the earth, being 3 4/10 times as dense as water. Were one of us who weights 150 pounds here, to reach the moon alive, he would weigh there only 25 pounds.

About one-half of the moon's surface is exhibited to the citizens of New Hampshire. The other face of our satellite is never turned towards us. The surface which we see is covered with craters, mountains, valleys and plains. Through the telescope we behold the craters of Tycho, Copernicus and Gassendi, as well as hundreds of others. Some of these craters have a diameter of 50 to 100 miles. Its ten mountain ranges are mostly named after terrestrial ranges such as Caucasus, Alps, and Apennines. Many of the lunar valleys are deep, narrow and crooked. These may have been formerly water-courses. Also, the great plains on the moon's surface may once have been covered with water. Galileo, centuries ago, so believed, for he called them "oceans" or "seas." For example, there are the "Mare Humorum" and the "Mare Nectaris."

A waterless waste is the moon that shines upon New Hampshire. Lonely

and lifeless; silent as the desert. No clouds, no rain, no voices, no atmosphere, excepting, perhaps, a very rare atmosphere. Where the lunar surface is exposed to the solar rays for fourteen days and the lunar night is fourteen days in length. And during that night the temperature may be as low as 200 degrees below zero. Sole satellite of our earth, compared with which ringed Saturn possesses ten satellites. Harvest moon, hunter's moon. How beautiful and bright shines New Hampshire's moon upon its meadows, mountains, rivers and lakes!

The Seasons

MARION KENNEY

Spring comes to us once a year,
Bringing with her mighty cheer,
Budding leaves come through the trees
Singing birds just fill the air.

Following her the summer comes,
And with her warmth keeps all aglow,
Giving us much sport and fun
Bidding us with care be done.

Then the autumn comes, and green leaves die;
Gray clouds gather in the sky,
Birds depart into the south;
Frosts just bite all things without.

And winter comes, all things seem cold,
Bringing bleakness everywhere;
Yet her briskness fills the air,
Making all feel mighty fair.

Thus you see that all the seasons
Were given us for many reasons,
That we might have variety,
And not just dull monotony.

The Strangest Farm in the World

AGNES BARDEN DUSTIN

FOUR o'clock of an afternoon on any New Hampshire farm is chore time these crisp fall days, and so it is on John T. Benson's big hilly farm in Nashua—the strangest farm in the world, surely. We, as visitors, follow when the hired men "go out to feed the stock". Do they pitch down hay to a row of stanchioned cattle, measure oats for the work-horses and carry swill to the squealing pigs? Well, they fed the pigs, all right, if wild boars, peccaries and wart hogs can be called pigs, for those are the kinds that root around Mr. Benson's barnyard. And the cattle, too, if bison, yaks, water buffaloes out in the cow pasture, and zebus come under that head. We did not notice if there were horses, for the zebras, the giraffes, the gnues and the kangaroos left us a little breathless.

There were elephants with large appetites, and very tall camels, and in the various barns and houses tigers and lions, pumas and lynxes industriously chewed hunks of meat. A house of a thousand monkeys, more or less, chattered and quarreled over their carrots. We saw no one scatter corn for the hens, but down on the ponds hundreds of swans and strange waterfowl had their suppers.

No, Mr. Benson's farm is not a zoo or an amusement resort. It is the place where the wild animals start from. The place to which wild animals and birds from all over the world are shipped, where they are kept for longer or shorter periods to be conditioned and trained before they are sent away to zoological gardens and circuses throughout the country.

Mr Benson is the American representative of the world-renowned German firm of Carl Hagenbeck, catchers and trainers of wild animals, and traders in them since 1848. The famous Carl Hagenbeck Tierpark near Hamburg is a zoological garden absolutely original from every point of view, as all lattice work and railings or fences of any kind were omitted when the park was designed and built, being replaced by ingenious invisible barriers, thus presenting to the visitor the amazing spectacle of herds of animals, of widely different natures, living together on the same grounds without any confining barriers.

The Benson Farm is a busy place, shipments of animals arrive frequently and the mornings are given over to crating and packing the ones that have been sold. Everything on the farm is for sale, from the little, sea-green love birds to the dromedaries and the hippos. It is an ideal place to secure an unique pet, if one is desired, for gorgeous red and gold and blue parrots swing and talk on their perches; snow-white and brilliantly colored peacocks strut and scream, and the children covet the turtles, the guinea pigs and white mice. There are sixteen acres of fresh-water ponds where goldfish are bred and raised, more than a million being shipped each season; and in the aquarium are displayed hundreds of ornamental fish.

We were particularly attracted to the "nursery" in one of the animal houses—a clean little room with a sunny window, floor covered deep with shining yellow straw, and furnished with a small blue table and chair and a box for a bed, filled with its fresh straw mattress. Here

"Mike", a young chimpanzee, valued at $2500, was being trained and handled by his keeper. Good friends these, for as the keeper played stunts with him for exercise, Mike put his arms around the man's neck affectionately and "laughed" with open red mouth, much like a pleased human baby.

Milk from a small herd of goats is used to feed the young animals.

Across the aisle from Mike a solemn chacma baboon watched the play, his exceedingly small eyes, far under pent brows, seeming to look out with age-old wisdom. A reticulated python raised a head as large as a bowl from his water-bath; a South American coati mundi, a cinnamon brown curiosity, boasted the longest and blackest nose in the house and was further decked out with a striking-looking ringed tail. Did the coati's nose grow as long as that from poking it into the business of other animals, we wonder? The eland with his pointed spikes, and the aouded, with his great, curved horns, and such-like "critters" supposedly took the place of the mild sheep flock whose fold they now occupy.

A visitor to the Benson Farm looks at strange and interesting curiosities from the far ends of the earth—certainly more specimens of animals and birds than are ever collected at any one time in any other place in America, particularly if he arrives just after a shipment comes in; and they are all direct from the jungle, the mountains, the desert and the swamp. They come from the temperate, the torrid and the arctic zones. Two thousand monkeys have been on the farm at one time; one hundred monster snakes; sixty camels; twenty zebras; six giraffes. Creatures which one has to have a guidebook to name arrive from long sea voyages, to meet with the expert care they require.

The chief beauty of the place are the water-gardens. There are over sixteen acres of these, a series of ponds, strung like silver beads on the silver chain of a running stream. These ponds are planted with ornamental water plants that attract birds. In June the water lilies are worth going a long way to see: and always the ponds and aquarium furnish rare material for the botanist, the bird enthusiast, the student of fishes, and the artist with camera or brush.

So many people came seeking admittance that two years ago the management granted the public permission to enter the grounds, and since then the farm has become one of the sight-seeing goals for increasing throngs of visitors. The incongruous combination of New England farm and wild jungle animals piques curiosity and makes for interested and enthusiastic inspection. Children find special delight in riding the ponies and donkeys, the elephant and llama, and other strange steeds.

Christopher Schulz, veteran wild animal hunter, stated the prices of some of his "catch" as follows: Baby rhinoceros, valued at between $6000 and $7000. Giraffes are worth about $5000 each, a zebra between $600 and $700, a buffalo calf between $1000 and $1500, some of the antelope family $200; a vulture between $60 and $70, a baboon $100, and a monkey between $30 and $40. Where is there a farm that can boast of such valuable stock?

Keeping such animals alive, conditioning and training them, is an appalling task. But through the efficiency and experience of John T. Benson, a student of wild animals all his life and ex-curator of the Boston Zoological Garden, and his expert assistants, all kinds of animals thrive on this farm and appear well content.

The Management of Anger

REV. WALLACE W. ANDERSON

OUR thought is to center around the practical question of managing anger. Each one of us has felt in some way, under different circumstances, the power of anger. It has various effects upon the soul. It may act as a thunderstorm that clears the sultry, depressing atmosphere, or it may act as a hurricane that uproots and topples over all the foliage in its wake. It can do powerful things. It is no force to toy with and disregard all thought of harnessing and directing. The mismanagement of anger means ineffective living, it means chaos in personal relations and may mean a twisted soul that has lost its sense of God. This question is intimately related to the larger question of victorious living as citizens in the Kingdom.

The man or woman incapable of anger is apt to be a very ineffective figure! Life unruffled by this passion can be unhealthy in its apathy. We could not afford to dispense with this emotion. St. Paul not only tells us to be angry, but he was angry! Read his letter to the Galatians and ask yourself about the condition of his emotional life when he penned these words—"O senseless Galatians, who has bewitched you", and in the same paragraph he goes on "Are you such fools? Did you begin with the spirit only to end now with the flesh?" Paul felt his religion keenly enough to get excited about it. In one of his letters to the church at Corinth, he tells about the love of Jesus Christ. He was so enthusiastic about it all that the failure to understand this love, on the part of others, angered him. "If anyone has no love for the Lord, God's curse be on him"—or "let him be anathema"—we have modern equivalents for that Greek expression which would jar us if we heard them from the pulpit. Paul's tempestuous nature knew anger!

One cannot read the denunciation of the Pharisees—likened to whited sepulchres, outwardly beautiful, inwardly full of dead men's bones—without realizing that Paul's Lord knew what it was to be angry. Sit down before that temple scene and watch Jesus overturn those tables of the money changers—"It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye make it a den of robbers. "The expression—"Jesus, meek and mild," is not true to all the facts. Jesus could be at times a veritable thunderstorm. After he departed the atmosphere was fresh!

Our problem arises from the mismanagement of this dangerous passion. We are angry and, as a result of our anger, human values are destroyed—we have therefore sinned! Look around and see what mismanagement in this realm does.

For centuries the scolder has been held up as a figure of contempt and mockery. What a miserable life he has, and what added misery he brings to all who come within firing distance of his tongue. Such a person has mismanaged the anger tendency. He takes it out on other people.

We do not have to be an habitual scold to know what it means to "let off steam", and be aware of the unfortunate results that may come. It is the peculiarity of this anger tendency that it is stirred to

action when it meets opposition or obstruction. We are forever finding ourselves in positions where we are opposed or obstructed and we may allow anger to accumulate in such quantities that it spills over and vents itself without discrimination. Probably every man here has had the experience of hitting a nail with a hammer several times and then missing the nail and hitting his thumb. Immediately after that experience, have you ever been called by your wife, or children, or asked to answer the doorbell, or telephone? What kind of a tone crept, or rushed, into your voice when you said "What do you want?" You let off steam upon some innocent person who was no more responsible for your injured thumb than the man in the moon. You mismanaged your anger because you made an innocent person suffer for your feeling. How often we ruin our own peace and composure and happiness by mismanagement at this point. The beauty of the day on the golf links may be forgotten, and the round of golf become a succession of curses because we let our anger run away with us. How much more fun, and indeed what better golf a man can play, when he learns the value of a sense of humor that will allow him to see his activity objectively. There you are, a great big man spending all your effort to hit an obstinate little ball that goes crooked or fails to go at all! See it in its proper proportions and have a good laugh. All that emotion wanted was a chance to escape and a laugh always opens a door to let it escape.

It does no good to your inner life to curse the worn monkey wrench, that keeps slipping. Why say things to that breeze that blows a pile of papers from the top of your desk. Such experiences come from some obstruction, or opposition—but why all the excitement? A little common sense will remove the obstruction and the anger will never be aroused.

Psychologists are pointing out the dangers of anger as a method of getting things. A child wants a piece of cake, his want is refused. If he quietly acquiesces, he never gets that cake. He tries a new method. He gets angry; he shouts, and kicks his heels and goes into a temper tantrum. His parents are tired and they cannot stand the noise, so say "all right, just this once—anything to keep you quiet". He gets his cake but he has learned a vicious trick. He may try it all his life on other things beside cake. We all know men and women who still use this trick—adults, but they remain spoiled children. The family must do what father wants done, or he will get mad. Mother must have that expensive thing, which the family budget cannot stand, or she will be upset for weeks. Such people never mature emotionally, psychologically they are children until they realize what they are doing and grow up!

But the mismanagement of anger strikes even closer home when we realize the havoc it may bring in our personal relations. Christianity calls for kindness and consideration, brotherly relationship and understanding—but anger can ruin all this. Subject to uncontrolled bursts of anger, a mother may starve the love relation that ought to exist between herself and her children.

Anger, uncontrolled, has been the beginning of the end of many marriages. Words spoken in anger may haunt us to our dying day. George Eliot says somewhere, "Very slight things make epochs in married life", and again, "Hard speech between those who have loved is hideous in the memory, like the sight of greatness and beauty sunk into vice and rags".

A man once came up to William Booth and told him what religion had done in

one home to control this passion. "O sir, let me have hold of your hand. Glory be to God that ever you came here. My wife, before her conversion, was a cruel persecutor, and a sharp thorn in my side. She would go home from the prayer-meeting before me and as full of the Devil as possible; she would oppose and revile me, but now, sir, she is just the contrary and my house, instead of being a little Hell has become a little Paradise." Homes have been wrecked where this tendency was unfortunately not re-directed as it was in this case.

Not only in the home, but in all of our relations with other people, anger may injure them. The employer, subject to bursts of unbridled anger sends men back to their homes at the end of a day, wearied by a tiredness that has not come entirely from physical toil. The right relation between man and man, that is so essential to Christianity, cannot come when anger is mismanaged!

So it is rather easy to be angry and, as a result of our anger, sin. But to the combination that Paul advises, we now turn our thought. "Be ye angry, but do not sin."

What can we say about this? For one thing we ought to note that anger is too valuable a force to be dissipated. When man discovers a swift moving river, he does not dig little outlets on all sides that will turn into runlets and weaken the force of the main river. Instead, he builds a dam so the power may be greater and then he directs the force where he desires it. So it ought to be with anger. Stop scattering it.

If we are to do this, we must develop the ability to cut short an anger impulse when we are aware that it will do harm. How often we have caught ourselves just in time! We were about to say a word we could never have recalled, if it had once escaped from our lips. We cut it short; silence helped us to regain calm, while an outburst of words would have only increased our inner turmoil.

Of course there are physiological tricks to dispel anger when we want to rid ourselves of its grip. Take a typical situation suggested by Dr. Overstreet in his book "About Ourselves". Two men are quarreling violently. Consider the organic condition of these two. Their muscles are tense, their voices sharp; each is wholly concentrated upon his own grievance. The supposition is fantastic but suppose you could win their attention away from their own grievance and get them to obey your commands. You could say something like this,—"See here, this kind of organic tenseness is all wrong. Relax those arm muscles of yours. That's right. Make them limp; now your neck muscles. Drop the head on your chest. Now the body muscles, now the leg muscles. Now lie down, place your arms way out. Relax". If you could win obedience to such commands, the quarrel would be over. Why? A quarrel involves a contractive condition while relaxation is essentially expansive. Contractive and expansive conditions cannot co-exist. It is just a physiological trick to remember when we are seeking control of anger.

There are other ways to cut it short. Lincoln once heard a man speak abusively of another. Lincoln advised him to put all his invective into a letter, addressed to the man in question. The letter was written and the writer was immensely pleased with his efforts and said, "How would you advise me to send it?" "Send it," said Lincoln, "oh, I wouldn't send it. I sometimes write a letter like that and it does me good, but I never send it." What common sense that was. If a safety valve is necessary, use one, but why make others suffer because we need a safety valve? Develop

the power to cut short the anger impulse when it can only do harm.

Now after we have done this and provided ourselves with safe-guards against the scattering of anger in scolding, petty grievances, foolish little spats with words, we can return to our figure of the stream across which a dam is built.

There ought to be a genuine force flowing over that dam—a force that moves things and flows majestically and triumphantly to the sea. Where there is opposition and obstruction the "anger tendency" arises!

As followers of Jesus, think of the opposition and obstruction to His Kingdom. What are we going to do about it? We can mildly acquiesce and do nothing, or we can rise in righteous indignation and do something. Here we have one of the motive powers of the Kingdom. Throughout the ages, God has found expression in the anger of men and women—anger, without sin, anger that comes when truth and goodness and beauty and love are opposed and obstructed.

What a great host of witnesses to this truth come to mind. There was that lonely misunderstood prophet of the sixth century, before Christ, Jeremiah. He saw actual conditions and he caught a vision of God hindered and imprisoned by those conditions. He was afraid to act; he hesitated for a time, but righteous indignation set him on fire. "And if I say, I will not make mention of God or speak any more in His name, then there is in my heart as it were a burning fire, shut up in my bones—I cannot contain." Something like that started the Protestant Reformation. "God helping me," said Luther, "I can do no other." He was angry for the sake of the Kingdom. Why was Savonarola drawn into the maelstrom of Florence of the 15th Century? He saw the church opposed and obstructed by a corrupt ecclesiastical organization. "O priests, ye shall be changed into a terror. I sought no longer to speak in thy name, O Lord; but Thou hast overpowered me, hast conquered me."

What is behind the humanitarian work of the Salvation Army? It came in part when Gen. Booth, a man of 80 years, was told to rest—"Oh, I know, I know! But I've been thinking of all the sufferings of little children, the children of the great cities, and I can't rest, I can't rest."

It is this kind of anger we want in this church. Wherever the Kingdom is opposed—"be ye angry". What about our own lives? Look at the mistakes you and I have made this past week. See our false motives, our selfishness, our unwise choices. Let us get righteously aroused and do something. Great realities are fading from a generation that finds things and loses the meaning behind all things! Passion is needed.

Moral indignation is a force of inestimable value in human affairs. Slavery was not abolished until men got angry about it. I hope a million people in this country will read "All Quiet on the Western Front". You cannot finish it and talk gently. You get excited, you sit on the edge of your chair. "War is brutal, it is sheer stupidity," says the book. It makes you angry.

We need angry Christians—not men and women who sin in their anger, but those who are angry for Christ's sake!

Lovell Lake Ice-Cutting

MABEL B. BURTON

ICE-CUTTING at Lovell Lake is competitive business since the manufacture of artificial ice. Ice here, demands first attention, for nearly 125 men are employed, making the payroll to average about $450 per day. The person who casually surveys frozen Lovell Lake might conclude that it was just a cold uninteresting "job" to cut ice, but when one gets the correct perspective of the ice field, it presents a peculiar spectacle. The first bold fact is that it does not yield the crop of ice that it did twenty years ago at this season, for the reason that the climate is changing. We do not have the extreme cold weather that we used to have which is conducive to a good ice crop. It will go on record this year that ice-cutting was continued as late as the third week in March at Lovell Lake. This year, the season opened January 24 and on the last day of February there were five more ice houses at the plant to fill, it is said by those who are informed on the subject. The manager, Homer Chapman, and his crew have gotten used to the variety of weather the weather man has handed out this year.

Strange as it may seem, although this plant has had electric and gasoline power for the last three years there is a necessity for fourteen horses being kept the most of the time. In spite of the fact that the scraping is done with a tractor, there are times that horses can work to better advantage, but this is for short periods only. There was a time when hoisting machinery with power from horses in a treadmill arrangement on Lovell Lake was common, and the only way. This has been supplanted by electric power, which carries the cakes up to a height of thirty-six feet.

The start of ice-cutting at this lake is, "wait till the ice is about ten or eleven inches thick", then clear off the snow with gasoline power tractor. The pond's surface is marked in squares like a checkerboard. After the grooves in the surface are made, they are corked with snow so the marks will not freeze solid again. The first line should be straight, as the lines drawn parallel with it depend upon it for straightness. The ploughs that do the marking are provided by gasoline motor power. Next a canal is broken through, which extends nearly to the lake's largest island. This canal begins at the end of the chute from the houses and is kept open by a scow run by two men, night and day.

The work of taking out the ice comes next. This is done with a circular saw, for cutting first. It is behind a gasoline engine, mounted upon runners. The saw, two feet in diameter, is covered with a metal guard and can be lifted up or dropped down at will. There is a round roller which helps to move the sled. The saw is let down till it cuts within an inch or two of the bottom of the ice. It is run criss-cross to make forty-four-inch squares.

The fields are about one-half mile long and as wide as can be scraped conveniently, and are separated into strips by men with long splitting bars, two or three-toothed drills, and floated along by men with long hooked poles. They don't stop to scrape off the snow, for at the end of the slip, the strips are separated by men with more drills into cakes weighing 800 pounds. These in turn are

fed to an endless chain rigging, which is covered by a roof and taken from the water and carried up thirty-six feet. While on the way each cake goes under a scraper or planer. The scrapings fall down, to be caught by a stream of water and washed away.

After this, the cakes slide by gravity down a track, some in one direction to fill cars on the railroad siding, and others to the opening of the ice-houses. Two men at the door snake the cakes off the main road with hooks and shoot them down another incline into a shed where they are piled on top of each other by a crew of men. Some of the cakes slide down along the front of the long shed, being caught at appropriate doorways by other crews.

These houses, forty feet high, hold 75,000 tons. With a crew of 115 men working from 7 to 5 o'clock, an average of twelve cars per day are filled, and the filling of the ice house, besides two gigantic stacks of 20-tier-cake length, in eight weeks time was the record for 1928 at Lovell Lake. There was the operation of putting two feet of hay over the layers of 21-inch thick cakes, after the houses were solid full and a wall of sawdust at the ends, sealing the doors and openings up. Not much ice is wasted. The chip pile, however, at the end of the sluice is much larger than in former years.

Part of the time, it has been very cold, and some days the weather has been so warm that there has been about three inches of water on the ice. None of the men dress heavily as they did in bad old days before electricity and before the climate had changed. Here, as in other occupations, the men do not "bundle up" so much. In fact, the times seem to demand less and less clothing at everything.

Maple Syrup to Bathe In

CONSTANCE EDGERTON

TO the shoe factory town of Hoxie came the John Martin family. The day they moved into the Castle, as the manager's house was called, Carmelo Angostura was gathering violets for the Virgin's altar. When he saw a pony being led to the stable he forgot his mission, discarded the flowers he had gathered, and crept into the stable to sit atop the box stall.

Here ten year old Mary Martin found him when she came with sugar for Snipe, her pet. She patted the glossy neck, held out her hand with the sugar, and while the pony delicately sniffed at it, she asked: "Want to ride?"

"Yes," the boy replied.

Dextrously she adjusted the saddle. Carmelo mounted and Snipe walked sedately out of the stable and cantered about the grass.

It was marvelous. A pony. White as snow and a real saddle like he had seen in street parades. He could tell Salvatore, Josie, Minnie, mama and papa he had ridden the pony belonging to the beautiful little girl living in the Castle. Her hair was a halo of gold, her skin like a rose and her eyes as blue as the Italian skies Papa Angostura was forever talking about.

When he dismounted he said: "I thank you. If you will allow me to work for you - - - - - - -."

"You will repay me by just coming," said the girl. "I have no one to play with and you are a manly boy. You must come every day. I am so lonely."

"Every day?" he asked.

She had a New England conscience. "Not every day. There might be days the pony was ill or - - - - - ".

"I will come," he said.

Not a day did he miss. It was necessary to skip school to be at the barn every day at two. When Papa Angostura found it out he beat him soundly, took him by the hand and led him back to the parochial school, and advised Sister Emily to keep a strict watch on him.

The Angosturas lived in a ten room house — that is the house had ten rooms. They lived in four which left six for Carmelo and Salvatore to play in. Six high ceilinged rooms! Each steeped with stories for Carmelo. In this room some redcoat had hidden while the colonials dashed by thinking they were yet pursuing him. In another he could visualize some rebellious dame melting her pewter into bullets for her husband to fight for freedom. In the third room he knew history had been made, argued over, mayhap written in blood. He loved to dream. His father spoke of the time he would get a permit and work in the shoe factory. He rebelled at this. He did not mean to be called "wop" all his life. He was an American. True, he was five when he landed in Boston, and he could speak no English, but just as his body had sturdily developed with the New England climate, his mind had taken on the New England ideals and life. He did not dream of becoming president or even manager of the shoe factory as Mr. Martin was, but he knew he would do something better than his neighbors who were out of work three months a year because of strikes, and had to keep their children from school in the cold New England winter, as they had no shoes; who could not give

their children real maple syrup from the Vermont orchards on their morning cakes as Mary Martin had. Papa Angostura worked twelve months a year because a factory must have a watchman even in times of shut down.

Carmelo skipped school no more. He must content himself with riding the pony on Saturdays, and there were vacation days. On a lovely June day Mary brought a young woman to the stable with her and said gravely: "Carmy, this is Miss Lee, my governess."

Carmelo took off his cap, blushed, replaced it, and dug his toe into the ground. Miss Lee said she came to watch him ride. She liked a pony. His self-consciousness left him. He exhausted all his riding tricks for Miss Lee.

"What is a governess?" he asked Mary when Miss Lee left them.

"A teacher."

"To teach just you?"

"Yes."

"Are you rich?"

"We must be," said Mary, "for we have everything and I am not allowed to play with common children. Mama does not know I have you for a playmate. She is away much and Miss Lee watches me."

That night he told his father. Papa Angostura roared anathema at the capital of the world, the shoe factories of the state in general; the shoe factory of Hoxie in particular, and John Martin principally. Carmelo felt this was getting personal. He asked: "Is he so bad, papa?"

"None worse," said his father. "Grinds us down. Pays us a few pennies an hour, makes us live like animals, and you see, we cannot educate our children. You, my son, have the good voice. Education would make of you a renowned singer. But it is not for you. The factory will be your life. And this John Martin can pay a teacher for his one child! Mrs Martin would run you off the place if she saw you — a working man's son!"

And that is what Mrs. John Martin did the next day. She returned unexpectedly from the city and found her daughter with Carmelo.

The boy shook a diminutive fist at her and in a soft Italian consigned her to a climate where no snow falls.

"You little wop," she said, "go."

Then he spoke his beloved English slowly, perfectly and informed her that syrup for breakfast, dinner and supper; some day he, too, would have maple maple syrup to drink, to bathe in, to swim in. Today she was up, but wait, only wait. She would come crawling to him, and he would spurn her. He would be wealthy, and he would marry Mary!

Mary, on the stable step, her head in her arms, wept in reckless abandonment. "I will always love you, Carmy," she said as he walked proudly away. Then she resumed her weeping.

Carmelo Washington Angosturo, between concert tours, was at the home of his parents, which was the little Italy of the shoe factory town of Hoxie. For three years the public had lovingly called him "the second Caruso," this boy with the golden voice. A dutiful son he remained. Much money he sent to his parents, who now occupied the entire ten rooms of their home, cooked spaghetti in milk every day (formerly it had been only on St. Mary's Day, August 15, they had the milk), and were the pride of little Italy, where papa was a ward boss, in a tailor-made suit, working for the civic and spiritual betterment of his people. Mama had an electric washing machine and an electric sweeper. Salvatore was studying in a seminary. Josie and Minnie were graduated from a convent school in Boston. Josie taught in the Fourth ward school. Minnie was a welfare worker.

And now old Father Flynn — whose

place Papa Angostura hoped his Salvatore would some day fill — was giving a bazaar. He stopped at the Angostura home to ask Carmelo to sing. Carmelo loved the old man who had sent him to Holy Cross in Worcester, and later to Italy to complete his studies.

Gladly would he sing, and if Father so desired, he would sing at the High Mass on Sunday.

Tall, lithe and handsome was Carmelo as he came upon the stage, thought the girl at the piano. Mary, this girl was called, and her golden hair accentuated her gem-hard blue eyes. Most folk called her beautiful. The singer looked impersonally at her and his song filled the hall. Again and again he responded.

Back stage the girl came to him and asked: "Carmy, don't you know me?"

"Yes, Mary, and I still love you," he said simply.

"For fifteen years you ignored me."

"Your mother showed me my place."

"She is different now," said Mary. "We are poor. Papa lost everything. I work in an office days and play nights at any entertainment I am asked to - - - "

"Carmelo, papa is waiting," said Josie, who was of abrupt manner.

Next day Mrs. Martin rang the bell at the Angostura door. Carmelo, sitting at the old piano Father Flynn had given him on his twelfth birthday, strumming an old love song that had to do with gondolas, sunny skies and velvet-eyed maidens, admitted her.

She came to the point at once. "I was rude to you years ago. I have suffered reverses since and you have prospered. You have your maple syrup to bathe in, if the press reports are correct. Can you forgive me? Mary loves you — always has."

He knew she had worked hard with her pride to so humble herself to him.

"Come and see her, Carmy," she went on, "that is if you can stoop to our family. Mr. Martin is night watchman at the factory now."

"Night watchmen are prime favorites with me. I was reared by one," he said. "Wait until I get the car. We will go together to Mary and I will ask her to let me pay her for all the rides she gave me."

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Editorial

WE are so prone these days to use superlatives even in discussion of everyday incidents that they have lost significance. Senator Borah makes a speech which moderately impresses the blase Washington correspondents and they proceed to tell the world that the eloquence of the self-centered Idahoan stands unequalled in modern times. Senator Moses indulges in one of his biting sarcasms and we are told it rankles more than any of his previous ironic jabs at big pretensions of little contemporaries. Crowds at football games, prize fights or any other sporting event are watched narrowly and if it is not the largest gathering of all time to see the particular competition, it is at any rate the largest crowd that ever saw athletes perform in Chicago or Boston or Podunk. And so on through the whole gamut of happenings; fire, flood, railroad wreck, ship that goes down in the ocean, landslide, snowslide, blizzard, snow storm, thunder storm; all to attract more than casual attention must stand forth as extraordinary, if not in world history at least in local annals. Or so the reporters writing for their papers, the radio announcers describing the event to "millions" of unseen, presumably entranced listeners, seem to believe.

Sometimes we are disposed to doubt that the people have lost all interest in everything except those of cataclysmic proportions. Then again it seems as if people have become callous and indifferent to the really important considerations and that the blithe reporters and extravagant headline writers and cocksure radio announcers may be right. This latter feeling prevails when the frequent repetitions by officials and other observers of statements relating the appalling loss of life in automobile accidents, and the constant admonitions to motorists to exercise more care and less selfishness in their driving, falls on apparently deaf ears. There seems no other way to account for the failure of the weekly publication of motor vehicle casualties, now a regular feature of all newspapers, to have any appreciable effect on the reckless, chance-taking operators. Too many moderns have become so habituated to loss of life running into the hundreds or thousands in a single catastrophe that a recital of ten or twenty or more persons killed in automobile accidents in course of a week is unimpressive. Some drivers, very likely, have a notion that nothing like that could happen to them, feeling that theirs are charmed lives. It is more probable that most of the errant drivers have absolutely nothing

registered on their minds by the periodic publication of the automobile mishaps. If these reckless, heedless, incompetent drivers were the only ones killed or grievously injured the situation would not be so bad, but unfortunately while the toll of the delinquents is large, the innocent and helpless victims are much more numerous.

In spite of the warnings uttered time and again by Motor Vehicle Commissioner John F. Griffin, Chief Michael J. Healy and most of the other police heads, more people will be killed as the result of automobile accidents in New Hampshire in 1929 than in any preceding twelve months since the first horseless carriage appeared on the public highways and evoked the derision of the skeptical multitude and the scorching denunciation of men trying to calm the fright of shying and rearing horses. The derision has disappeared and what horses are left on the highways accept the high-powered speeding machines as a matter of course, but the automobiles are immeasurably more deadly than they were in those early days when horses were scared and ran away and furnished most of the casualties by dumping out their drivers along the road. Needless to say this condition is not peculiar to New Hampshire. Every state in the union has the same problem to work on and none of the states are having any better success in finding a solution by which the death and injury lists may be reduced instead of continuously mounting. There is no dearth of suggestions of ways to bring about improvement in conditions. Many have been tried with discouraging results. Drastic enforcement of motor vehicle laws have been effective, but only temporarily while the officers were mobilized for a brief space of time to devote their entire attention to automobile drivers having bad habits and were neglecting their other duties. As in the case of prohibition, in order to catch enough of the offenders against the law to frighten others into submission an army of officers would have to be on the job twenty-four hours of every day and the judges would have to be uniformly severe in passing out penalties. And even then, so obsessed with speed have moderns become, many persons would rather go to jail for thirty or sixty days than to curb their hankering for the thrill fast driving affords them.

Experiments are being tried out in some states which may bring beneficial results. More rigid tests are being given applicants for driving licenses and men and women who display a dubious sense of responsibility are to be refused a legal right to operate an automobile. Moreover the motor vehicle commissioners have broad powers of supervision which enable them to suspend or revoke driving licenses for reasons they may deem sufficient, and that power is being increasingly used by some officials. Persons caught driving cars while under the influence of liquor, or who though sober have taken a drink of liquor, are given short shrift by the New Hampshire commissioner, yet every week a large number of driving licenses are taken up on that account. Hit and run drivers are becoming more common though whenever caught they are usually given more severe sentences than would have been their portion had they shown themselves manly enough to shoulder their responsibility, or indicating ordinary humanitarianism even though belated in its appearance. The police court records show daily drivers who gave no heed to red lights and stop signs, an act in itself that lays the offender open to strong suspicion of reckless driving instinct, or at least a heedless disregard ot the rights of others.

Vigorous measures undoubtedly are necessary to curb the propensities of

naturally vicious persons who take the wheel of an automobile and roar pellmell along the road forcing everybody else to give way or be run down, and such drivers should get the limit of the law, but all speed addicts are not inherently vicious. Many are just thoughtless persons who are giving in to that unruly spirit of restlessness of the age, a neurotic manifestation. They are not wittingly disregardful of the rights of others. They take an exaggerated view of their own rights. There is some hope that this type may come to their senses ultimately. The others, those who are willfully disregardful of considerations of decency should be thrown off the road for keeps.

To The Contoocook River

ALICE D. O. GREENWOOD

Little river, laughing river,
Dancing onward to the sea,
Skipping lightly o'er the pebbles,
Thou remindest me
Of my far off, happy girlhood,
When I too like thee,
Danced and sang while skipping onward
To the great gray sea.

Like the river, never dreaming,
Of the reefs and shoals ahead,
Life a gala day erst seeming,
As I onward sped.
Now methinks I hear the breakers,
And hear voices calling me,—
I must have my passport ready,
For I'll soon put out to Sea.

Snap Shots

MARY E. HOUGH

The house-lot and the fence,
Still bordered by wild asters!
But since he went,
What will vacation be on the old place?
Why is it, wife, you find it all so homelike,
After a sorrow leaves its silent trace?

Our meadows where the daisies grew—
Now golf-links.
But you don't mind—
You've found the seat beneath the old beech tree
Where you once sat and mended little garments,
And here's the vine-clad stoop—
Just as it used to be.

I must not try to take too much in one exposure,
A camera so small won't take in all the view.
I'll leave the steps and gateway
For another photo,
To-day I'll take your favorite haunt—
And you.

The yellow leaves are peeping in and out the camera;
They cast strange figures on your silvery hair.
The slide keeps changing!
In the flickering shadow
The smooth beech-trunk looks dark and cold,
Like tarnished pewter-ware.

No glimpse, of course, of my old apple-orchard
And mound of wild-thyme
Growing near the putting-green.
But wait a minute, do,
You're floating off the picture,
And I must stop and coax you back,
Where you'll be seen.

Now here you come again,
A gleam of flight that wavers,
There now, it's taken!
This little print will live right on
In some card album—we don't know—
And still be looked upon,
When we the truly real
Who loved the old farm so,
Have long since gone.

. . . . . .

Forgive me, dear, "Not gone?"
I know what you are thinking.
Expressed in camera terms,
What is it, Wife,
"The form we loved has only floated off the trial picture,
That film of light and shadow we call life?"

Origin and History of Some Staple Articles of Food

CONTRIBUTED

Chapter One.

The Potato

THE potato is of great importance as affording food both for human beings and for cattle, and next to the principal cereals, it is the most valuable of all plants for human food. It is also useful for various purposes in the arts.

No food plant is more widely diffused; it is cultivated in sub-tropical countries; and struggles for existence in gardens even within the arctic circle, yielding small and watery tubers, although the effects of late spring frosts or early autumnal frosts upon its foliage often prove that it is a plant properly belonging to a milder climate. It is grown in New Zealand, Japan, Labrador, Lapland and in various countries widely separated from each other and enters largely into the general consumption.

No more important event of its kind has ever taken place than the general introduction of potato culture into the husbandry of the European countries. It has exercised a most beneficial influence on the general welfare of the people, increasing the national wealth, and preventing, as a few farseeing thinkers had anticipated, the once frequent returns of famine. That in 1846 and 1847, terrible famine resulted in Ireland and elsewhere from the failure of the potato crop itself, was owing only to the excess to which its cultivation had been carried. The results confirmed two great laws, that plants long very extensively or almost exclusively cultivated in any district, however successfully they may be cultivated for a time, are sure to fail at last, and that the exclusive or almost exclusive, dependence of a people on one source or means of support is unfavorable to their welfare in respect to all their interests.

The varieties of the potato in cultivation are extremely numerous. Any enumeration or classification of them is impossible. New ones are frequently appearing and old varieties are passing away. Those most advantageously cultivated in particular soils and climates are often found to degenerate when removed to a small distance. Potatoes differ considerably in the character of their herbage, which is sometimes erect, sometimes straggling, and in the size and color of their flowers, but are most generally distinguished by the size, form and color of their tubers, which are round, long or kidney shaped, white, red, dark purple, variegated, etc.

Times, soils, climates, manures, and scientific methods of cultivation have produced wonderful changes in the potato as in most other vegetables. The rich plum of our gardens is the wild beach plum improved by culture. Celery, so mild and sweet, is produced from the rank, coarse weed called smallage. The cherry in its wild state, is small, hard and bitter. What it is as improved is well known, so with potatoes. From poor, watery and unnutritious, they have been cultivated into a wholesome, pleasant tasting and nutritious article of food,

next to wheat, an article of the first importance to mankind, combining the advantages of easy culture, large yield and great amount of dry nutritive matter.

The potato is a native of mountainous districts of tropical and sub-tropical America, probably from Chili to Mexico, but there is great difficulty in deciding where it is really indigenous and where it has spread after being introduced by man. Humbolt doubted if it had ever been found truly wild, but subsequent travelers of high scientific reputation express themselves as thoroughly satisfied on this point. Except that the tubers are smaller, the wild plant differs little from the cultivated.

Maize and the potato are the two greatest gifts which America has given to the rest of the world. The potato has been cultivated in America and its tubers used for food from times long anterior to the discovery of America by Europeans. The common opinion and perhaps the just one, is that it originated in Chili, in the vicinity of the Andes. It was not known in Mexico when that country was discovered by the Spaniards, nor in Central America, but it grew spontaneously in Peru, in the neighborhood of Quito and was cultivated in Chili, Peru, New Grenada, all along the Andes. It is a kind of historical monument and its subsequent appearance in different and distant places indicates the progress of commerce and civilization.

Mexico and Peru were conquered in 1519 and 1531. Here is a most curious problem. The potato was not known in Mexico, but in 1584 it was found in Virginia, two thousand miles from its home in the Andes. If it originally belonged to the southern hemisphere alone, how came it in Virginia at so early a period, while yet it was unknown in Mexico and the mountainous parts of the West Indies? Humbolt says "we know not a single fact by which the history of South America is connected with that of North America." We know not that there was any communication between them until after the European conquest. Certainly the two most powerful empires, those of Peru and Mexico, had not heard of each other. The early discoverers, however, found the potato in Peru and in Virginia but not in the West Indies. It was found growing wild in both these countries, by the first white men, the probability is that it was an original native production of both the northern and southern hemispheres. One thing is plain, that it is a native of America only.

The potato seems to have been first brought to Europe by the Spaniards from the neighborhood of Quito, in the beginning of the sixteenth century and it then spread from Spain into the Netherlands, Burgundy and Italy, but only to be cultivated in a few gardens as a curiosity and not for general use as an article of food. It long received throughout almost all European countries, the same name with the "botatas" or sweet potato, which is the plant or tuber meant by English writers down to the middle of the seventeenth century in their use of the name "potato." It appears to have been brought to Ireland from Virginia by Hawkins, a slave trader, in 1565, and to England by Sir Francis Drake in 1585, without attracting much notice, till it was a third time imported from America by Sir Walter Raleigh.

The expedition fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh to settle Virginia, returned from the Bay of Albemarle, in 1586. Potatoes were then first carried to England by the vessels composing the expedition. The discoverers found tobacco, Indian corn and potatoes growing at the places they visited, the three being natives of America. This same year, potatoes were planted, at Sir Walter Raleigh's estate,

at Younghall, near Cork, where and in the vicinity, they were grown for food long before they were introduced into England to any extent. At first they were regarded as luxuries, steeped in wine and sugar, and then baked, were preserved in sugar and in other ways, just as the sweet potato was in England for many years before our potato was known there. The sweet kind was imported from Spain and the Canary Islands and was used chiefly by the confectioners in making sweetmeats, mixed with sugar, as peanuts and flour now are.

It was still a long time before it began to be extensively cultivated. Gerard, in his "Herball" published in 1597, gives a figure of it under the name of "batata Virginiana" but so little were its merits appreciated that it was not even mentioned in the "Complete Gardener," of London and Wise, published more than a century later, in 1719, while another writer of the same time says that it is inferior to skirret and radish. It began, however, to be imagined that it might be used with advantage for "feeding swine or other cattle," and by and by that it might be useful for poor people and for the prevention of famine or failures of the grain crops.

The Royal Society took up this idea and in 1663 adopted measures for extending the cultivation of the potato for the prevention of famines. Not that they cared much for it themselves. It had not found its way to their tables. Their thought was that by adding another to the edible vegetables in use they might diminish the danger of famine, an evil of more frequent occurrence then than now. The Royal Society considered it as a desirable last resort.

For more than a hundred years it was little esteemed. It was spoken of slightingly, and very slowly won its way into favor, so strong were the prejudices against novelties. The best thing said of it was that in Ireland it furnished food to poor people and was used to advantage. Nor were they raised in large quantities for cattle. Even in 1669, Evelyn, a learned man and excellent farmer said, "Plant potatoes in your poorest land," which shows how strong was the prejudice against the vegetable.

It was not until 1750 that the potato was generally known in England, being first introduced from Ireland into Lancashire about this time. Its cultivation soon became general there and thence spread over England, becoming important as a field crop. It was thence introduced in Scotland and then into Germany and France. In Germany the local governments took an interest in its cultivation and promoted it by compulsory regulation. In France the extension of its culture was extensively promoted by one Parmentier.

The culture of the potato in New England was due to the early settlers of Londonderry, N. H., who brought the potato with them from Ireland. Until their arrival it was not cultivated in New England. To them, belongs the credit of its introduction to general use. Although highly prized by this company of settlers, it was for a long time but little regarded by their English neighbors, a barrel or two being considered a supply for a family. But its value as a food for man and beast became at length more generally known. The following well authenticated fact will show how little known to the community at large the potato must have been.

A few of the settlers of Londonderry had passed the winter previous to their establishment in New Hampshire, in Andover, Mass. Upon taking their departure from one of the families, with whom they had resided, they left a few

potatoes for seed. The potatoes were accordingly planted, came up and flourished well, blossomed and produced balls, which the family supposed were the fruit to be eaten. They cooked the balls in various ways but could not make them palatable and pronounced them unfit for food. The next spring, while ploughing their garden, the plough passed through where the potatoes had grown and turned out some of great size, by which means they finally discovered their mistake. Such is the history of the potato, the most important vegetable known to mankind.

Chapter Two.

Indian Corn.

Maize, the giant cereal, known in the United States and Canada as "Indian Corn," was the great food plant of those tribes of American Indians who sought the aid of cultivation in obtaining food. It is now quite generally supposed to have been derived from native grasses of Mexico and Guatemala.

A representation of the plant found in an ancient Chinese book in the royal library at Paris, and the alleged discovery of some grains of it in the cellars of ancient houses in Athens, have led some to suppose that it is a native also of the east, as well as America, and that it has from a very early period been cultivated there. It has even been said to be the "corn" of Scripture, although on this supposition it is not very easy to account for the apparently subsequent neglect of it until after the discovery of America. There can be hardly any doubt that it is a native only of America.

The writer, Harshberger, says that evidence shows that maize was introduced into what is now the United States from the tribes of Mexico and from the Caribs of the West Indies but the period of time of this introduction can only be conjectured. That it was long before the appearance of Europeans, however, is evident, not only from its early and widespread cultivation by tribes living in the area now embraced in the United States but from the fact that indications of its cultivation are to be found in mounds and in the ancient pueblo ruins and cliff dwellings, while further corroborative evidence is to be found in the fact that several varieties of maize had already been developed at the time of discovery, four separate varieties being mentioned as in use among the early Indians of Virginia.

Columbus himself brought it to Spain about the year 1520. Jacques Cartier, the first European to enter the St. Lawrence river, observed large fields of growing maize at Hochelaga, (now Montreal) in 1534, and Champlain, in 1604, found it in cultivation at almost every point he visited from Nova Scotia to the reaches of the upper Ottawa river.

The supplies of maize obtained from the Indians by the New England and Virginia colonists are well known. The early settlers of Plymouth or the Pilgrims, as they are commonly called, arrived off Cape Cod in the Mayflower, on November 11, 1620, and they at once commenced to look for a suitable place in which to locate their settlement. A landing party was accordingly sent out on the 15th of November and the following day they made some discoveries.

Says Governor Bradford in his "Journal": "Afterwards they directed their course to come to ye other shore, for they knew it was a necke of land they were to crosse over, and so at length gott to ye seaside, and marched to this supposed river, and by ye way found a pond of fresh clear water, and shortly after a good quantitie of clear ground wher ye Indians had formerly set corne, and some of their graves.

"And proceding furder they saw new stubble wher corne had been set ye same year, also they found wher latly a house had been, wher some planks and a great kettle was remaining and heaps of sand newly padled with their hands, which they, digging up, found in them diverce faire Indean baskets filled with corne, and some in ears, faire and good, of diverce collours, which seemed to them a very goodly sight, having never seen any shuch before.

"So their time limeted them being expired, they returned to ye ship least they should be in fear of their saftie; and tooke with them parts of ye corne, and buried up ye rest, and so like ye men from Eshcoll carried with them of ye fruits of ye land and showed their brethren of which and their return, they were marvelously glad, and their harts incouraged."

Later they went out again and as Governor Bradford says: "ther was also found 2 of their houses covered with matts, and sundrie of their implements in them, but ye people were run away and could not be see also ther was found more of their corne and of their beans of various collours. The corne and beans they bought away, purposeing to give them full satisfaction when they should meete with any of them (as about some 6 months afterwards they did, to their good contente.)

"And here it is to be noted a spetiall providence of God, and a great mercie to this poor people, that hear they gott seed to plant them corne ye next year or els they might have starved, for they had none, nor any likelyhood to get any till ye season had beene past as ye sequell did manyfest."

Hennepin, Marquette, Joliet, La Salle and other early French explorers of the Mississippi Valley found all the tribes they visited from the Minnesota river to the Gulf of Mexico, and even into Texas, cultivating maize; and the same fact was true of the tribes between northwest Mexico and the plains of Kansas when visited by Coronado in 1540-42. Even the Mandan and Arikara on the upper Missouri had their maize patches when first seen by white men.

How far northward on the Pacific slope the cultivation of maize had extended at the time of its discovery is not known. Evidence that it or anything else was cultivated in California west of the Rio Colorado valley is still lacking. Brinton expresses the opinion that maize was cultivated both north and south to the geographical extent of its productive culture. Such at least appears to have been true in regard to its extent northward on the Atlantic slope, except in the region of the upper Mississippi and the Red River of the north.

The ease with which maize could be cultivated and conserved and its bountiful yield, caused its rapid extension among the Indians after it first came into use. With the exception of better tillage the method of cultivation is much the same today among civilized men as among the natives. Thomas Hariot, who visited Virginia in 1586, says the Indians put four grains in a hill "with care that they touch not one another." The extent to which the cereal was cultivated in prehistoric times by the Indians may be inferred from these facts and from the observations of early explorers.

It seems evident from the history of the expeditions of De Soto and Coronado (1540-42) that the Indians of the Gulf states and of the Pueblo region relied chiefly on maize for food. It is also probable that a moiety of the food supply of the Indians of Virginia and the Carolinas and of the Iroquois and Huron tribes, was from the cultivation of corn. Du Pratz says the Indians "from the

sea (gulf) as far as the Illinois," make maize their principal subsistence.

The amount of corn of the Iroquois destroyed by Denonville in 1687 has been estimated at more than a million bushels, but this estimate is probably excessive. According to one writer, Tonti, who took part in the expedition, the army was engaged seven days in cutting up the corn of four villages. Shea, another writer, says in his "Early Voyages on the Mississippi," "the Tounicas (Tonika) live entirely on Indian corn."

Gen. Wayne, writing in 1794 of the Indian settlements, asserts that "the margins of these beautiful rivers, the Miamis of the Lakes and the Au Glaize, appear like one continued village for a number of miles both above and below this place, Grand Glaize, nor have I ever before beheld such immense fields of corn in any part of America from Canada to Florida."

From the Indians we derive ashcake, hoecake, succotash, samp, hominy, the hominy mortar, etc., and even the cribs elevated on posts are patterned after those of the Indians of the southern states. Corn was used in various ways by the natives in their ceremonies, and among some tribes the time of planting, ripening and harvesting was made the occasion for festivities. The Indians held maize in veneration as a gift from the Great Spirit. A very pretty legend of theirs refers to its origin as the answer to the prayer of a young brave at his fast of virility or coming into manhood. Under the guise of a handsome youth, a full stalk in ears and tassel was set down on the earth by the Great Spirit and it was called "Mondamin."

The culture and harvest of the maize was left to the women, the youth and the aged men. The work was not compulsory, but was assumed voluntarily by the women as their proper division of labor, while the men attended to the more arduous duties of hunting, fishing and defending their homes and territory from enemies. With an abundant harvest of corn the faithful squaw felt herself well able to royally entertain the guests of her husband's lodge. The Indians planted their maize in the spring time when the young leaves of the oak tree were as large as a squirrel's foot.

Maize was formerly called Turkey corn or Turkey wheat, its origin, like that of the Turkey cock or turkey, being at one time erroneously ascribed vaguely to "Turkey" or the East. Maize is said to furnish food to a larger part of the human race that any other grain except rice. There are very few plants of which the uses are more various and few which are of greater importance to mankind.

Chapter Three.

The Baldwin Apple

Of all the many kinds of fruit, the one which is the most indispensable and which it would be the hardest to do without, is the apple. Among the many varieties of apples, the one most appreciated both for its flavor and keeping qualities is that known as the Baldwin, bearing the name of the celebrated engineer, Col. Loammi Baldwin.

It is to him that we are indebted for the introduction to public notice and for the earliest cultivation of the Baldwin apple. The story of its discovery by him and of how he brought it to public notice is very interesting. It appears that Col. Baldwin was one day surveying some land at a place called Butler's Row, in Wilmington, Mass., near the bounds of that town, Woburn and Burlington, when he noticed some woodpeckers continually flying to a certain tree which stood on the land of James Butlers nearby.

Somewhat curious to know the cause

of their frequenting this particular tree, he finally went to it, and finding under it some apples of an excellent flavor and well worth cultivating, he returned to the tree the next spring and took from it scions to graft into stocks of his own.

It appears that this tree came up as a chance seedling on this farm, then owned by John Ball, about 1740, and for many years was unnoticed. The farm eventually came into the possession of a man by the name of Butlers, who gave the name of woodpecker to the apple, because the tree was such an attraction to these birds.

The exact date of its discovery by Col. Baldwin is not possible to secure but it must have been before 1784. It should be stated here that the portion of Wilmington in which it was found was at that period a part of the town of Woburn. On February 13, 1784, Col. Baldwin sent a barrel of these apples to Governor Bowdoin and the following correspondence was the result:

"Mr. Baldwin, of Woburn, presents his compliments to Mr. Bowdoin and begs him to accept a barrel of a particular species of apple which proceeded from a tree that originally grew spontaneously in the woods about fourteen miles north of Boston." Woburn, February 13, 1784.

Boston, Mass., February 14, 1784.

"Mr. Bowdoin presents his respectful compliments to Colonel Baldwin and begs him to accept his thanks for ye barrel of apples he sent, for which he is much obliged to him, and the more so, as the apples are ye produce of so uncommon a tree."

Many other persons in the vicinity, induced by Col. Baldwin's example or advice, grafted trees of their own soon after with scions of this tree. Later, whenever Col. Baldwin attended court, or went into different parts of the country as high sheriff, he was accustomed to carry scions of this variety of apples with him and to distribute them around among his friends, so that this species of fruit soon came to be extensively known and cultivated.

The original tree is stated to have been blown down in the famous September gale of 1815. At first known as woodpecker apples, from the bird whose constant flight to it had attracted the notice of Col. Baldwin and led to the discovery of the excellence of the fruit, it was afterwards called by many "Butler" apple, from the name of the man who owned the farm where it was found.

Some years later, it is stated, Col. Baldwin had a party of gentlemen at his house to dine. He set before them a dish of these apples, and one of his guests, admiring their good qualities, asked him by what name they were known. "By no name in particular," the colonel replied, "call them, if you please, Baldwin apples." This has ever since been their name.

Another story of the discovery of the apple runs as follows. It is claimed that one Samuel Thompson was the real discoverer while he was surveying along the line of the Middlesex canal, in 1793, and that he called it to the attention of Col. Baldwin. This contention is supported by the inscription on a monument erected in Wilmington, Mass. The inscription reads as follows:

This Pillar
Erected in 1895
By the
Rumford Historical
Association
Incorporated April 28,
1877
Marks the Estate
Where in 1793
Samuel Thompson, Esq.
While Locating the
Line of the

Middlesex Canal
Discovered the First
Pecker Apple Tree
Later Named the
Baldwin.

On the right hand side of the monument near the top is the following inscription:

Exact Spot
340 Feet West
Arrow
10 North

The monument is a plain stone of granite, square, about eight feet in height and is surmounted by an apple of stone resting on its side.

This story, however, is claimed by the descendants of Col. Loammi Baldwin to be entirely wrong and the inscription on the monument is said to be misleading and they produce evidence to that effect, claiming that the Samuel Thompson mentioned had nothing whatever to do with it.

Col. Loammi Baldwin was born at Woburn, Mass., January 21, 1745. He received a common school education and later, devoting his attention to mathematics, he studied at Harvard College, under Professor Winthrop, becoming a surveyor and engineer. He served as a member of the Middlesex County Convention which was held in August, 1774.

Upon the outbreak of the American Revolution he entered the service as a major and participated in the Battle of Lexington and the Battle of Long Island, as well as taking part in the surprise of the Hessian soldiers at the Battle of Trenton. Finally reaching the rank of colonel, he was compelled to retire from the army in 1777, in consequence of his failing health.

From 1780 to 1794 he was high sheriff of Middesex county and served as a member of the Massachusetts state legislature in 1778 and 1779 and again in 1780. From 1794 to 1804 he was the superintendent of the Middlesex canal and was one of its principal owners. He had previously prosecuted with great vigor the work of construction of this canal which was at that time one of the greatest engineering feats ever accomplished in America.

When the Middlesex canal was completed, Col. Baldwin held a jubilee and entertained handsomely at his residence at North Woburn. Ten years had passed since Judge Sullivan had first broached the idea of a canal to Col. Baldwin, then the high sheriff of the county, and the Middlesex canal was now completed and ready for business the first of its kind in America.

In 1799, Judge Samuel Blodgett, then endeavoring to put through his project of building the Amoskeag canal, employed Col. Baldwin to survey a route for the canal. This he did, reporting that the cost of completing both locks and canals would be $9,000; but he recommended a route for the canal east of the old one, in order to be less subject to freshet conditions. When the Massachusetts legislature granted Judge Blodgett the right to raise money for his canal by running a lottery, it also directed that the money which was raised should be applied by Col. Baldwin.

Josiah Brown was once digging a ditch for Col. Baldwin. The colonel called around to see how he got along, when Brown asked him if "he was doing it right." The colonel who had on white pants and vest, did not come very near, so Brown insisted that he should inspect it closer. On his coming to the edge, Brown pulled him over in, to the great chagrin of Baldwin. Sometime after, a large culvert needed inspection and repairs, so he employed Brown to do the job. While he was in the culvert, the colonel pulled up the boards of the dam

just above, when out came Brown tumbling over in the water, like a frog. So they both concluded to call it even.

One day Col. Baldwin was showing his electrical machine to Brown, when he insisted that the colonel should electrify the cat. The colonel told him to catch and hold her while he gave her a dose. So Brown caught pussy, placed her in his lap and told the colonel to "give her a big shock, so he could see her jump." It is needless to say that the colonel "charged up" all he could and that Brown jumped fully as much as the cat.

Colonel Baldwin was a man of many parts. He dearly loved a joke as the foregoing stories show and he made his mark upon the world. His name will never be forgotten, having been given to the best variety of apples in the world as has been shown. He was a member of the American Academy of Sciences. He finally passed away in 1808, much lamented by his many firends and admirers.

There's More Than One Kind of Publicity

DONALD D. TUTTLE

WHEN the then recently appointed state publicity board organized itself in 1925, appointed an executive secretary and instructed him to establish a Department of Publicity, the program outlined was fairly simple. It was proposed to advertise the attractions of New Hampshire as widely as possible in newspapers and magazines, to issue pictorial and descriptive booklets for general circulation and to get as much "publicity" for New Hampshire as the ingenuity of the secretary and his assistants and the generosity of editors and publishers would allow.

This last was rather an indefinite proposition, for it proved to be far from easy to determine just what in the way of New Hampshire "stories" the newspapers would print, and there were times when editors seemed to be less liberal with their space than the enthusiastic New Hampshire boosters might reasonably wish or not exactly expect.

The new department had not long been in existence when it was discovered that the best laid plans of publicity directors are subject to frequent revision. It was found that publicity has many phases and it speedily was impressed upon the office that, while creation of an information bureau may not have been intended, the department was expected to be able to tell an anxious inquirer, at once, anything he wanted to know, from the height of Mount Washington and the date of the first white settlement in the state to the best place in New Hampshire to go fishing for wall-eyed pike.

There may have been, just at first, a feeling not unlike dismay; but this was succeeded by the conviction that all this varied and widespread interest was the best argument possible in proving the need of such a department as the publicity board had brought into being. Every new task was accepted without complaint and an effort was made to do everything that everybody asked. As an instance, an effort now is being made to locate the manufacturer of a unique roof ornament seen by a New Hampshire man on his travels, and a duplicate of which is wanted to adorn the top of a house in one of our own cities. The thing desired represented three black cats (Kilkenny cats, maybe) engaged in fierce battle and many blind trails have been followed in search of it. There now is reason to hope that it will be found and that New Hampshire eyes will be gladdened by an unusual specimen of modern art.

From Illinois came a letter from which the following paragraph is taken:

"Please send me your publicity material about New Hampshire, especially information about good roads, mountain trails for climbing, forest conservation progress, and moderate-priced boarding places in the northern part of the state. What do you consider the safest public utility companies to invest in? Are there condensed statements regarding the methods of fixing land tax rates and valuations?"

Giving advice to investors emphatically is not one of the duties of the Publicity Department. The other information asked for in this letter was furnished.

From Massachusetts came a bit of criticism. Names of places are elimin-

ated from the following quotation; otherwise the letter writer is permitted to state his grievances.

"You certainly can do something to make future visits to your state more enjoyable by getting onto your job at Blank. The baggage men are all dead and buried there. Since the war no trunk can get beyond Blank the same day it leaves my home in Massachusetts. The next morning, after I reach my destination, a tracer is put on, and I get my trunk in from two days to a week after my arrival. All guests have the same trouble. Last year, I spent a vacation at Lake Winnipesaukee but failed to find many fish in that body of water. Will you tell me if there are any? What kind and just where on the lake can they be found?"

The Publicity Department cannot control the railroads or their employees but it did pass along the complaint of the worried visitor from Massachusetts. It was able to inform him that there are fish in Lake Winnipesaukee, but it was unable to equip him with skill to catch them.

A lady in Brooklyn, N. Y., wrote a letter that still has the whole Publicity Department puzzled:

"Will you please send me the booklets of the New Hampshire Department of Publicity. Because I am interested in a trip to Europe, I will be very much obliged."

Folks who live in the metropolitan district are notoriously ignorant of American geography, but locating New Hampshire in Europe is, to get colloquial, "mixing things to a fare ye well."

A correspondent who lives in Pennsylvania saw a picture of the "Old Man" on a soap wrapper and wanted "free information" about it.

From a parsonage in Iowa came a suggestion for a slogan, "The mountains shall bring peace to the people." The author of the slogan was willing to sell it for a dollar and observed that it could be made as well known as the familiar, "It floats." He did not suggest ways of raising the millions that have been spent to make "It floats" household words in many languages throughout the world.

There have been so many activities in the Publicity Department, never even thought of when the executive secretary was hired and put himself to work, that to catalog them would be tedious. It may be mildly interesting however, to list a few of them. Sometime during the second year of the department's existence it came into possession of a big show window in Concord and the idea was born of loaning this window to New Hampshire manufacturers who might be desirous of making displays of their products. The response was lukewarm in the beginning but the idea rapidly gained in appeal, and now the window is "booked solid" many weeks in advance. The displays must have brought results, for manufacturers have asked for window privileges twice and even three times, at intervals of a year or less, and new exhibitors are making applications for space all the time.

At the start, most of the department's advertising put stress upon the desirability of New Hampshire as a place of summer sojourn, but more recently attention has been turned, as well, to what the state has to offer those who are devoted to the sports of winter. Experience has convinced everyone connected with the Publicity Department that there is profit in this for the people of New Hampshire, as well as pleasure for those who like to travel on snowshoes, slide down hills on skis or toboggans, or skim over the surface of a lake on skates. Judicious advertising, beyond question, will greatly increase winter travel into New Hampshire.

Down South, there are many New Hampshire men who act as managers of winter resort hotels and to every one of these has gone this year a letter, asking for help in the circulation of New Hampshire literature; and most of these letters have brought very cordial responses, indicating not only willingness but eagerness to serve New Hampshire in this way.

A big hotel in New York asked where New Hampshire apples of the MacIntosh Red variety might be obtained in quantities and the Publicity Department is corresponding with apple growers, in the hope of meeting the needs of this metropolitan hostelry.

Frequently the department has been asked to provide special articles about New Hampshire for out-of-state newspapers and perhaps even more frequently has been called upon for material for such articles that staff writers had been asked to furnish. Only recently, aid in this way was given to representatives of a great city newspaper and a magazine of national circulation.

There may be a bit of food for thought in some comparisons of publicity appropriations. The first two years, the state gave the New Hampshire department $25,000 for each year, but in that period like sums were raised by the New Hampshire State Chamber of Commerce. The appropriation was $35,000 a year for the next biennial period, but this time no other funds were available. The Legislature of 1929 increased the yearly appropriation to $40,000.

The city of San Francisco alone spends more than $220,000 a year to secure publicity, the San Diego California club has funds of $150,000 for this purpose and more than a dozen other California cities and organizations spend from $5,000 to $50,000. The neighboring state of Maine gives its Publicity Department $100,000 a year, Arkansas has jumped in four years from $20,000 to $60,000 and Arizona's publicity agencies had at their disposal in 1929 nearly $170,000.

The Colorado association of Denver considered $365,000 necessary for its 1929 campaign, Florida's publicity agencies raised nearly half a million and far-away Hawaii set aside the sum of $148,000. Georgia's appropriation for 1929 was $333,000, and the city of Grand Rapids, in Michigan, raised $50,000 with which to advertise itself.

The New Hampshire Publicity Department is not complaining but those directing it, knowing that with their limited funds they have secured real results, cannot help indulging in day dreams about what they might be able to do if they had a little more money.

The Nortons Go to the Circus

CARLA F. ROSENTHAL

"CIRCUS coming, fellows! Circus coming!" shouted Phil, bursting into the house.

(Of course this didn't happen this year. Boys of nowadays don't get so excited over circuses. No, it was about fifteen years ago, when there was no radio, only a few autos, and even, in the farm section of New Hampshire, not many moving-pictures. So a circus was a long talked of event.)

"How d'you know?" Henry's slice of bread and butter stopped half-way to his mouth.

"Saw the billposter sticking up the bills," answered Phil. "'Brady & Farnum — Greatest Show on Earth!' Hurrah!"

"Philly Norton, wash your hands, and sit down and eat," ordered his mother. "I've kept supper waiting fifteen minutes for you already."

"All right, Ma." Phil hastily transferred some of the dirt from his hands to the roller towel in the kitchen, and an instant later was at the table trying to eat fast enough to catch up to the others.

"Gee, but it's going to be great," he said, his mouth full of jam. "There's the biggest elephant in the world, and Midget, the littlest one. He isn't much bigger than a dog. There's Nero, and there's Rome burning up, and there's going to be chariot-races, and leopards, and tigers, and a fat woman holding six men on her head, and clowns, and—"

"I'm going," said Henry, decidedly.

"And I'm going," said little Walter.

"You? You'll be stepped on," laughed Phil, "and lost in the shuffle."

"Children, children, keep quiet," scolded their mother. "You shan't any of you go. There, that settles it!"

"Oh, Ma!" pleadingly from Henry, "can't we — why can't we, Ma?"

"Because I haven't time to go trotting around with a lot of youngsters who are running away every other minute, and that's why!"

"We won't run away," promised Henry. "'Sides, you said last year we could go this time. Don't you remember? We were all ready to go, and then Nannie got the mumps!" He glared at his sister.

"Well, I didn't do it on purpose," pouted Nannie. She had reddish-brown hair, brown eyes and freckles. Not a word had Miss Nannie spoken during all this conversation, but now she turned to her father who also had sat silent, and asked wheedlingly, "Pa, can we go?"

Phil slyly kicked Henry. If anybody could get anything out of Pa, Nannie could. They waited.

Pa held out his cup for more coffee. He commenced drinking it very slowly and deliberately.

"Can we, Pa?" asked Nannie, again.

Pa finished his cup. "Somebody asking me something?" he drawled.

"You know I did, Pa," scolded Nannie. Then she smiled. She had caught the twinkle in his eye. "I was asking could we go to the circus?"

"What circus?"

"Brady and Farnum—Greatest Show on Earth!" announced Henry, while Phil added, "It's going to be over in Summerville in two weeks."

"It is, eh? Well, what does Ma say?"

"Aw, let us, Ma," they begged in chorus, while the baby chimed in by banging with her doubled-up little fists on top of the table.

"I s'pose I won't have any peace unless I do," she grumbled. "Well—but, John, I won't take the responsibility of looking after them. You'll have to do that."

"All right, Ma," he agreed good-naturedly. Although he would not have his children suspect it for worlds John Norton was anxious to see that circus, too! He was one of those to whom a circus is as the Elysian Fields. He had joined the ranks years ago when he had had to steal his way under the canvas, and he had never outgrown it.

"But, mind you," he said, "if any of you get fighting, or don't do just as your Ma tells you, you shan't go, not a single one of you!"

Fourteen days till circus. Fourteen interminable days, most of which the children spent, with noses almost glued to the bill-boards, arguing the respective merits of Jo-Jo, the dog-faced boy, Chang, the Chinese giant, and the Wild Man from Borneo. Nannie, lost in admiration of a beautiful bareback rider gracefully balanced on one toe, strove to imitate her, with Neddy, the old donkey, serving as the milk-white steed. She fell upon a pile of hay, so she only barked her knee a little.

But everything comes to those who wait. Suddenly it developed that the circus was actually coming to-morrow! Signs of it were in the air. Ma was bustling around, baking bread, cake and cookies. Henry and Nannie were coming back from the store with their arms full of innumerable little packages. Phil was in the field helping Pa who was trying to do two days' work in one. And at eight o'clock the house was dark, for they were going to make an early start.

"Children, children, wake up! Philly, Henry, Nannie, get up! Circus Day!" That was Ma in the hall below, screaming at the top of her voice. A number of excited bounces and squeals answered her. And then things began to whir! In a little over an hour breakfast was eaten, the house in order, a great mountain of delicious sandwiches made, doors securely locked, and then everybody piled into the big three-seater. Pa and Phil sat in the front seat, with Phil driving, Ma, Baby Helen and Walter came next, and behind were Nannie and Henry, and the lunch. Phil chirruped to his horses, and they were off.

It was glorious weather for driving, and, though the sun gave promise of hot work later on in the day, at quarter of seven it was still delightfully cool. Even Ma, who had been looking at the sky, and gloomily prophesying rain, began to look more cheerful. And every minute brought them nearer to the circus. Past the fields—then through the woods—then the houses began to come closer together, and the trees further apart—and then they were on the main road to Summerville, and their wagon was only one of a long chain, all going in the same direction.

"Hooray! here we are!" Phil passed the city hall building, and pulled up. It was just ten minutes to ten. "Made it, didn't we?" he asked jubilantly. "We're just in time. But, gee, look at the crowd!" For the street on each side seemed a solid mass of people, and there was a perfect pandemonium of sound—children shouting, mothers scolding, dogs barking, hawkers crying their wares, boys blowing on "squawkers" which gave forth a queer unearthly noise—everybody seemed bent on making all the racket they possibly could.

"Yes, we're here," echoed Pa. "Phil, you and I'll have to stable the horses."

"Well," Ma considered, "Goodness only knows when I'll come again—Nannie needs a new coat—I might as well get it to-day."

Any other day in the year Nannie would have been madly jubilant, but to-day she protested.

"Don't let's get it now, Ma," she pleaded. "It's most time for the parade."

"Well, then, Miss," answered her mother, "we won't get it at all. Don't you want a new coat?"

Nannie hesitated. She did want a new coat. "But I don't want to miss the parade," she wailed.

"We shan't miss it," said Ma. "Henry, stand at the door, and tell us the minute there's a sign of the parade. Walter, you take Baby's hand, and see that she doesn't get lost." She marshaled her reluctant family into the store, and a couple of minutes later they had been taken in hand by a twinkling-eyed young saleswoman.

"This one's all right," Nannie, in a blue coat, standing before the mirror, surveyed herself hurriedly. "Take this one, Ma."

"It looks nice enough," said her mother doubtfully, "but we won't decide first off. Here, child, try this tan one on."

Again Nannie gazed at herself. "Yes'm," she decided quickly, "I like this one, too. Take this one, Ma."

"Land sakes," scolded her mother. "She would like anything to-day! Remember, Miss, you won't get another coat for a long time, so better not be in such a hurry. Take that one off, and put on this one."

A faint sound of drums. Nannie pricked up her ears. Suddenly Henry rushed in. "Parade's coming, it's coming!" he screamed, and ran out.

Instantly all was confusion. Nannie, who had already slipped one arm out of the coat, squealed with delight, and ran wildly after Henry, the coat streaming behind her. Then came Walter, dragging Baby Helen. And then Ma, with the harassed air of a hen rounding up a flock of chickens, followed panting after them.

The salesgirl collapsed into a chair. "Wasn't that funny?" she gasped hysterically of another clerk. "And it wasn't the parade after all. Nothing but a drum corps! But they've got my coat," she added more soberly. "Oh, thank goodness, here they come now."

"All right, we'll take this one," Ma said in a tired voice, as she held out the coat. "It's no use. I can't get those young ones to stand still long enough to give a body time to decide about anything. You just wait till I take them to a circus again. Well, anyway, praise be, that's over. Come, children." And out they filed once more.

"Well?" It was an hour and a half later. All this time they had been standing on the hot pavement, with the sun streaming upon them. Pa had treated to ice-cream cones. Now he turned to Phil who was coming back from an exploration of his own. "When's it coming?"

"'Taint coming," said Phil, grinning. "We've been stung."

"Wh-a-t-!" almost screamed Ma.

"'Taint coming," repeated Phil. "There's been an accident."

"Why, Philly Norton!" There were actually tears in Ma's voice. "Do you mean to say we've been made fools of? Here I've dropped everything—all that butter to churn, and so much to do—and no parade! I think it's awful! Those show people ought to be arrested!" Nannie and Henry stood stunned by the terrible blow, while Walter, as the realization of its awfulness came to him, burst into wild howls.

"Shoo, Etta," said Pa, pacifyingly, "don't get so excited. All the others are in the same boat. We're better off than a whole lot. Most of them will have to go home without seeing anything, while as for us," Pa spoke proudly, "we're going to the circus! We shan't be cheated out of that. But, say," slyly, "I s'pose nobody wants anything to eat today. Oh, do you?" as Walter looked up swiftly through his tears—"Well, then, boys, suppose you take out the team?"

Phil and Henry dashed away, and reappeared in a very few minutes. Ten minutes later a shady spot a little off the road had been discovered, and the huge pile of sandwiches was disappearing before the ravenous onslaught. The other things went too—the cookies, pickles, olives, doughnuts, bananas, ginger-ale, root-beer—everything except a small—a very small—fraction which Ma insisted would have to be put aside for supper. They ate and ate and ate.

"Well," he said, "if there is anybody here who doesn't want to go to the circus, they'll have to speak out now. Otherwise I'm very much afraid they will be obleeged to go with us."

"Quit your jollying, Pa," laughed Phil, and let out the reins.

Presently as they rode along they discerned something which at first sight appeared to be a large size toadstool with little ants crawling about it, but rapidly grew larger until it stood revealed as a mammoth tent surrounded by throngs of people.

Early as it was, a long line of wagons was already there. Pa placed his beside the others, and went to buy the tickets.

"Two wholes, and four halves," he said. "Babies free, I s'pose?"

"Yep," answered the ticket-seller. "Four under twelve? Let's see—how old is this boy?" indicating Phil.

"He's near twelve," answered Mr. Norton, and they passed on.

"Why, Pa!" Ma was horrified. "You know Philly's turned thirteen!"

"Well," grinned Pa, "that's near twelve, ain't it?"

But the children had neither time nor thought for any scruples. Nannie's heart beat high as she thought of that beautiful bareback rider, while the boys could hardly wait to get near the cages.

And then—they were inside! Such an indescribable tumult of roarings and bellowings! Such a mingled odor of popcorn, peanuts and lemonade! Such a world of happy faces, and such a hubbub of excited voices! Such a circusy feeling all round! No wonder Ma's face lost its worried lines, no wonder Pa became as hilarious as a boy. No wonder the children were spellbound from the moment the show was on—from the moment the procession which ought to have paraded in the morning, but didn't, began wending its way about the tent. From start to finish that circus was an ecstasy, a miracle, a fulfillment of their wildest dreams. If they did get almost cross-eyed, trying to look at three rings at once, if their backs ached and their toes went to sleep, nothing mattered—till afterwards.

Three hours of pure bliss, of unadulterated rapture, and then Rome blazed up in a final burst of glory — and the circus was over. There was a wild scramble down the seats. Walter's wails rent the air as someone stepped on his whip, and broke it into pieces. Ma suddenly found she had a crick in her back and a splitting headache. Pa discovered that he had a stiff neck. Baby Helen was sleepy and cross.

"What's that noise?" asked Nannie, abruptly.

"Gracious, it's raining!" cried Ma. "We'll all be sopping wet!"

"It's pouring," said Phil. "Just listen to it coming down."

"Anyway we're lucky," said Pa, who was always optimistic. "We can ride under cover. Think of all the people who will have to walk."

"Humph," from Ma, "thinking about others will do us a lot of good. We're not in the wagon ourselves yet." She caught Walter by the hand, Pa shifted the baby to his other arm, and they rushed madly through the exit of the tent. The rain by this time was coming down in torrents, and short as was the distance, they were completely drenched.

"Quick, get in, youngsters," panted Pa. "No, son," as Phil began gathering up the reins, "I'll drive. Are you comfortable, Ma?"

"Comfortable!" she snorted. "I'm wet through, and my back pains me terrible. It will be a mighty lucky thing if we're not all down sick with pneumonia. Circus—ugh! the next time I go I'll know it. I s'pose the things we left for supper are all soaked, too."

"Just as well. Couldn't eat them in this rain, anyway," said Pa.

"Too bad we didn't eat 'em this noon," grumbled Henry.

Silence for a while except for the noise of the storm. The rain was sweeping in upon them from all sides, and beating down upon the wagon with the pounding roar of a railroad train. With every second the darkness grew. Suddenly a blinding flash cut through the blackness of the sky, lighting the road and creaking trees as clear as daylight, and then died away, leaving everything blacker than before.

"Lord have mercy," cried Ma, covering her eyes hysterically. "What shall we do? What shall we do?"

A dreadful rumbling, and then a crash as if the heavens were splitting apart. The horses dashed forward.

That was a memorable ride. The Nortons never forgot it. As long as they lived the word "circus" would bring up that picture—the long lonesome road, the pitchy darkness broken only by those terrible flashes, the deafening thunder, Ma praying, Nannie whimpering, Henry and Phil white and silent, and Pa holding on to the reins like grim death. The only unperturbed ones were Walter, who had gone to sleep, still holding his broken whip, and Baby Helen who looked wonderingly around with big blue eyes, as if asking if this was all part of the circus.

Slowly the tension lifted. Nannie stopped crying. The boys started talking quietly to each other. Pa relaxed his hold on the reins. The horses went more slowly. The lightning and thunder came at ever longer intervals, then ceased altogether. The storm was over.

"Whoa!" Pa sprang out, and then helped Ma out. "Home!" he cried joyously, and kissed her.

"Why, John, you are soaking wet," she exclaimed.

"Am I?" he asked. "It doesn't matter. I—I didn't want to tell you before, Etta, but there was a time when I was scared stiff."

She put her arms about him, and so they stood for a minute. It was beautiful after the storm. The stars were out, and the wind stirred gently, teasingly shaking the syringas and rose-bushes. "It's good to be home again," said Ma.

Walter half opened his eyes as he was lifted out. "Circus coming to-morrow?" he asked drowsily.

"No, no circus to-morrow," said Ma, emphatically. "No circus ever any more."

Canal Boat Days

CHAPTER TWO (*Concluded*)

FRED W. LAMB

In December of the year 1780, Judge Blodget obtained from the Legislature of New Hampshire authority to raise the sum of $9,000 by a lottery. The expenditures exceeded the estimates by some thousands, and the work being yet unfinished in 1802, Judge Blodget received another grant of a lottery from the Legislature of New Hampshire by which he might raise $10,000. Tickets were printed bearing his name.

The lottery scheme was a source of much unpleasantness to the persistent canal builder. Some of the agents who were chosen to assist in the work of disposing of the tickets were seemingly indifferent to the welfare of the cause. Disputes arose and Judge Blodget published a statement in which he declared that he had expended more than $7,000 upon the canal besides the $5,000 which he had received from the lottery. In March, 1802, the Legislature of Massachusetts granted a lottery in aid of the Blodget canal to raise $10,000, to be expended under the direction of an experienced engineer.

Strangely enough, speculators and sharpers threw obstacles in the way of completing the work, that the value of the property might become depreciated and pass into their own hands at a merely nominal price. The avails of the lottery granted by the state of Massachusetts were not at all reliable or immediate and after November work was entirely suspended until September, 1806, after the Massachusetts Legislature had granted a second lottery and by the end of December, 1806, the locks were finished.

An advertisement, almost a full column in length, appeared in the Massachusetts *Mercury,* on April 8, 1800, the beginning of which reads as follows:

Amoskeag Canal Lottery.

"The Legislature of the State of New Hampshire, having at their last session passed an Act authorizing SAMUEL BLODGETT Esq., to raise the sum of nine thousand dollars by Lottery, for the purpose of completing a Canal by Amoskeag Falls, on Merrimack river, the subscribers duly appointed Managers conformably to said Act, now offer the public the following:

"Scheme of the first and second Class.

FIRST CLASS

"To consist of 5000 Tickets, at 3 dollars to be drawn all

Prizes, as follows:		Dols.
1 of		1,500
1 of	50 shares in said Canal, valued at	500
1 of	300 Dols. is	300
2 of	200	400
3 of	100	300
6 of	50	300
12 of	25	300
10 of	20	200
40 of	10	400
60 of	6	360
1,156 of	3	3,468
1,200 of	2	2,400
2,500 of	1	2,500
5,000		13,088
	Deduction	1,912
5000 Tickets at 3 Dols. are		15,000

"The prizes will be paid by the Managers, or venders of tickets, without any deduction.

EPHRAIM ROBINSON,
SAMUEL TENNEY,
NATHANIEL PARKER,
Managers."

In the second class, the advertisement shows the first prize was $2000, the second prize was $1000 and the third prize was 50 shares of Canal stock worth $500. In the second class, there were 5000 tickets, but 3000 of them were blanks. Tickets were sold by dealers in Boston and also at the postoffice, where tickets could be cashed on demand, if they had won anything in the lottery.

May 30, 1800, this advertisement appeared in the *Mercury*:

"A list of drawn and undrawn Numbers in the Amoskeag Canal Lottery, which commenced drawing the 27th, may be seen at Major Hatch's Coffee-House, State Street. Also for sale, warranted undrawn tickets, thirds and Quarters, in said Lottery."

On June 10, the following was published:

"By official returns yesterday, the wheels of the Amoskeag Canal Lottery are now enriched 1382 Dollars, and the highest prize yet drawn is 50. A very few warranted undrawn, whole and third tickets at $3.50 and $1.25 for sale by Samuel Gilbert, Sentinel Composing Room. Then above price of tickets *are* considered much cheaper than at the usual price, when the drawing commenced."

John West, of No. 75 Cornhill, also advertised tickets for sale in the Amoskeag, Dartmouth College and Philanthropic lotteries. At times the Massachusetts *Mercury* devoted its entire front page to the announcement of the list of numbers drawn in these lotteries, which seems to be a pretty fair indication that the interest in them was great.

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Judge Blodget now awaited with hopeful anticipation the coming of the day appointed for opening the canal which fell upon the first day of May, 1807. Judge Blodget rode to the head of the canal, at the age of eighty-three years, and going onto a raft with a few friends passed through the length of the canal and through the locks into the Merrimack. The wild applause and enthusiasm manifested by the spectators who thronged the banks seemed to the aged inventor and benefactor like a sort of universal triumph.

He returned to his home and as he left his carriage he said, "I have but one object now to live for, my canal is completed, now let my difficulties with the managers be settled and I am contented." Retiring from Haverhill to Derryfield he took a severe cold from which he did not recover and passed away on September 1, 1807.

The canal was fairly prosperous for a few years and soon passed into the possession of the Merrimack Boating Company which was organized in Boston, this company being succeeded in 1823 by the Concord Boating Company. But the day of the canal was passing as the snort of the iron horse was heard in the Merrimack Valley in 1842 and this company ceased operations in 1844.

The largest number of boats believed to have been on the river at one time was twenty.

Certificate No. 200.

Cargo of Boston and Concord Boating Company's Boat No.

Upward, through Amoskeag Canal, T. How, master, from the Company's landing.

Boston, October 3, 1842.

Merchandise	13777
Salt, Lime, Plaster, Bar Iron, Pig Iron, Iron Castings and Slate	24360
Sea Coal	
Hard Coal	
	38137

R. Sherburn.

The above is a copy of a certificate of cargo of a boat that went through the old Blodget Canal, October 3, 1842. It was found among old reports at the Amoskeag gatehouse.

Thus it is to Samuel Blodget that Manchester owes the harnessing of the immense body of water that once rushed over the falls in wild tumult, and made it subservient to the use of the spindle and the loom. It was Samuel Blodget who first saw with prophetic eye the opportunities that awaited at this point the convenience of man. It was Samuel Blodget who was the father of the industrial and business life of Manchester. And it is well written on his monument in Valley cemetery: "Here lies the pioneer of internal improvements in New Hampshire."

Chapter Three

STEAMBOATING ON THE CANAL

It may prove of interest to the readers of this magazine to give more particulars of the trip of the steamboat "Merrimack" up the Merrimack river.

The "Merrimack" was a small craft, less than a dozen feet wide and fifty or sixty feet long, and of light draught, owing to the physical limitation of her route, the fresh shallow water of the Middlesex canal and the Merrimack river. The former had been in operation but fifteen years, and as yet had paid no dividends, when the steamboat "Merrimack" first ploughed its placid waters under command of Capt. John L. Sullivan.

With a steamboat service from Boston to Salem and Newburyport, and the Merrimack river navigable to Haverhill, the canal's interests would be endangered, and its enterprising manager set about their defense. A steamboat line on the inland route would open the Merrimack valley direct to Boston, as locks just constructed made navigation possible to New Hampshire's capital. At that time Lowell and Lawrence were not on the map at all.

Mr. Sullivan's steamboat "Merrimack" was of the type of canal boat then in use. He already had some unsatisfactory experience with "a heavy engine from Philadelphia" and had acquired the patent of Samuel Morey's "revolving engine." It was one of this type that propelled this steamboat through the Middlesex Canal at a time before steam service was established in Boston harbor or but one steamboat had ever been seen there. It is also interesting to note that Morey's patent was signed by the first president, George Washington.

A model of Morey's first engine is now at the University of Vermont at Burlington. In the absence of drawings or illustrations it is difficult to explain its operation, but Morey's engine successfully propelled a boat against the current of the Connecticut near his home, fourteen years before Fulton (who had invented no engine) made continuously successful use of steam as motive power on the Hudson.

There is a certain fascination in the gleaming steel and rhythmic stroke of a modern steamboat engine; but here was one of a century long gone, when the age of steam was just beginning, designed by a man of the backwoods who

had little education or mechanical training; an engine of complicated parts and crude workmanship, which accomplished its purpose, and which (we are told) contained some of the features of the modern cycle motor.

It was fitly named "revolving engine," for the vital parts, i. e., the cylinder, piston, cross-head and the frame enclosing them, rotated around a common center shaft which was geared to that of the paddle wheel. The latter was, as Mr. Sullivan said, "within the stern" of the boat. The low-pressure boiler (condensing the exhaust steam) was fourteen feet long, and contained the furnace in which wood was burnt, supplemented with a stream of tar injected therein.

The three "loaded boats" towed up stream carried thirteen tons each. Justly proud of his achievement, Captain Sullivan wrote the following letter to the Boston *Advertiser*:

Mr. Hale: The progress of the art of steam navigation is so interesting to our country that I need not apologize for sending you the enclosed extract from the journal of the "Merrimack", at the commencement of the regular application of the power on the canal. This boat is of the form and size used on the canals, provided with a single engine of the revolving kind, similar to that in use at the glass factory at Lechmere Point. She is propelled by a wheel of peculiar construction, placed at and within the stern. The engine and boiler occupy about one-half the boat. She works under all the disadvantages of novelty. Previous to the commencement of this trip, she towed loaded boats up river, against freshet, two and four at a time, faster than they could have been impelled by muscular labor in low water, and at a time when they could not have proceeded otherwise. The object is to give to the canal and navigation the degree of regularity and despatch alone wanting to turn the whole course of transportation from Boston in that direction upon the canal.

Jno. L. Sullivan.

June 27, 1819.

The query will be raised, Why was not this apparently successful navigation of canal and river continued? For had it been, the successful rival, the railroad, had not gained so easy a victory. The answer may be found, partly in the natural conditions then existing and partly in the financial. The Merrimack river, with its many rocks and the sunken logs of the lumber drives, all difficult to remove, was a continual menace; while the artificial banks of the canal were ever in danger from the surging wash created by the boat's paddle wheel. The latter had caused a similar disaster in Scotland in earlier years. With continued repairs at heavy expense, the enterprise had as yet yielded no return on the investment, but rather, assessment of the stockholders. While the New Hampshire legislators and others of those Captain Sullivan treated to a free excursion enjoyed the same, it requires dollars to finance a project and dynamite to remove obstructions. The former were not forthcoming and the latter then unknown. Under more favorable circumstances Captain Sullivan's dream of river navigation might have been realized.

The late Selwin J. Kidder of Chicago wrote the writer of the foregoing sometime ago as follows:

"I was greatly surprised recently to learn that a steamboat with a steam engine navigated the more or less placid Merrimack more than one hundred years ago.

"The revelation gave me a decided shock, for these many years, some fifty

in number, I have been laboring under the delusion that Ex-Governor Straw, Geo. F. Judkins, for many years in charge of outside work for the Amoskeag Company, my father S. B. Kidder for fifty-two years in charge of the gatehouse and canals, and myself were the first to explore the river from Manchester to Hooksett with a steamboat and on its trial trip.

"However, while it now proves that the 'Firefly' was not the first steamboat to blaze the way perhaps a description of the boat, why it was placed in service and what was accomplished by its use may be of interest to your readers.

"For years prior to its advent, bricks used in the construction of mills had been transported from the Natt Head and Jesse Gault brickyards in Hooksett by the Concord Railroad, but as the charge for such transportation was excessive, Governor Straw decided to resort to water transportation.

"A very trim boat, 32 feet in length and seven-foot beam, was contracted for and built in Portsmouth and later delivered to the Amoskeag machine shops. Here it was provided with a third class steam fire engine boiler and a single cylinder, link-motion engine to drive the screw propeller.

"A dozen scows were also constructed each having the carrying capacity of a railroad flat car, 6,000 bricks. I might here remark that just at the time the outfit was completed and ready for service the 1st New Hampshire Cavalry of which I was a member, came home to be discharged and as the train stopped at the Manchester station Mr. Judkins, above referred to, approached and stated that Governor Straw had sent him down to tender me the position of engineer of the new steamboat. I accepted, went to Concord where my discharge from the army was received, returned to Manchester the following forenoon and at 1 p. m., was at work on my new job.

"The crew consisted of S. B. Kidder, pilot, the writer, engineer and George Davis, who manipulated a large oar at the stern of the rear scow to assist in steering.

"A 'tow' consisted of four scows rigidly lashed together, end to end, with eighty feet of rope trailing them behind the steamer. A regular schedule was maintained, the steamer with empty scows leaving the gatehouse near Amoskeag Falls at 6:30 a. m., and reaching Hooksett eddy above the bridges at 8:30. Here loaded scows were picked up and the return trip made in two hours.

"The scows were carried down the canal by current and unloaded north of Bridge street in what is now the Amory mill yard, on the northern division of the Amoskeag mills, then used for the storage of lumber. At 4 p. m., the 'Firefly' slowly dropped down the canal, backing up so that it would obey the helm in the swift current and the tall smokestack was dropped to a horizontal position to clear the bridges, then crossing the canal at the Amoskeag Axe factory, Martin's paper mill and the 'Saw Mill' bridge just north of the locomotive works, now the Amoskeag Garage. Reaching the scows they were towed to the gatehouse lock ready for another trip up the river the following morning.

"This outfit was kept in commission two seasons, 1865-6, the cost of transporting bricks being less than one-half that by rail. Incidentally during that period large numbers of bricks were brought to Manchester for other than mill purposes: among them the high school, the corporation block with Mansard roof at Canal and Merrimack streets and a number of buildings on Elm street.

"The object of securing the steamer having been accomplished, i. e., reduction of railroad rates to a satisfactory figure, the boat was put in 'dry dock,' near the gatehouse in which the boat remained for twenty years or more as a possible competitor if railroad rates were again advanced and was finally disposed of, I think, to do service on one of the New Hampshire lakes."

Look at the Stars

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

Look up at the stars of the night time
When the little things fret your life;
Consider their calm and steadiness,
Forget the worry and strife.

Look up at the stars of the night time,
Gold in the purple vault,
Silent and vast and beautiful,
Forget there is frailness and fault.

Look up at the stars of the night time,
Their silent compassion is great,
There is love, all love, in the starshine;
Forget the malice and hate.

Look up at the stars of the night time,
Let your eyes dwell on their gold.
How vain and petty and laughable
Are we when their story is told.

Look up at the stars of the night time.
Thank God, who hath made them and you;
The hand that controls them and holds them
May reach out and touch your life too.

The Treasure Chest

PANNE

THE artist and his model parted. "Il est fini." He smilingly whispered. Yes, that bit of work, founded on the myth of Pandora, was finished . There it stood in the far corner of the room, a gracefully seated female figure, beautifully chiseled in marble, holding delicately in her hands the symbolic box. He had put underlying technique, deep feeling and deft modeling into this work; and now these two were viewing the statue in its completed form, for the last time. Soon it would travel away to its destination and then the link which had made two lives very dependent, one upon the other, would be broken.

"You know, achievement must make you very happy," the model said. "It must be a wonderful feeling to see a thought perfected and materialized. But, she added slowly, "it makes me just a little sad to know you don't need me any more. I've enjoyed the work so much."

"To perfect one little idea is not achievement," he answered. "It has been an interesting year. You have been loyal and patient, but it has been hard work and I am glad that it is finished."

It had been an interesting year but this last afternoon had seemed so different from all the others and they were both conscious of it. A few words had been exchanged at intervals, followed by long strange silences, silences in which unspoken reminiscences prevailed.

The studio itself was restful. It did not breathe of the garret from which poverty buds into magnificence in one mad dream, nor was it one of grandeur, where money stamps its approval. The furnishings were not of any definite period but they seemed to harmonize with one's own mood. If the sun shone through the skylight, there was a certain brilliance within; or if it rained, the pattering upon the glass accentuated the greyness of the room.

Each thing within had earned its place, from the long, crudely carved table in the center of the room to the oil painting of the Padre in his Cardinal robes, which having left the country of its master, claimed for its present home a space above the fireplace. The chairs were not related. There was the old, worn black leather one in which the artist always sat to rest or think. At one end of the table stood a dignified Italian chair of the Renaissance period. There was a Louis the fifteenth stool, which, whenever the model sat cross-legged upon it, seemed to prompt her in the asking of a million questions:

"Why do you speak of color when that clay is so miserably dark? Isn't it easier to work on little figures, than on big statues like that? Is that bronze dancing girl, on the table, Turkish?" On and on she would question until, jumping from the stool and stepping on the model's throne again, she would become very silent gazing steadly at the opposite wall. Even that wall was interesting with its plaster head of Michael Angelo's "David", and the casts of dissected hands and feet, hanging along in rows. In one corner was a life-sized "Hermes", and here and there about the room were many little figures not quite finished; waiting perhaps forever, to be complete within themselves.

The first day when the model had

stepped into the studio and the artist had locked the door behind her, she had glanced at all these things, but then she had not seen for then she had known so little of art. She had simply needed work and he could use her.

While turning slowly on the posing stand with her cashmere shawl at her feet, he had said:

"All right, I guess a couple of days next week."

Slowly she stepped from the stand, hastily dressed and left the place. "Bah! Two days work. It isn't worth it to stand there like that for a single second, for two days work."

Yet anger flees in the presence of necessity and a day itself may become a year.

In the first few weeks he had been puzzled about his work, many times making her sit differently on the stand, and by adding clay or cutting it away, he would change the work of the previous afternoon.

Once when the snow fell lightly, the artist visualized his clay transfigured into smooth white marble, and his model siting lifeless as white marble, too; whereupon she shivered slightly and together they crept close to the fire and drank tea.

Winter slowly passed and looked in through the skylight. Spring smiled down upon them and the composition was assuming form to such an extent that Pandora's box became more than a symbol to the model. Several times she questioned how he intended ornamenting it.

"But", he argued, "the box is incidental. It is only there to complete the composition. It is a minor detail to the figure."

The model, walking back and forth across the work room, stopped abruptly. "Pandora's box a minor detail!" She was horrified.

He rested for a moment, dropped into his favorite chair and explained to her the picturesque story of Pandora, after which she laughed carelessly.

"I have read it! I have heard it! I have seen it many times, but this — this is a different box."

"Perhaps," he agreed. "Perhaps for me that box holds the mystery of your life before I knew you. It might hold childish tears. It might contain the records of your school days. Perhaps a little love affair is secretly locked within, or dear, maybe the treasure of your future happiness lies hidden in that box. Who knows?"

She was pleased with that, smiled and arranged herself in the pose again; and the tiny modeling tools in his hand dug more deeply into the clay.

That evening they ate a hasty supper in the studio and the artist hurried away, having first given her permission to remain as long as she wished within the silent walls.

A candle burning in its wrought-iron stand and the blazing wood in the fireplace were the only lights in the studio. Everywhere else it was dark. Night reigned supreme. The Padre looked so solemn and silent. The dancing girl seemed so lifeless. Everything was so changed without his presence.

She moved to another chair, his chair, the leather one. Never before had she sat in it. He was so good — so fine — no wonder he could create such wonderful things! How funny he was. Sometimes he treated her like a child. Sometimes he would look toward her with his cold black eyes and say such words of wisdom, — things she really couldn't understand: "Art is really a business only it isn't humdrum. Life is mostly a purpose. Some people are always children. Youth doesn't see, it feels; age sees too much and it lacks feeling."

"I wonder if he was ever in love - - - - - surely he must have been. Was he

happy? - - - - - - he couldn't have been. If - - he - loved me. Oh, I do love him! But I mustn't - - - - - - because - - - - why can't I if I want to?"

There is romance everywhere, in dense forests, in the depths of the sea, in tiny cottages, on cannibal islands, romance everywhere, - - - - so here. Red wine! How she loved it for its color. She always pictured the vital things of life in red, everything else was either black or white.

Her head now resting in the hollow which his head had made in the back of the old chair, her eyes sought vainly to pierce through the blackness to the unfinished statue and its precious box. Then like a vail of mist there appeared unto her imaginative mind a figure rising out of the box.

Fate weaving the web of human destiny with tiny golden threads. From the beginning of time to centuries never ending, fate pursued her course. Each thread held a life and she controlled these lives with wisdom. These were her toys. As each new thread was added, she smiled; as one broke, she frowned; and whenever she finished with one her laughter rang throughout the room. Birth! Struggle! Death! The glint-like threads she held in one hand, weaving continuously with a sparkling needle which she held in the other hand. The tapestry contained separate conflicts, glorious conquests and gruesome defeats. Love hovered close to some of the tiny figures, depression entwined itself around others. Here a dancer, there a musician. Music - - - - - - Music. The model sat with half closed eyes.

"Ah, no, this is Fantasy." Hastily she reached for her coat, cautiously she walked through the darkened room and the door closed behind her.

A moment later when the artist returned, there was only the glow of the fire to welcome him.

"She has gone," he murmered. "But she has been here and the spell of her memory hovers around each thing. How sweet the old place seems tonight. Ah, if she were only here now, I would run my fingers through each jet black curl, I would place my arms around her very closely, I would look intently at her lips, into her eyes and then - - - - - - But she is not here."

That was days and nights ago, and now they were shaking hands. Their eyes met for a second only. He smiled kindly, appreciatively and she, bravely, wonderingly; then their clasped hands lingered a moment longer.

The artist and his model parted. He closed the huge, carved door and walked thoughtfully to the farther end of the studio, while half mentally, half verbally, he wished for her success and happiness.

Outside the door, soft lingering footsteps grew faint in the distance but her very soul seemed bursting with the thoughts: "My heart lies buried in that box, it cannot be otherwise."

And life opened new ways to each of them.

Some few weeks later a bronze box was delivered to the model.

Years afterward the artist received from Paris a tiny golden key.

The box and the key are miles apart and the heart still lies in the box.

Review of "Country Auction"

MARION NICOLL RAWSON

JASON ALMUS RUSSELL
Director of the Division of American Literature, Colgate University

COUNTRY AUCTION is a story of the homey life and of the homely implements of New England which must appeal to all natives of that section, wherever else they may be transplanted. Within the pages of this volume is found an unusual account of the life led by the people of preceding generations on the rocky hill farms of New Hampshire,—a life undisturbed by the radio, the automobile, and modern roads.

In *Country Auction*, Mrs. Rawson has taken her reader to the heart of a home which is soon to go under the auctioneer's hammer with all its furnishings of one hundred and fifty years. In the narrative the author has preserved not only the history of the thousand and one things which are connected with the workaday life of the rural farm occupants, but has also caught with rare subtlety the charming philosophy of the people found in such isolated localities.

The author of *Country Auction* is to be commended for her painstaking and accurate research in the field of American Antiques: her book is a source-book for the amateur collector as well as for the dealer; in addition it explains many rural customs and traditions. Thus the reader has the rare opportunity of going with Mrs. Rawson on a personally conducted tour of the old house, viewing the antiques in the various rooms, and learning not only their present monetary worth but also their sentimental value to their owners.

Perhaps the chapter on "The Auction" is most typical of the spirit of the book because it is still reminiscent of New Hampshire Auctions: the city "dealers" —dressed in old clothes "to fool" the country people; the curious folk swarming through the grounds and over the old house, desecrating china, books, and household implements with rough careless hands; and the auctioneer, eagerly but honestly exploiting the goods for sale:

"'And here's a Saratogy trunk. Say, if you're goin' to Saratogy you'll want it bad. It's got two floors, one for the old man, one for the old woman. What do I hear? Fifty cents! I got fifty cents. Kin I get a quarter more? Sixty cents! Kin-a-gitta-kin-a-gitta-kin-a-gitta quarter more? Sixty cents! Kin-a-gitta-kin-a-gitta-kin-a-gitta, O Lord, kin-a-gitta a quarter more? Goin' goin', oh, Lord, kin-a-gitta dollar?' Tears, grins, holding of sides in the audience, but not one smile on old Jake's dripping face."

Mrs. Rawson has shown rare judgment in illustrating the book lavishly with the actual pictures of the antiques mentioned in the text of her story; the reader will rejoice in the illustrations of "Grandma'am Brown's tea glassware", "the Revolutionary home-made cow-skin knapsack, with initials and regiment number," and "Little Marthy Ann's child-made paper dolls," while he reads such fascinating chapters as "Daguerreotypes and Romance", "Hums and Hurricanes", and "Wedding Day Mementoes".

Finally the philologist will note with satisfaction that with perseverance and patience, the author has sought out and preserved much New England dialect which might otherwise have been lost.

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Editorial

Letters protesting against the Talkies are still being published from time to time in the New Hampshire newspapers, as they are in newspapers in all of the other states and the foreign countries where the sound pictures are being shown, in all probability. These letters, for the most part, seem to be written by persons who are hard of hearing, and they are resentful because they are being deprived of a sort of entertainment peculiarly adapted to their infirmity. The tone of some of the letters indicates the writers feel the new pictures were invented solely to render them unhappy and discontented without meeting any real need of anybody.

There is nothing in this attitude to cause surprise. It is merely a manifestation of the disinclination or inability of elderly persons to accept with philosophical resignation any change which disturbs the prevailing order. No radical departure from existing conditions ever has been accepted as an unquestioned improvement over whatever it happens to displace. The grumbling will continue for a time but it will bear no fruit in the way of a return to the old silent pictures. And it will not be long before some other new form of picture entertainment is evolved to make the present young generation rise up in wrath, for they will have become the old fogies being forced to give way to youth as peppy as they are today.

The world will continue to progress and judging from the present outlook that progress is going to be so rapid the speed of the present era will look like easy jogging along instead of breath-taking as it seems to the present old-timers looking on it all in more or less of a daze. That has always been the way of the world and always will be unless things get moving so terrifically fast the old civilization topples to utter smash. And to some of the bewildered spectators of the present-day parade it looks as if the old World is now headed that way and near the end of the journey. But again, there is nothing original in that belief. It has been held by elderly alarmists in every generation. Dire predictions of disaster have been made by sages through all the corridors of time; yet the world goes on as usual, springing innovations all the way and thriving on them.

Getting back to the Talkies, the argument against them on the score of deprivation of deaf people of their only

source of theatrical enjoyment is not a strong one. What keeps the movie industry prosperous is the box office appeal of the productions. It is the opinion of many wise observers that the talking picture came along at just the right time not only to increase the tinkling of the coins through the windows but to maintain the volume it had reached. For the producers had exhausted their ingenuity in the silent film and people were tiring of the constant repetition of old ideas. This may have been satisfactory to the deaf people, but persons of defective hearing in reality made up a comparatively small part of the audiences in the picture theaters when the silent pictures were supreme any more than they do today.

The talking pictures are also disapproved by those people who cling to the so-called "legitimate" drama. But these never cared for the silent films, or at least never would admit they did. There are still not a few persons who affect high brow tastes that will declare in all seriousness they prefer to see a third rate stock or road company perform than the best film production, either talking or silent. They speak top-loftily of the low intellectual standard of pictures, discoursing glibly about pictures being made for a ten or twelve years' old intelligence, which is just now a fashionable way of classifying almost anything. It must be admitted that many films deserve all the bad things that are said of them. On the other hand it is no less true that the best of the pictures are equal to the good "legitimate" shows from the artistic standpoint and it is our opinion that the sound pictures are being so rapidly perfected the time is not distant when there will be productions which will compare favorably with the best of the stage shows in portrayal of characters and only arrant prejudice would refuse to concede that scenically the screen affords possibilites for setting that the limitations of stage productions cannot pretend to equal.

The cultural possibilities of the sound pictures are inestimable. Already there have been several of undoubted value made and the number will increase. Grand opera should be available to the masses at moderate admission prices as well as screen productions of the masterpieces of ancient and modern drama. There will continue to be much trashy stuff produced for the screen, just as there are many radio programs that grate on the finer sensibilities. Yet, just as it is now possible for anybody to select one or more excellent radio offerings every night to the exclusion of all others the discriminating amusement seeker can find good picture shows to attend.

Amidst New Hampshire Pines

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

Midst the shadows and the silence
Of a pine grove far away,
Far from city street and turmoil,
From its restless toil and play,
Mused a man that oft had mused there
In the boyhood years of old
When his life was like a rainbow
And the morrow bright as gold.

Youth had passed—this grove was grander
And its pines majestic stood,
He beheld time's sleepless changes
In this well-remembered wood;
But the same sweet, peaceful quiet
Reigned within this woodland yet
And the same surcease from worry,
From Earth's sorrow and regret.

Once again the birds were singing
Midst the shadows, far and nigh,
Once again the breezes whispered
Through pine branches, dense and high;
And the fallen needles rested
Like a carpet at his feet,
And a balmy coolness soothed him
In this lonely, dark retreat.

And that man mused there, reclining
Near a little ledge of stone,
Far from city street and turmoil,
Like in boyhood, all alone;
Where he dreamed again the visions
He had dreamed in years of old
When his life was like a rainbow
And the morrow bright as gold.

Monadnock

ALICE D. MATTHEWS

'Tis the peacefulness of childhood
Steals o'er me as I gaze
On this mountain of my country
Covered over now with haze.

Blue and grey and green it towers
Above the hills around;
With trees and rocks and flowers, too,
Its fastnesses abound.

Great mountain of my native state,
How calm and still you lie
And watch the ages come and go,
As with life they pass you by.

Do you ever wonder, Mountain,
In the rocky heart of you
Why you rest so calmly?
What there is for you to do?

I can tell you, Mountain,
That peacefulness you bring
And beauty, yes, and fortitude
That yonder poets sing.

To me you bring the peace of God,
The strength and quiet of hills,
The beauty of a thousand kinds
You me with gladness fill.

"Is that all I bring?" you say,
"Can I do nothing more?"
Yea, to Heaven you my thoughts uplift
To God my spirits soar.

GROUP of ARABIAN MARES
(By Courtesy of Herrington Bird)

The Horse of the Desert

GEORGE H. SARGENT

WILLIAM ROBINSON BROWN of Berlin, New Hampshire, has long been known as America's greatest authority on the Arabian horse; in fact he ranks high among the foremost authorities in the world. He has conducted a stud for seventeen years; he has handled more Arabians than anyone else in this country; he has visited the leading Arabian studs as well as remount stations throughout the world; he has traversed the length and breadth of the Arabian desert in search of fine horses; he is a member of the United States Remount Council and president of the Arabian Horse Club of America. Of his business attainments in connection with New Hampshire's largest industrial corporation and of his public service I am not going to write, for they are well known to the people of New Hampshire. It is in the new role of an author that he is now introduced to his own people.

The demand for authentic modern books on sport, written by American authors, is being met by a New York publisher, The Derrydale Press, conceived and executed by Eugene V. Connett. The first book to meet this demand was Joseph B. Thomas's "Hounds and Hunting Throughout the Ages." The second is, "The Horse of the Desert," by William Robinson Brown. It is a sumptuous publication, a large quarto magnificently printed on Aurelian paper, bound in blue cloth stamped in gold, with special decorations and endpapers printed with an all-over pattern formed by the crescent. Nothing has been spared to create a beautiful volume, and in addition to the 750 copies printed of the trade edition at $27.50 there are seventy-five copies — fifty-five only for sale — printed on imported Van Gelder paper, numbered and signed by the author and retailing at a hundred dollars each.

"The Horse of the Desert," while of course of greatest interest to all lovers and breeders of horses, cavalry officers and sportsmen, has a broad appeal to the general reader. It is handsomely illustrated, nearly two hundred reproductions (some colored) of drawings, paintings and photographs being included, the last-named being largely those taken by Mr. Brown during his trip through the Arabian desert in search of horses last spring. It contains an extensive list of the Arabian tribes, sub-tribes and clans and a map showing their migrations, as well as a map showing the regions most suitable for breeding Arabian horses in the United States, a coincidence of lime soil and an altitude of 500 feet or more. Then there is the most complete and authoritative list ever published of the strains and families of the Arabian horse and the Arabian ancestry of most of the present day breeds.

So much for the mechanical features of this outstanding book on sport by a New Hampshire man. It has an introduction in two parts by Major General James G. Harbord and professor Henry Fairfield Osborn. But it is the seven chapters by Mr. Brown which cover not only the whole subject of the Arabian horse, but describe in interesting and convincing language the desert and its peoples today and give an excellent picture of the present and past conditions under which the Arabian horse is and has been bred. The first chapter deals

with Mr. Brown's personal experiences in the desert last spring—the handicaps of travel, camp etiquette, the status of the harem, respect for the American flag, the technique of making gifts and the trading of the new Ford for a mare and colt. Mr. Brown tells interestingly of the Arabian horse traders and their customs:

"The desert Arabs do not keep written pedigrees, nor do they make out certificates of breeding, except when especially requested to do so, and then only in the simplest form; for example, that the horse is *asil,* and his ancestors were of a certain strain. This statement is duly attested by the sheikh of the tribe, before witnesses, and the proper seals attached. In their estimation, a statement of the well known facts is sufficient. In general, the Bedouin renounces paper pedigrees as documents designed to conceal a swindle, such as impure blood or bodily defects — one might take him for a coastal Arab or *jambaz,* who concocts long, lying pedigrees for the unwary.

"Trade in itself is a disgrace to a warlike Arab, and while he may not be adverse to a profitable exchange, he likes to accomplish it through the exercise of virtues of generosity on both sides. The Bedouins sell a pure mare only on certain conditions and with reservations, or from personal friendship. They sell to a stranger only if the stranger has tarried with them as a guest, or has been introduced by the sheikh and he can, thereby, render the sheikh a personal favor. From the sheikhs themselves, horses can be procured by a stranger only after presentation of substantial gifts on arrival, and a few days have elapsed, during which time the stranger has been a guest of the sheikh. An emissary is then given the delicate task of tactfully inquiring for what purpose the stranger has come, and if the sheikh is convinced of the good faith of the stranger, and his real admiration and love of a blood horse, return gifts may then be expected in the shape of some of the sheikh's best animals.

"It is difficult to procure the best Arabian horses in a city, or in the coastal villages and their environs. Ten to one, the 'best' are really 'discards' which have been sold by Bedouins to the *jambazes,* who conceal doubtful origin with faked pedigrees. (The horse trader is ordinarily called *massan. Jambaz* means horse trader in Irak and Persia: its literal interpretation is 'one who plays with his life.' In Syria it is a term of reproach, and means 'liar.') Of course, it is possible that a good horse may have been taken in a raid, and the captor may have hurried him to the nearest town to be disposed of at a high price before the animal is reclaimed by his real owner through payment of a fair price, according to desert custom. In the latter case, such a horse would inevitably be held for an extremely high price, if known to be *asil.* Horse dealers in the Orient ordinarily employ the services of a *dallul,* —one whose business it is to show something, and who leads the horse from house to house."

Adventures and thrills were not lacking in the experience of Mr. Brown in the desert. The sketch which he gives of the home of the Arabian horse is a straightforward account providing the necessary background for his main picture. This country, a rough rectangle in shape, 1800 miles long and from 600 to 1200 miles wide, is about one-third as large as the United States. Half of this is absolutely uninhabitable, and the rest supports a population of eight people to the square mile as against thirty-five people in the United States and 660 people in a crowded country like Belgium. Most of these people live in the

green coastal crescent which encircles the dry central plain. The great red sandy desert in the southern part is the largest piece of unexplored land on the earth's surface. For the most part the country reminded him of the Arizona table-lands, with little grass and much sagebrush. Of the people he says:

"The Arabs are individualists, with little consideration for law or gospel—they are children in thought, with the wisdom of ages, unbridled in passion, with superhuman restraint. Living in their midst is going back to the time of Abraham and of the Chaldeans, or of the pastoral peoples who inhabited the steppes of Asia before they scattered to the four corners of the earth. The manner of life suitable to their environment was discovered long ago, and all possible methods of departure from it exhausted. Like their forefathers the present-day Bedouins feel the exultation of a successful combat with nature, the lure of a wandering life, freedom from care of property, the fascination of boundless space and time, the joy of unleashing primitive instincts and the opportunity of realizing a closeness to their Maker."

The mental reactions of a New Hampshire dweller among the giant mountains, to life in this comparatively level country, are of interest, and Mr. Brown has expressed them with unusual literary skill.

"As we sped away in the spring of 1929 in a high-powered car, from Damascus toward Bagdad, over the new route across the Hawran Desert, intent on covering before night the three hundred miles to the fort and rest house called Rutha, a thousand thoughts and impressions came crowding in as to what the future might hold for this ancient land and its people. About us stretched in every direction paths of infinite choice upon which a speed of fifty miles an hour might easily be maintained, subject to the small annoyances of an occasional loose rock or slight depressions worn by centuries of passing camels. About us spread the ever-mysterious desert, with its luminous, colorful atmosphere fading away into the sarab (mirage) of a boundless sea, upon an island of which we sped along, seemingly never to reach its end.

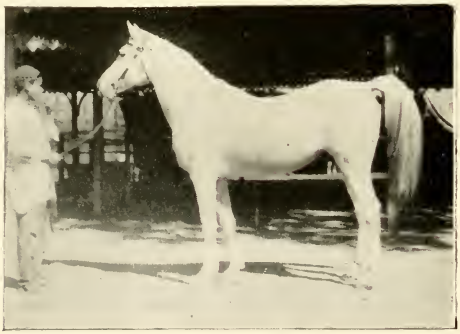
"Here and there bunches of straggly grass, a dry sagebrush, thorn plant, or scattered rocks, broke the monotony of the flat prairie floor. Small objects on the horizon appeared greatly enlarged, and a distant camel or sheep assumed grotesque proportions. Anything might emerge at any moment from the shrouded vastness, or one could be swallowed in the limitless oblivion with equal ease. Ranges of low-lying hills formed a screen for possible lurking enimies or afforded protection for flight. One is never lonesome in this great inland sea, strange as it may seem, as adventure and romance ever seem imminent."

Mr. Brown and his companions, it appears, were not lacking in adventure. Under the protection of Al-Amir Al-Nuri ibn-Sha' lan, the titular head of all the tribes in the Ruala and his nephew Amir Fuaz, who is the real head of the government, and at the age of twenty-five makes the laws for all these people, Mr. Brown's party visited the principal Arab tribes whose chief possession is the Arabian horse, occasionally escorted by armored cars across the desert waste. But this must be left for the reader to enjoy.

It is apparent that this is no dry-as-dust narrative, and while Chapter II gives the result of the most modern researches on the origin, antiquity and history of all horses, it is entertainingly written and furnishes a background for an understanding of present-day breeds. In subsequent chapters Mr. Brown tells

of the Arabian horse and its past performances; of the interesting and peculiar Bedouin theories of breeding and method of keeping pedigrees; new information on the origin and development of diverse breeds of today; an up-to-date guide for the purchase of horses in Arabia and a fascinating picture of the Bedouin customs, superstitions and methods with which the purchaser must be familiar. In the final chapter Mr. Brown expresses his conviction that the Arabian blood is of real value in developing the ideal cavalry mount and as a revitalizing influence in improving other breeds of horses. Here are summarized the practical applications of the results of his years of study, travel, research and actual breeding experience.

Mr. Brown's debut as an author is made under the happiest of auspices. Interesting and authoritative, his work has been given a setting worthy of it, and the lovers of sport everywhere will welcome this New Hampshire addition to its literature.



Egyptian Agricultural Department Arabian Mare

Nathan Hale, Famous Revolutionary Spy

W. L. JOHNSON, M. D., Uxbridge, Mass.

"I sing the hymn of the conquered—who fell in the battle of life,
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died o'erwhelmed in the strife.
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resounding acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chaplet of fame,—
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed—acting bravely a silent and desperate part;
Whose youth bore no flower on its branches, whose hopes burned in ashes away,
From whose hand slipped the prize they had grasped at, who stood at the dying of day
With the wreck of their life all around them—unpitied, unheeded, alone—
With death swooping down on their failure, and all but their faith overthrown:
While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its paean for those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant, and high to the breeze and the sun
Glad banners are waving—hands clapping—and hurrying feet
Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors—I stand on the field of defeat
In the shadow—with those who have fallen, and wounded, and dying, and there
Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted brows, breathe a prayer:
Hold the hand that is helpless and whisper—'They only the victory win, who have fought the good fight and have vanquished the demon that tempts us within:
Who have held their faith unseduced by the prize that the world holds on high,
Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if need be, to die.'
Speak History! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals, I say,—
Are they those whom the world calls the victors, who won the success of a day?
The martyrs or Nero? The Spartan who fell at Thermopylae's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges or Socrates? Pilate or Christ?"

The annals of the Revolution are full of stirring events, of vigorous action, of heroic defeat, of memorable victories. Study the lives of Washington and Lafayette as leaders of the Colonial troops against the prowess of the English soldiers. Read again the burning words of Otis and Patrick Henry hurling defiance at the oppression of King George. Contemplate the marvelous ability of Robert Morris and Benjamin Franklin, raising funds from an almost barren soil to carry on the desperate conflict! Turn from the disastrous defeat of Long Island to the memorable surrender of the haughty Burgoyne to the despised rebels. From the despair and suffering of Valley Forge to the triumphant success at Yorktown, and unworthy are you of this priceless heritage of a free country, if your heart does not beat a little faster, if your breath does not come a little quicker, if you cannot say with a proud spirit, "Thank God, this is my country."

But do we stop to consider what a frightful price has been paid for this liberty, of the happiness that is the heritage of everyone deliberately destroyed, of wrecked homes, of ruined lives of those who loved life and enjoyment as we ourselves do? Come with me along the narrow path of one brief life, and see if we cannot catch an inspiration greater than triumph, more intense than glory. The subject of this article was a spy, a name of the utmost reproach. A leading historical authority says: "Spies are generally condemned to capital punishment, and not unjustly, there being scarcely any other way of preventing the mischief they may do. For this reason a man of honor, who

would not expose himself to die by the hand of a common executioner, always declines serving as a spy. He considers it beneath him, as it can seldom be done without some kind of treachery."

If this were the truth there would be no profit in recalling the story of such an ignominious character, but the path that we shall tread is straight and true, and its end, though it passes through the suffering of the cross, brings us to the triumph of calvary.

Nathan Hale was born in Coventry, Connecticut, June 6, 1755. His father was Richard Hale who had left Newbury, Mass., in early life, to take up farming in the Nutmeg State. He was of English descent and the Hales of Kent were a power in Old England, as were their descendants in the new colony. His parents were of the strictest sect of the Puritans, and the twelve children were early taught the seriousness of life. Nathan was a feeble child, and gave little promise of surviving, so his mother lavished her tenderest care on him, and spared neither time nor strength to guard him from the pitfalls of childhood. She succeeded and he developed strength of body and beauty of mind — with a profound love of nature and an intense thirst for knowledge. His father destined him for the ministry and he was fitted for college by Dr. Huntington, a noted divine and scholar. He entered Yale College at the early age of 16 years, and graduated with the highest honors in September 1773, only a few months before the Revolution. Yale College had then but sixty students. Athletics played but a small part in the curriculum of that day but young Hale was a worthy forerunner of the long line of athletes who were to bring honor and glory to "Good Old Yale." He could jump out of a barrel without touching the sides, could place one hand on a fence as high as his head, and vault it without apparent effort. For many years the campus had two marks, an almost incredible distance apart, lovingly called "Hale's Jump," in memory of his prowess in this line. A classmate pays this loving tribute to him.

"His personal appearance was notable. He was almost six feet in height, perfectly proportioned, and in figure and deportment he was the most manly man I ever met. His chest was broad, his muscles were firm, his complexion fair, and his eyes were light blue and sparkled with intelligence. His hair was soft, light brown in color, and his speech was low, sweet and musical. His personal beauty and grace of manner were most charming. Why, all the girls of New Haven fell in love with him and wept tears of real sorrow when they heard of his sad fate."

He was easily the most popular man in college and was the pride of the Faculty, who predicted great things of his future career and sent him forth with the blessings of a favorite son. Little did they realize the path he would have to tread to reach immortality. Hale's inclinations were towards teaching and immediately after graduating he taught a select school in East Haddam, Conn., then a place of much wealth. Early in the next year he was called to be the principal of the Union Grammar School of New London, a rare tribute to a boy of 20 years, and where he found the most congenial associates, and was beloved by all. Suddenly there was a rude interruption to this pleasing life. An express rider burst into New London one day with the news of the bloodshed at Lexington and Concord. It created intense excitement. A town meeting was immediately called at the Court House. Among the speakers whose words filled the hearts of the eager listeners, was the young schoolmaster, Nathan Hale. With

impassioned language and intense earnestness he exhorted the people to take patriotic action at once. "Let us march immediately," he cried, "and never lay down our arms until we have obtained our independence." This is asserted to be the first public demand for independence made in Connecticut.

Hale left his school with real regret, for he felt that he was doing constructive service, and he was greatly beloved by pupils and parents alike, but he was destined for the army. He was lieutenant of the first company formed in New London, that of Colonel Charles Webb, and marched with it to Cambridge, where under the eye of General Washington, he took part in the siege of Boston. He must have distinguished himself from the start, for in four months he was raised to the rank of captain. Two months later the British evacuated Boston and sailed to Halifax and Hale went with his company to New York, where Washington had transferred his headquarters. Many of his fellow soldiers wished to return home but he offered to share his own pay with them if they would stay, and by his earnest patriotism and winning eloquence, he kept his company in good spirits and prevented desertions. We are not concerned now with the terrible condition Washington found himself in in this campaign on Long Island and about New York. With 15,000 colonial troops, poorly armed and not yet drilled to fight, he was opposed by 25,000 of the finest English troops and under the command of Lord Howe himself. Hale did his full duty in this crisis, but we do not find but one incident that makes him a conspicuous figure at this time, but this showed his courage and daring, and prepares us in a measure for his great trial, soon to come. A British sloop, laden with provisions and supplies, had come into the harbor and anchored in the East River, under the guns of the man-of-war *Asia*, sixty-four, waiting to be discharged. Hale observed this vessel carefully from the opposite shore and believed he could capture it. With the sanction of General Heath he chose a dozen intrepid spirits like himself and at midnight in a dense fog he rowed silently to the sloop with muffled oars. With noiseless footsteps they climbed over the side of the vessel, seized the sentinel and fastened the hatches over the sleeping crew. Cutting the hawsers that bound them to the gunboat they drifted silently away with the tide without discovery. At a safe distance they hoisted the sail, and as morning broke, they came into the harbor on the Jersey shore, where the Colonial troops were encamped. Captain Hale was at the helm and the daring company was greeted with frantic cheers, for the supplies and provisions were greatly needed, and the courage displayed by the brave leader inspired every soldier in the army.

And the Colonial troops needed every inspiration, for Washington's position was desperate. General Sullivan had suffered a disastrous defeat by the British on Long Island and the royal forces were in command everywhere. Were they preparing to burn and destroy New York or were they to ascend the Hudson and cut off the New England colonies from the rebellious states to the south? Washington must know. A courier to General Heath, then in command on the Hudson, brings this order:

"As everything in a manner depends upon obtaining intelligence of the enemy's motions, I do most earnestly entreat you and General Clinton to exert yourself to the utmost to accomplish this most desirable end. Leave no stone unturned, and do not stick at expense to bring this to pass, as I was never more

uneasy than on account of my want of knowledge on this score. Keep constant lookout, with good glasses, on some commanding heights that look well onto the other shore."

But Washington's anxiety increased. The British movements were absolutely concealed, and he called a council of war at Murrays. He told his officers that he must have a competent person to go in disguise into the British camp at Long Island and learn their designs. It needed one skilled in military and scientific knowledge, and a good draughtsman. A man possessed of a good eye, a cool head, unflinching courage, tact, caution and sagacity. A man on whose judgment and fidelity, implicit reliance might be placed.

General Heath placed the need of the commander-in-chief before his officers and asked for a volunteer to fill the important position. There was a long delay as each soldier considered the surprising proposal in his own mind. Patriotism, ambition, a love of adventure and indignation alternately took possession of their feelings. It was an invitation to serve their country supremely by becoming a spy—a character upon whom all civilized nations place the ban of scorn and contumely. They recoiled from such a service, and there was a general and even a resentful refusal to comply with the request. At this moment Captain Hale entered the room, having been detained with his duties outside. He observed the excitement and inquired the cause. General Heath again related Washington's request. Without a moment's hesitation, Hale said, "I will undertake it." Everyone was astonished. He was the best known of the younger officers, and was considered to have the brightest prospects of all. He was also the most popular officer of the day, loved and admired by his men. They tried to dissuade him from his resolution, using every argument possible. They painted in gloomiest colors the terrible fate that might be his. His close friend and classmate in College, William Hull, a general in the War of 1812 employed every argument that friendship and love could suggest to dissuade him. His last words to this company of friends and officers are these:

"Gentlemen, I think I owe to my country the accomplishment of an object so important and so much desired by the commander of her armies, and I know no mode of obtaining the information but by assuming a disguise and passing into the enemy's camp. I am fully sensible of the consequences of discovery and capture in such a situation. For a year now I have been attached to the army, and have not rendered any material service, while receiving a compensation for which I make no return. Yet I am not influenced by any expectation of promotion or pecuniary award. I wish to be useful, and every kind of service necessary for the public good becomes honorable by being necessary. If the exigency of my country demands a peculiar service, its claims to the performance of that service are imperative."

Brave, manly and patriotic words only possible from the heart of a pure and upright man. Their very force silenced all opposition. Henceforth everyone vied to render him the last possible assistance. No time was lost. That very afternoon he had his last interview with Washington and received his final instructions. Would that some word of that last meeting could have been preserved. The great heart of the "Father of His Country" must have bled as he saw this young, manly patriot go forth on his desperate mission, a mission to appall the stoutest heart and upon which the salvation of the country, perhaps, depended.

Hull went with Hale that evening until

close to the British lines and made one final effort to induce his friend to abandon the desperate enterprise, which he felt was doomed to disaster. Hale had one love affair in his short life and Hull knew all his hopes and desires. Hale's father had married a second time, soon after he had entered college. His new mother had a daughter, Alice, of about his own age. They were mutually attracted to each other and wished to become engaged. For some reason Nathan's father was greatly opposed to the match and ordered Alice to marry a man of his own choice. In that age few dared to disobey a parent's orders and Alice obeyed, but with a broken heart. He lived but a few months, however, and the old love was now allowed to flow smoothly and they were to be married at the close of the war. Alice Ripley lived to be 80 years of age. Her last conscious words were "Tell Nathan." She had kept his memory green, though for sixty years he had been in his grave. Hull pleads in her name with the young patriot and does not desist until Hale cries, "I can bear no more. Gladly would I lay down my life for Alice, but my country's need is above everything." For the last time they part and Hull returns to the camp to pass a sleepless night. Hale was rowed over to the Long Island shore by a couple of soldiers and laid aside his uniform, and donned a Quaker garb. He entered the British lines as a schoolmaster, out of sympathy with the rebellious colonies. He was not suspected and his designs were apparently unknown. He went from one end of Long Island to the other, made complete designs of all of Howe's fortifications, the number of his men, and their plans as far as known. All this he translated into Latin and hid in his shoes. He was now eager to return, for he had been two weeks in the enemy's lines, and had every detail General Washington desired. The time agreed upon before his departure for the boat to arrive had come. He committed one indiscretion. He went into a public house just before leaving for rest and refreshment. It was a favorite resort of Tories and British soldiers. Some one of the group was suspicious of this stalwart Quaker soldier, and slipped out quietly on his arrival. After a time the landlord announced that a boat was approaching the shore. Hale was overjoyed. It was his boat that was to convey him to safety. He seized his belongings and hastened to the wharf, his usual caution forgotten. Too late, he found himself looking into the muzzle of a gun and hearing a command to surrender. Can we picture the scene? One moment, joy that his work was done, secure among his friends, and with power and ability to serve his country for years, the next hopeless certainty. Well he knew what a few moments would reveal and well he knew the price that would be exacted. Quick the transaction. He was taken aboard the guardship *Halifax* and immediately transferred under a heavy guard to General Howe's headquarters. Here he was searched and all his papers were found in his shoes. He gave his name, his rank in the Colonial army and fearlessly avowed his purpose in the enemy's lines. Howe was thunderstruck at the completeness of the maps and the data secured by Hale. Recognizing his great ability and personal charm, the General offered him a full and complete pardon if he would enter the British army. The noble, pure-minded patriot refused all bribes, though well knowing what refusal meant. Howe had no alternative. He ordered Hale to be confined in the jail nearby and to be hanged at daybreak the next morning, September 22, 1776. Stern measures, frightful in their celerity, but

according to the rules of war as then understood. We have reason to believe that Howe felt the deepest interest in the young man and would gladly have saved him could be have been alienated from the Patriot cause. He was turned over to the custody of William Cunningham, Provost Marshall of the Royal Army, a brutal and drunken officer, who refused Hale's request for a Bible, and tore his last letters up in contempt just before the execution. Brightly the sun rose on that September morning. Hale was beyond the power of his brutal jailer to hurt him now. His thoughts were with his loved ones—his Country, his God. There was the tree, the negro hangman, the coffin, the open grave, but they had no more terrors for him than did the stones for the martyr Stephen. Like him his last words will always be remembered, "I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country." Fearful of the effect of his calm bearing and noble words upon the few spectators, Cunningham cried, "Push the rebel off," and the last act in the drama was completed. The cruel edict of war had taken from the patriot army its most precious jewel, and made it indeed poor, but must not even the Royal general have realized the impossibility of conquering men who possessed such simple faith and determined courage? A few hours later, a British officer entered the American lines under a flag of truce, and brought word that Hale had been arrested, condemned and executed.

His brother officers were overwhelmed at the sorrowful fate of one so gifted and so beloved, but not one of them but felt a new measure of patriotism for his noble and unselfish devotion to the country. On Washington the blow fell with peculiar force. He had lost information of priceless value, he had sent to his death one of his bravest and most loyal officers. Alas, how many times his great heart must have been nigh to breaking ere his country had freed herself from oppression's grasp. How soon indeed must he find himself in General Howe's position and sorrowfully signing the death warrant of the charming and vivacious André! How sacredly should we prize a liberty that had been won at the cost of so many broken hearts!

Of Hale a poet has truly written:

"He fell in the Spring of his early prime,
With his fair hopes all around him:
He died for his birth-land, a glorious crime,
Ere the palm of his fame had crowned him.

"He fell in her darkness, he lived not to see
The morn of her risen glory:
But the name of Hale, in the heart of the free,
Shall be twined in her deathless Story."

His native town of Coventry has erected a monument to commemorate the life and sacrifice of Nathan Hale. Should you chance to pass through that place and stop a moment to consider his life, would not these words come to your mind, said of his Great Master: "He endured the Cross, despising the shame."

Here is his epitaph, written by George Gibbs, the librarian of the New York Historical Society:

Stranger, Beneath This Stone
Lies the Dust of
A Spy
Who Perished on the Gibbet:
Yet Storied Marbles of the Great,
The Shrines of Heroes,
Entombed not one more worthy of Honor
Than him who here
Sleeps his last Sleep.

Nations
Bow with reverence before the dust
Of him who dies a glorious death
Urged on by the sound of the trumpet,
And the shouts of admiring thousands.
But what reverence, what honor,
Is not due to one
Who for his country encountered

Even an infamous death,
Soothed by no sympathy
Animated by no praise.

Yale College has honored itself by the erection of a statue to Hale, which stands on the college campus. Can it fail to be an inspiration to even the most stolid student, as he gazes on that noble face whose purity seems to indicate only singleness of purpose, supreme devotion to a country's need? Within the past few months the government has caused a stamp to be struck with his portrait, necessarily a composite one, and thus, have given tardy recognition to one of its bravest defenders.

"One hero dies—a thousand new ones rise,
As flowers are sown where perfect blossoms fall:
Then quite unknown, the name of Hale now cries
Wherever duty sounds her silent call.

"With head erect he moves, and stately pace,
To meet an awful doom—no ribald jest
Brings scorn or hate to that exalted face:
His thoughts are far away, poised and at rest.

"Now on the scaffold see him turn and bid
Farewell to home, and all his heart holds dear.
Majestic presence—all man's weakness hid,
And all his strength, in that last hour made dear.

"My sole regret, that it is mine to give
Only one life that my Dear Land may live."

Beauty Meets Me Everywhere

MARGARET I. SIMPSON

Beauty meets me everywhere
But none my spirit fills
Like cloud-crested mountains
Or wind-swept hills.

The home hills of New Hampshire
Climbing up and down,
Wooded hills and pasture hills,
And hills about a town.

High hills, and mountains
Sharp against the sky,
Cloud-crested summits
Where wild winds fly.

Thank you, Lord, for high lands.
And on some other star
Grant that I may live again
Where mountains are.

Booming the Boom

CARL BURELL

(With all due apologies to Boards of Trade in general)

FOR practical convenience, I will call myself an optimistic pessimist, that is I take things for what they are really worth and pointedly refuse to call black white, at least, so long as it is black. But, on the other hand, having accepted it as black, I propose to make the best I can of it as black. And, moreover, if I see it begins to turn white I want to know where the whitewash came from and why.

I am not a financier, nor could I be hardly called a business man—in fact, I'm not even a farmer nor a Granger. I do pay my poll tax without grumbling and have not yet asked an abatement on account of business depression.

But I do recognize that there is a business depression that is virtually a slump, from which the summer boarder and tourist (God bless their souls and prosper their pocket books!) have barely saved us. When any combination of people or newspapers try to tell the world that New Hampshire was prosperous in the year of our Lord 1929, it gives me a weary feeling and I reread my Munchausen with a feeling of deep pity for his childlike adherence to elemental truths.

The bombastic attempts to prove the existence of "Our Great Prosperity," if it was not pitiful would be highly ludicrous. Some paper a while ago, quoting from savings banks statistics, spoke grandiloquently of the "Great Prosperity" indicated by the increase of savings banks deposits. Holy Moses and the angels, especially the angels! ! The other day on my semi-occasional visit to the savings bank, a working woman was the one ahead of me. I noticed the amount of her deposit, $3.37. (Now, bring on your angels). What did that mean? Was it prosperity? It was not! ! !

Here's the story without varnish or whitewash. Her husband had not had a day's work from November 1, 1928, to May 15, 1929, and no steady work during the summer of 1929, and no prospects of any work for this winter.

In this extreme state of "Great Prosperity", she (because she was a woman) did the wise thing, with the week's earning she paid rent and grocery bill and then put every blessed cent she had left into the savings bank, to *prepare for the coming winter's "prosperity."*

With better business conditions and less "prosperity" this money would have been used for her family of children, who, as it was, must depend on the Salvation Army for their Christmas dinner, if they had any. Better business would in many cases mean less savings bank deposits rather than more.

When all of our New Hampshire manufacturers will answer to President Hoover's appeal as well as some have done, working men and women will not have to deposit their last red cent in the savings bank to prepare for the coming winter's "prosperity"

All things point to better conditions in the coming spring, but just now black is black and pretty almighty black for a great many New Hampshire people.

A boom in whitewash is not what is needed. Something approaching steady work at living wages or somewhere thereabouts, would not make angels of working men or a heaven of southern New Hampshire (especially Manchester) but it would be quite considerably better than booming the boom as we have been doing the past five or six years.

I presume that whitewash stock might slump a bit and whitewashers have to go to work for an honest living, and boomers cease their booming, but I make a good guess that the poor Sallies wouldn't be beseiged by one hundred or so families each day for something for their hungry kiddies, and savings banks deposits would be in even dollars instead of odd cents.

Consideration

RICHARD JOHNS

Life is so short, and death so long;
  Why should we ever seek to find
That peace which men, now dead, have dared
  To say is found? They left this gift behind!

Youth is a flame which with the years burns low.
  Must this bright beauty go to naught
But buying of a proud conceit
  Which only through youth's martyrdom is bought?

No! Better far to dare the years that come.
  Spend and forget old age's gain.
Laugh till lips are hot with laughter,
  Then flaunt the laughter in the face of pain.

There comes a day when we must each consider
  What was gained, and what was lost.
Shall we spend youth's radiant magic
  In search for peace:—with equal death the cost?

The New Hampshire Press in the Election of 1828

CHARLES E. PERRY

IN THE newspapers of 1827 no great headlines greeted the eye. There were no columns filled with "Salesmen Wanted" or "For Rent" ads. But there was a certain naiveté about the advertisements that was fascinating. One often found as much information in the advertisements as in the news items themselves—and it was frequently of greater popular interest. Modern advertising, with its excessively high rates and its abbreviated wording, was unheard of. The low cost of advertising in the early newspapers encouraged people to insert carefully-prepared and lengthy articles in behalf of their particular venture. No one could truly say he knew what was happening in those days who had failed to scan these notifications. For instance, in that year of 1827, any reader would have been impressed with the variety of interests which the advertisements embraced.

He would have felt a deep sense of personal loss if he missed seeing the Grand Caravan of Living Animals, a spectacle which promised never-failing diversion to all who witnessed it, and which was to be shown at Concord for a week. If he were a traveler from Boston to view the beauties of the New Hampshire lake country—of widespread fame even in those early days—he might have rested in the Kimball Tavern, in Pembroke. By the flickering light of home-dipped candles, he would have learned that William Gault, whose place of business was opposite the State House, dealt in "Genuine Liquors & Groceries," and did not govern his prices by others, but left it for his customers to judge whether he sold cheaper than his neighbors. In the same paper, the same traveler might have seen John A. Low's announcement—a trifle boastful, perhaps—of more "great luck" in having sold one of the winning tickets in the last Washington City Lottery which the Congress of the United States had authorized, the proceeds being devoted to the beautifying of the capital city. If the traveler were a bit venturesome, and wished to try his luck with the great god, Chance, he could secure from Mr. Low tickets on the next lottery, which was to be drawn ten days hence; but those who wished to obtain prizes in the next lottery would do well to apply immediately. Which leads us to believe that Mr. John A. Low of Concord was doing a brisk business on behalf of the United States Government. Had the traveler been a lawyer, he would have been amused to notice that a history of the law, in poetry, had been sung at the anniversary of the Suffolk bar. If he had been interested in the merits of doing a kindly act he would have been somewhat shocked when he read of the offer of a $10.00 reward, by Stephen Foster of Sullivan, for the detection of the female "calling herself Mary Davidson, who is, or pretends to be, deaf and dumb." It appeared that Foster gave her the shelter of his house for the night—one suspects, rather willingly—and the lady had repaid

his hospitality by taking French leave, with about $75.00 worth of Mr. Foster's clothing and jewelry. If the Grand Caravan of Living Animals had not appealed to the equestrian sensibilities of the traveler, he might, later on, attend Mr. Howe's Circus. Here was no ordinary spectacle, nor would one be fatigued by lack of variety in the entertainment. For Mr. Howes promised to all who presented the nominal price of admission, a Grand Display; an equestrian performance by Mr. and Master Howes; and the whole to conclude with the comedy of the "Hunted Tailor." Our movies do not offer greater diversion for 12½ cents! As it was an era of reforms, and reform-movements, our traveling friend might or might not agree with the correspondent of the *Boston Recorder*, who severely condemned the tight lacing of corsets "as producing, in its votaries, fainting, pain, anguish, disease, and death; and bringing its thousands of young females to an untimely grave. It is treason against nature and a rebellion against God." Or he might have been alarmed, if he were at all timid, to find that the state of New York, on July 4th, was freeing its remaining 15,000 slaves. Grave apprehension was felt that there would be "dangerous excesses by such a mass of ignorant persons, elated with new-born freedom and frantic with enthusiasm."

Truly a remarkable year, with its diversified interests and appeals!

Crowding the columns of every newspaper, local or national in scope, and thrusting itself before the eyes of the traveler, and every other willing or reluctant reader, was emerging the spectre of Politics, that wilful and elusive Hydra whose activities were to assume a sinister significance in the months and years to follow.

The two leading newspapers of the state at that time, were *The New Hampshire Statesman and Concord Register*, edited by George Kent, and *The New Hampshire Patriot*, edited by Isaac Hill. Both of these sheets, which appeared weekly, were printed at Concord. In this state the forces of Federalism, dormant these ten years, rallied themselves about the standards of the *Statesman*, and while they claimed no party, nor appealed to any party spirit, they organized into the "friends of the Administration." The office-holding, conservative, self-satisfied federalism of the upper classes of New England, were entering a death-struggle with the newly-aroused, enthusiastic, but undisciplined democracy of the masses.

The uncouth methods of Isaac Hill were but evidences of the feelings of an electorate which had been too long suppressed, and which was too new at the game of politics to have regard for the practices or ethics of a political campaign. The proletariat was coming into its own. They had but tasted of the fruits of Mr. Jefferson's victory; nothing but a full-sized meal would now satisfy. The reforms which that victory had promised had not been consummated, but the masses were now conscious of their fast-growing strength. Under the subtle guidance of the nation's cleverest journalists—Duff Green of Missouri, and Isaac Hill of New Hampshire, among the leaders—there had begun a veritable campaign of anti-Administration propaganda whose sole object was to defame Adams and exalt Jackson. This led the "friends of the Administration" to assemble their editorial forces in counter-attack and to retaliate with a vigorous onslaught of vituperation which assailed even the character of Mrs. Jackson. The two years, 1827-1828, witnessed a spasmodic outburst of pamphlets, handbills and circulars, that fairly flooded the electorate. No campaign before that time

had been more carefully planned or more efficiently handled—and few since. The advocates of the new democracy were surging onward to a victory that was to wrest from the clutches of the possessors of property and the "aristocrats of intellect," the reins of government, and to thrust them into the covetous yet competent grasp of their sturdy old champion of the new Americanism—Andrew Jackson.

To these impetuous apostles of the "rule of the people" this campaign was a catch-as-catch-can affair, a free-for-all, with no quarter given and none expected. Let it be carried on in somewhat the same manner as the old-time wrestling matches were; biting, kicking, and gouging being legitimate; and may the best man win! Had they not been cheated out of the presidency in 1824? Had not their champion received a larger vote than the candidate who was asking for re-election? Had there not been "bargain and corruption" between Mr. Clay and Mr. Adams? Had not a scheming clique in the House perpetuated the rule of the "rich and the well-born" by electing, contrary to the popular will, the present incumbent? Could it be reasonably expected that that same group would fight fair in this election? Of course not! Should any mercy be shown them? None! Attack! Charge! Follow through and trample the opposition! Use the same methods that their general had so successfully used against the British and the Indians. Onward, ever onward, to victory!

Throughout these two years, then, the readers of New Hampshire's leading papers were treated to an editorial combat of invective, slander, sarcasm, and abuse, the like of which has rarely been witnessed in the whole history of journalism. The leading organ of each faction copied with greedy avidity, squibs, bits of gossip, and editorials from every other paper of local or national prominence, just so long as it added a bit of spice to the delectable dish of calumny which each was serving the other.

In the fervor of the struggle, personalities were defiled with little or no regard for the truth. Isaac Hill even went so far as to accuse, through the columns of the *Patriot*, the postmaster at Concord —General Low—of misconduct. He was not fit to be trusted with handling the mail, as Hill "knew" that he had opened some of his (Hill's) personal correspondence. The reply of the postmaster was couched in no uncertain language, and told the world that Hill was unjustified in his assertions, and besides, he was a "damnable liar and a malicious falsifier."

Sectionalism, which was to play such an unfortunate part in the years to come, manifested itself in the campaign in the articles of the Philadelphia and New York papers. When information was given (erroneously, as was later shown) that Jackson might receive some of the votes of New Hampshire and Maine, the *Philadelphia Mercury* said it never would believe that "that infected district, where the love of monarchy is so mixed up with all the forms and elements of life, can ever so far forget her sins and overcome her evil nature, as to vote for Jackson." Futhermore, they would rather New England did not contaminate Jackson by her support. As if this were not emphatic enough to express her contempt of this part of the country, there was inserted in the article type the size of a small headline, saying, "We want to see Jackson elected by the Patriotic States; and a line drawn between them and the Yankee Nation."

As the November election approached, the prevailing excitement reached a pitch which is reflected in the increased space

given to politics by both the *Statesman* and the *Patriot*. Advertisements were pushed to the side columns; extra sheets were printed; and the *Patriot*, in a surge of enthusiasm for its cause, added to its title, "Spirit of the People and the People's Representatives."

Not the least amusing aspect of the verbose warfare was the effort of each editor to print, on behalf of his favorite, endorsements by men high in the public's esteem. In conformity with this practice, the *Patriot* had resurrected the statements of every friend or enemy of Jackson who had, in the heyday of his military achievements, commended the general. In a parallel column with this long list of endorsements was printed in vivid contrast, the mistakes and offenses—real and imaginary—committed by that austere candidate of the "War, Pestilence, and Famine" Ticket, John Quincy Adams.

Not to be outdone, and mindful of that military axiom that "the best defence is a vigorous offense," the *Statesman* retaliated by launching a violent and typically caustic attack on its contemporary, declaring that it was following a "wanton and truth-defying course." The *Statesman's* front page fairly bristled with endorsements on behalf of Adams, by the very men who at the same time were being quoted by the *Patriot* as staunchly supporting Jackson. This paradox is easily explained by noting that the quotations, in both papers, are taken from utterances of public men from Washington to Clay, over a period of nearly forty years! In the light of this explanation it does not seem so absurd to read in the *Patriot* that Andrew Jackson is a man "whose whole career has been signalized by the purest intentions and the most elevated purposes, and whose services to this nation entitle him to the highest rewards"—John Quincy Adams. But they failed to mention that this statement was made in 1822, relative to his military accomplishments. The *Patriot*, fighting fire with fire, quoted Andrew Jackson with equal glibness, as saying, "the selection of John Quincy Adams for this post is, to my mind, the very best that can be made." But they, likewise, forgot to add that this statement was made back in 1817, when Adams had been selected as Monroe's secretary of state.

The outcome of the election is so well known that it needs no comment. But as to the reactions of the two leading exponents of the opposing forces in New Hampshire, some account should be taken. The *National Intelligencer*—the Adams organ — was the instrument through which news of the election was first received in this state. It announced a glorious victory early in the counting. The caustic Hill, chagrined perhaps, at the turn events were taking, said that Clay probably ordered a dozen of champagne, drank it off, "flew to the Palace and took a game of billiards with John II."

When the truth of the election was finally known, the *Patriot*, "not wishing to be unduly vindictive, nor to exhibit unbecoming exultation" at the discomfiture of its rival, was content to say that there had never been any event which had excited more general expressions of joy in the state than the triumph of the "people over a corrupt and profligate coalition of office seekers with the old federal aristocracy."

The Statesman rather dolefully remarked that the state had been true to its action of 1800, when it had spurned the arch-enemy of a strong central government, and given its votes to the elder Adams.

There is something pathetic in the attitude of these two editors, after the battle is over and the smoke has cleared away.

As they lean over their desks—one exultant, the other dejected—each feels the urge to indulge in a bit of prophecy. How characteristic of the mood of each is his utterance:

The *Patriot*: "Our beloved country is safe—all is safe."

The *Statesman*: "All is lost."

Yet how futile it was to make either comment. Both were true, in a certain sense; neither was true, in another sense. Time heals all wounds, and the intense partisan strife of the election of 1928 was quickly forgotten in the new interests and activities of the succeeding years.

Repression

WHITELAW SAUNDERS

She fears the dream that paces in her heart
Like some caged thing that vainly seeks release,
Its beauty bidding her to tear apart
The bars and free it to a lyric peace.
She binds her eyes against its loveliness—
The fields of wheat, the wood where ferns are mass'd,
The wildplum thicket in a lane . . . they stress
The bitter shadows towering chimneys cast.

For she must know the huddled mills all shorn
Of beauty's traceries, the scraggy oak
Whose feeble gesturing is laughed to scorn
By leering images wind-carved in smoke,
And bear repression's red, unsightly scars,
And take no step upon the road of stars.

Habits and Customs of the Olden Time

FRED W. LAMB

PICTURE to yourself, if you can, the New England of seventy-five to one hundred years ago. Go back to the days of the spinning wheel, when the early looms and wheels were deftly operated by the dexterous fingers of the settlers' wives and daughters. Whenever the arms tired with the wielding of the "wheelboy," the speed of the spinning wheel was correspondingly reduced and the output of homespun yarn fell far below the average. Conditions have changed radically since the days of the spinning wheel. Today more cotton and wool are spun in one hour in the mills of New England than could have been spun in years by all the settlers' wives put together.

In those old days, things were done on the farm in the old fashioned way. The seed was sowed or planted by hand. Then it was "the man with the hoe." The grass was cut with the scythe and not by a modern mowing machine. The men made long days, in the busy season, beginning as soon as it was fairly light, and working as long as they could see. The work of the women folks was even more taxing than that of the men. "Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done," runs the old saying, and nothing truer was ever written.

The boys of the family did their part, dropping the corn, potatoes and other seeds. They assisted in the hoeing, spread the hay, helped in raking, loaded the hay or raked after the load, and stowed it away when it was being unloaded into the big mow or on the stuffy and heated scaffolds. They joined the reapers and cut not only the tall, waving grain, but also their own hands and legs with the sickle in trying to learn the business. They picked the apples, cut stalks, helped husk the corn, and shelled it in the winter, picked up the stones in the fields, to be removed in carts, picked up the potatoes after they were dug, drove the cows to pasture and turned the grindstone.

In those days very few of the houses were painted. There was usually a bed in every room, except in the kitchen and sometimes in that. In the family sleeping room there would be a trundle bed for the small children. Very few houses had any floor covering, even in the best room. Most of the schools were in session but a few weeks in the summer and the same in the winter. There was usually a new teacher every term.

Horses were not much used in farm work but oxen were employed for plowing, drawing in hay and for teaming generally. Sometimes in winter, after a big storm, when the snow was deep and badly drifted, it was no uncommon sight to see ten or fifteen yoke of oxen attached to a big sled accompanied by several drivers and by men with shovels, breaking out the roads.

At this time there were very few libraries, no town or school libraries having been started. The books owned by the people were nearly all of a religious turn. The Bible was read at home and in school and its quaint old stories were much enjoyed. With this might be found Baxter's "Saints' Rest" and Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress."

On Sunday there was morning and

afternoon service with Sunday School between. At noon there was a general gathering of the men under the horse sheds to exchange news. In good weather evening meetings were held in the schoolhouses when the head of each family was expected to bring a lamp or a candle.

In the line of holidays and amusements Fast Day and Thanksgiving had most naturally a certain religious flavor. On both of these days services were held in the churches. Thanksgiving, though, was the day for family reunions and good cheer. Though most of the turkeys were sold to increase the family income, one was usually kept for that particular day and other dishes like plum pudding, mince pies, pumpkin pies and other old fashioned delicacies loaded down the tables. The big brick ovens were very useful at this time.

The Fourth of July was the only regular holiday. At that time there were fishing parties and picnics and everybody tried to have a good time. The social event of the winter months was the singing school. In some respects the teacher of singing was a more important personage than the schoolmaster. He usually had a violin and organized classes in every town and the young people pretty generally attended with their minds bent fully as much on having a good time as learning how to sing.

The one great event of the year was town meeting day and it was always a great attraction to the boys of the town. It came in March and in many towns was held in the old meeting house, with its big old fashioned square pews and high pulpit. It was the day of the year to the men of the town and they were all there. For the boys it usually became a gala day, and they took their first lessons in town affairs and had a good time eating oranges, gingerbread, buns and other good things.

Among other pleasant gatherings may be noted the husking bees in the fall when the young people met in the evenings to husk the golden corn as it lay on the big floors of the barns. The evening's work and fun generally ended with an old time supper. Then the corn was usually spread out on the capacious floors of the attic chamber to dry, though a little later corn barns were in general use. There were apple bees when the surplus apples were pared, quartered and strung, then placed in the sun to dry so they could be prepared for future use.

In the early days nearly all the eatables were the product of the farm. There was an abundance of rye and corn and some wheat. The potato bug was unknown and potatoes were raised in large quantities. There was an abundance of salt pork and salt fish. Money was frequently reckoned in shillings of New England currency and the old silver fourpence and ninepence were still in circulation. There was plain living, plenty of hard work, and good outdoor air, and the people were giants in physical strength. The men and women thrived in those days on hard work and did not want holidays nor outings.

Soon after the early settlers were established upon their farms they began to keep sheep. The women carded and spun the wool, and it was woven in the great wooden looms that were set up in the houses of the well-to-do farmers. Spinning five skeins of woolen yarn was considered a good day's work, and many women who worked out were paid fifty cents a week and boarded.

The process of weaving in the clumsy looms was a laborious one. The web was sprung by the feet, the shuttle was thrown from one side to the other by the hands, and the lathe that supported the reed was swung to and fro to beat

in the filling by the right and left hands alternately. Five or six yards of weaving was a good day's work. The warp was wound upon quills and the filling on spools, the winding being often done by boys and girls.

The best of the wool was woven into cloth for men's and women's wear. That intended for men was taken to the clothier to be fulled, dyed, sheared and pressed. That to be worn by the women was simply dyed and pressed. To save expense many of the men and boys wore a stout kind of wailed cloth that was simply dyed. A boy clothed in garments made of this very coarse kind of stuff, after being engaged in snow balling during a recess at school, before he returned to his seat, found it quite difficult to brush from his back and legs the great masses of snow adhering to them.

Some of the women wove bed covers or coverlets and much ingenuity was displayed in the weaving of the various ornamental figures and colors. In the summer the men wore tow and linen cloth for trousers and sometimes a fabric made of cotton and linen and often called "fustian." Cotton bought at the store was often mixed with wool and made into cloth for men's wear.

It may be mentioned here that some of the early settlers wore leather breeches made of tanned sheepskins when about their everyday work and a few even wore them to church on the coldest days of winter.

The sheets, pillow cases, table covers and the underclothing for summer wear were made mostly of linen spun upon the old fashioned wheels that were operated by a treadle moved by the foot. The flax when ripened was pulled up by the roots and spread upon the damp ground to rot and soften its outside woody covering. This was then separated from the flax by processes called "breaking" and "swingling." Such in brief, were some of the early activities in the olden days, on the farms of the settlers of New England.

Some Old Time Laws

There is nothing more pleasant and instructive in leisure moments than to turn back the pages of history in this great land of ours, and to compare the primitive scenes, incidents and customs of the past with those of today. It is the writer's good fortune to own a reprint of a valuable and intensely interesting volume, nothing more or less than a copy of the old "blue laws" of New Hampshire, when the old Granite State was a province of Great Britain and under the rule of King George II.

The book contains many interesting laws showing the habits and customs of those old days. The title page reads as follows:

Acts and Laws
Passed by the General Court or
Assembly of his Majesties
Province of New Hampshire in
New England. Boston in New England
Printed by B. Green. Sold by Eleazar
Russell
At his Shop in Portsmouth in 1726.

Another book of similar contents but somewhat older has the title:

Acts and Laws of
His Majesty's Province
In New England
With Sundry Acts of Parliament
By Order of the Governor, Council and
Assembly, Passed October 16, 1759
Printed by Daniel Fowle, Portsmouth
1761

These two books contain many of the most interesting old laws and among them one of the most interesting at this day is the liquor laws of those times. New Hampshire at that time did not have a Lewis law, yet the restrictions for

selling liquors were very strict. In 1759 an act was passed which reads as follows: "No person who is or shall be licensed to be an innkeeper, taverner, common victualer or retailer, shall suffer any inhabitant of such town where he dwells, on coming thither from any other town, to sit drinking or tippling after 10 o'clock at night in his or her house or any of the dependences thereof."

Another law in force at that time was one which imposed a penalty "of five pounds on any retailer selling mixed drinks," and five shillings on the poor unfortunate that was caught while drinking the same. The man who drank liquor to excess in the good old days of the past was not forgotten in this legislation. Here is what they had in store for him: "The selectmen in each town shall cause to be posted up in all public houses within each town within this province a list of the names of all persons reputed drunkards or common tipplers, misspending their time and estate in such houses."

There was a penalty of twenty shillings imposed on the innkeeper who sold one of these men a drink. The penalty for drunkenness in those days was likewise pretty severe. For the first offence it was five shillings or three hours in the stocks; for the second, a fine of ten pounds, and if the unfortunate could not settle he was sent to jail until he could find the amount of his fine.

Petty thieving in ye olden time was vigorously treated. The offender was obliged to refund treble the amount in value of the goods taken from his victim, and beside this was fined five pounds or twenty lashes. If the poor thief did not happen to have money to square matters up he was turned over to the man from whom he took the goods, who had the right to "farm him out" to any one until he had worked long enough to make pecuniary restitution for his wrongdoing.

There were gossips in those days before daily papers were published and the powers that were had something up their sleeves for them. It was this: "Any person or persons of the age of fourteen and upwards who shall wittingly or willingly make or publish any lie or libel tending to the defamation or damage of any particular person make, or spread any false news, or reports, with intent to abuse or deceive others, shall upon conviction be fined twenty shillings for their first offence and furnish sureties for their good behavior. Failure to pay fine and costs meant three hours in the stocks or public whipping.

Blasphemy was a most serious crime in the eyes of those early pioneers of New Hampshire, and the penalty for "denying, cursing or reproaching the holy Word of God" was "imprisonment not exceeding six months, and until sureties could be furnished by sitting in the pillory, by whipping, boring through the tongue with a red hot iron and sitting upon the gallows with a rope around their neck." There was only one cheerful fact for the blasphemer to contemplate. It was further provided that "no more than two of the forementioned punishments shall be inflicted for one and the same offence."

The people of the earlier days of our country evidently were impressed with the idea that the night was made for rest and sleep. In order to prevent disorder at night they had a law which compelled every Indian, negro and mulatto servant and slave to be in the house before nine o'clock unless sent on some special errand by their master. The penalty for being caught abroad after this hour was not exceeding ten lashes.

The observance of the Sabbath or the Lord's Day was another sacred custom of our forefathers and the breaking of it was made a serious crime. No place of

business was allowed to keep open, no one was allowed to drive or travel on this day. "Every person and persons whatever shall on the Lord's Day carefully apply themselves to duties of religion, publicly and privately." The penalty for violating the Sabbath was twenty shillings.

Educational privileges of the earlier times are in marked contrast to those of today but the mind of the rising generation was not forgotten. It was required "that every town within the provinces having the number of fifty householders or upwards shall be constantly provided a schoolmaster to teach children and youth to read and write, and where every town or towns have the number of one hundred families or householders, there shall also be a grammar school set up and kept in every such town and some discreet person of good conversation, well instructed in the tongues shall be secured to be master thereof; every such schoolmaster to be suitably encouraged and paid by the inhabitants."

The English parliament passed an act early in the seventeenth century for the "Preservation of His Majesty's woods in New Hampshire," making it a penalty to cut down white pine trees of the diameter of twenty-four inches, twelve inches from the ground. These trees were to be reserved for masts for the royal navy. The penalty for so doing was from five to fifty pounds according to the size of the tree.

In order to promote the making of tar in New Hampshire an act was passed setting the rate per cask at 20 shillings and stating that good tar would be received during the next year in payment for taxes. Cursing and swearing was punishable by a fine of from four to eight shillings and in succeeding offences the fine was trebled. An extra fine of two shillings per swear word was added when more than one oath was used at a stated period. Breaking and entering was punishable by death and so was arson.

For the suppression of robberies and assaults vigorous measures were taken. Highway robbery was punishable by burning on the forehead or hand and six months' imprisonment and also treble damages to the party robbed. The second offence was punishable by death. Assaulting or offering violence to women meant a public whipping of not exceeding ten lashes and the second offence was burning on the hand.

Many times reference is made to the old Connecticut Blue Laws. They derived their name from being printed upon blue paper and were enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven." Among them were many ridiculous regulations, some of which are here reprinted:

No one shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion and that Jesus is the only king.

No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrates or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or fasting days.

The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above one shil-

ling per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors and the selectmen shall tax the estate 300 pounds in lawful money.

Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of five pounds lawful money.

No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet or jews-harp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate may join them in marriage, as he may do it with less scandal to Christ's Church.

When people refuse their children convenient marriages the magistrate shall determine the point.

A man who strikes his wife shall be fined ten pounds lawful money.

A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; five pounds penalty for the first offence, ten for the second and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

These are but few of the many interesting things to be noted in these old books of law and show the narrowness and harshness of the times while other pages reflect the rugged honesty and sobriety of the pioneer settlers and their desire to enjoy that liberty and freedom which they had so dearly bought and for which they were willing to sacrifice their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor.

Candle-Light

CHARLES NEVERS HOLMES

At eventide our thoughts return
To times of old;
We see again the candles burn
Like flames of gold.

The shadows from that candle-light,
Fantastic, fall
On braided rug and curtain white,
On panelled wall.

A tall clock ticks like voice of time,
Distinct and slow,
And mellowed rings its measured chime
Like years ago.

At evenfall our thoughts return
To nights of old;
Again we see the candles burn
Like flames of gold.

Scenic Beauty as a Financial Asset

EDWARD J. PARSHLEY

NOTWITHSTANDING all that has been said and written about the importance of what people have begun to call the "recreational resources" of New Hampshire, there were thousands who read with amazement facts and figures presented to the New England Council at Bridgeport, Conn., by Col. William A. Barron of the Crawford House.

Mr. Barron's statistics were the result of a survey carried on by a committee appointed by the New Hampshire division of the New England Council, in co-operation with the state Department of Publicity. Mr. Barron, as chairman of the committee, was assisted in his work by Donald D. Tuttle, executive secretary of the Publicity Department.

No one doubted that property owned by part-time residents was a source of revenue to the state and of profit to New Hampshire people but it was astonishing to learn that residential and non-residential property in New Hampshire, used for recreational purposes, has an appraised value of about $100,000,000 and on this property yearly taxes are paid of $2,829,362.48. The valuation of the property used in one way or another for purposes of recreation is about one-sixth of the total valuation of the state; and to equal the recreational investment it is necessary to add together the assessed valuations in this state of the Boston & Manie Railroad, the Amoskeag Corporation, the Nashua Manufacturing Company, the Brown Company of Berlin and the Public Service Company of New Hampshire.

"Surely," Colonel Barron said to the New England Council, "recreation takes its place as an outstanding factor in New Hampshire's prosperity."

It would be a picturesque exaggeration to say that there is a gold mine for New Hampshire in recreational development, but there is very substantial profit in preservation and proper exploitation of the resources given to the state by nature, in surpassed beauty of scenery and almost unrivalled opportunity for enjoyment of all the pastimes of field and stream.

Scenic beauty becomes a financial asset and takes on a very practical appeal, in the face of figures like those submitted by Mr. Barron. There are some, it is true, to whom commercialization of the Old Man of the Mountain, Lost River and the Waterville Notch seems like sacrilege, but just as the Swiss have commercialized the Alps and the French have forced the Riviera to pay dividends, so New Hampshire people are taking gold out of the mountains, the lakes and the forests of the Granite State.

Moreover, the growing realization that there is an economic value inherent in beauty has made the conservationist a good deal less of a prophet crying in the wilderness than he used to be. Compelled to admit that, if natural beauty is destroyed or marred, thousands of people will not travel thousands of miles every year to see it, the hardest headed business man will resist encroachments upon the scenic marvels of New Hampshire. There are many for whom the esthetic as such has no meaning, who are willing to let others be as esthetic as

they please, and will help them to gratify their whims, so long as the esthetic ones are willing to pay for the privilege.

All this may sound flippant or cynical, and it would be unjust to suggest that there are any great number of people who are blind to beauty in nature. It is nevertheless true that this is and always has been a world concerned chiefly with practicalities and the thing that is preserved is the thing that has tangible value.

For this reason, even the idealist who does not ask beauty to produce wealth should welcome publication of Colonel Barron's figures and should be grateful to the New Hampshire Council and the New Hampshire Department of Publicity for making their compilation possible. They will concentrate attention upon the magnitude of recreational development in New Hampshire and will do much to check any tendency there may be toward permitting destruction of the state's natural charm.

There is, too, another aspect of the matter. Colonel Barron quoted from the published report of a recent survey made by the United States Department of Commerce, to the following effect:

"It is a fact not generally appreciated that the balance of migration between New England and other parts of the country has for a number of years been favorable to New England. The important factor has been the migration into New England of persons born elsewhere in the United States, since there are now more New Englanders living outside than ever before. The number of natives of other sections now living in New England has trebled since 1876.

"The facts indicate that annually more native Americans are coming into New England than are going out from this section. This may be attributed to the large number of persons who visit this section as tourists, convention visitors and students who take up residence there. The principal states from which these outside residents are drawn are New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, in the order given. Considerable numbers come also from the middle west and from southern states."

New Hampshire is getting the benefit of its full share of this eastward migration, and the conclusion is inescapable that an appreciable number of those who come into the state because they have heard of the White Mountains or of the Lake Country either remain as permanent residents or eventually come back again as property-holding and voting citizens.

No one dreams of minimizing New Hampshire's industrial and commercial assets and no one thought of making recreational development the sole aim of the state, but any New Hampshire interest that represents an investment of $100,000,000 out of a total property valuation of $622,000,000 has gone far beyond the point where it can be lightly dismissed. There already is proof enough of the statement made earlier in this article that scenic beauty is a financial asset. It represents actual and easily discoverable wealth that must be preserved. Not to cherish the beauty that is all around us would be to commit a crime against nature. It also would be economic foolishness.

Autumn in New Hampshire

DOROTHY WHIPPLE FRY

From the maples in the sunshine
Yellow leaves dropped down,
Telegrams from the Fairy places
Messages that Summer's gone.

'Cross the fields of frosted clover
Where dried blossoms stirred,
Charming little ghosts of flowers
With their slender stems frost blurred.

Through a fallow field whose harvest
Had been reaped now long ago,
Only wee lace-makers' cobwebs
Spread amidst the stubble row.

On into the golden woodland
Where the honey sun streamed through,
And a squirrel sat and chattered,
Waved his tail, as squirrels do.

All was an exquisite stillness;
Now and then a nut dropped down,
And a bird called very softly
Just one bird that had not flown.

Pattering of fairy footsteps,
Echoed through long aisles of light,
And the glinting in the pine trees
Was their wings of colors bright.

All the air was full of fall leaves,
Swirling color everywhere,
Needing but a wind breath passing
To create a rainbow there.

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Editorial

OCCASIONALLY a politician will decline to be interviewed by a reporter on politics, explaining that the people are tired of politics and he wishes to do them a kindness by refraining from discussing the matter the reporter broaches. Which merely proves that the politician is even then playing the game of politics, for pretending to be doing what the dear people want done is the fundamental rule of politics in this day and generation. The people never tire of being bunked by their so-called public servants and by those who are ambitious to find a place within that charmed circle; and they are being handed what they like in unending volume.

New Hampshire is witnessing an interesting game of politics just now. It has been going on several months and will continue with increasing velocity up to next November. It is interesting although there is nothing new in the general scheme. The people of the state have been hearing and seeing similar performances all through the years since the earliest colonists settled here. Certain members of the body politic have been striving for the places of leadership always; some openly seeking official position, others endeavoring to make it appear that they are being prevailed upon by urgent solicitation of friends to forego a personal inclination to stay in private life.

It is doubtful if anybody is fooled by all of this customary rigmarole in a political campaign, unless possibly some of the politicians are kidding themselves into a belief their ancient stuff is being accepted as what the label says it is. They say there are still people who take the labels on their bootleg liquor bottles seriously. Maybe so. And maybe there are people who believe that New Hampshire gets a governor or a senator or any other important office as a result of a spontaneous demand instead of because the candidate and a small group of friends more or less astutely laid the wires to set off a combustion which they fondly hope will startle the people out of their indifference. It seldom does that, but the politicians always go through the same motions trusting they are working a miracle.

By far the most interesting personality in the present campaign has been Major Francis P. Murphy of Nashua. The major, who received his title by appointment to the staff of Governor John G. Winant, has been a conspicuous

figure in New Hampshire politics and business for quite a while. He has been successful in business to a remarkable degree and has been moderately successful in politics working for others uniformly and being a big factor in the nominations of former Governor Winant and Governor Charles W. Tobey.

Vague rumors that Major Murphy had the gubernatorial bee buzzing in his bonnet began going the rounds months ago and the rumors were followed by announcement of a petition signed by four thousand Nashuans urging their townsman to be a candidate. Senator Moses showed skepticism about the major's candidacy being one of those things that would last, even to the primary, and the senator's view was shared by many others for one reason or another. But as time went on there were signs that seemed to indicate Senator Moses was in a fair way to register one of his rare flops in political prophecy. Major Murphy began to shape up as an honest-to-goodness candidate, one of the go-through kind. He had many politicians buffaloed, including a number within his own faction of the party who were in no way enthusiastic about him as a governorship candidate but did not dare to say so publicly. Most of these apparently had made up their minds they would have to take him as a candidate instead of a powerful helper and were trying to reconcile themselves to the situation. Not all of the major's supporters were lukewarm by any means. He had many very ardent friends and admirers who believed he had all the qualifications to make him a good governor and not a few of these were usually aligned against the faction the major has been wont to train with in the past.

Arthur P. Morrill of Concord, former president of the state senate and former speaker of the house, announced his candidacy last September. He had been trotting along in the same informal manner Major Murphy had about the same length of time and it was thought when Morrill announced his candidacy, Murphy would not be far behind and that these two would make the fight for the Republican nomination. Morrill is still going good, but Murphy appears to be content to bide his time awhile longer, if recent signs are what they seem to be.

Dr. Hugh K. Moore of Berlin, who has achieved a high reputation as an industrial chemist, has also made formal entrance as a Republican governorship candidate, but he admits he is a member of no party faction and that he has no organization which renders his prospect of winning a primary nomination at best remotely probable. Indications are that Morrill will have another candidate selected from among the liberal group with which Murphy has been identified, even though the Nashua man may step aside this year.

All things considered the strangest feature developed thus far in the campaign is the transposition of one of the most stressed issues in the last governorship campaign. In 1928, former Councilor Ora A. Brown of Ashland, an excellent old school gentleman, labored under a heavy handicap through the constant reiteration from his opponents that he was a "hand-picked" candidate. That designation was attributed to Brown being supported by former Governor Huntley N. Spaulding, Senator Moses, Senator Henry W. Keyes and most of the other Old Guard office holders. This year, Messrs Morrill and Moore unquestionably are self-starters and the Liberal candidate, if one is entered against them, must indubitably go through the campaign laden down with that dreaded epithet hand-picked, as a result of the wide publicity given the conferences to decide on the Liberal standard-bearer.

Song for Bondage

RICHARD JOHNS

I love you as the night loves music,
  Drawn across the strings of sleep.
Be a cry, a soft-sighed breathing,
  Be a dream from slumber deep.

Sweet to sigh in muted wonder
  At the beauty you disclose;
Sweet to drain long draughts of rapture,
  As of the passion-scented rose.

Love should never dare admission!
  Hold me lightly that I know
The wonder of delight:—yet forge
  Strong chains which will not let me go.